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JANUARY 11, 1956

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JANUARY 11, 1956

Vol. 23, No. 33

IN DEFENCE OF Our cover: TV

MR. OSBORNE, chairman of the Broadcasting Control Board, suggested the other day that TV sets, when they come, should be housed "in rooms not regularly used in general household activity."

This, Mr. Osborne said, would overcome the possibility of "the new TV era playing more than a warranted part in the life of the community."

With due respect to Mr. Osborne's special knowledge, we can't agree with him on this one.

For one thing, where, except in a comparative handful of old homes, are you to find a house with a room "not used in general household activities"? Such is the housing situation today that if TV sets were to be confined to those with spare rooms, then TV-watching would become the prerogative of millionaires and hermits.

But it's on the second count, the one about TV playing "a more than unwarranted part in the life of the community," that we really take issue with Mr. Osborne.

It seems to us about time that TV ceased to be regarded as a cross between a bogey man and the big, bad wolf.

It is one of the most marvellous of modern inventions. Its possibilities for entertaining mankind are endless.

What's more, it's completely un-lethal. Not one case has yet been recorded of anyone coming to a sudden end through a TV set—more than can be said for other modern inventions like motor cars or atom bombs.

Let's be grateful for this—not frightened by it. Maybe, at first, people will look a little too long—for a while some dishes will go unwashed and some homework undone. But we hardly think this will destroy family or national stability.

Our cover:

● The girl on the cover is Dawn Read, of Sydney. Miss Read has now given up modelling and plans to be married this year. The picture was taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

This week:

● Rosie, of "Rose of Sharon" (see page 43), is a barge horse, a beautiful Clydesdale. Her creator, Jerrard Tickell, is fond of all sorts of animals. He is an official of the London Zoo, and not long ago used to take a lion cub called Jacky for walks. Most people, he said, were not unduly surprised at the sight. They accepted the cub as a odd breed of dog. However, once Mr. Tickell took Jacky in a taxi. The driver's reaction on discovering there was a lion in the cab cut short any discussion about the fare.

● The dog pictures on pages 22 and 23 were taken by 18-year-old Jennifer Humphreys, who also chose the captions. Miss Humphreys, who lives at Northwood, N.S.W., is making a career for herself as a freelance photographer. As a child she contracted a rare bone disease, and when nine had to continue her school lessons by correspondence. Meanwhile, somebody gave her a box camera and, she says, "I amassed a vast collection of poor snapshots of a long-suffering white cat and a co-operative cocker spaniel." A better camera and lessons in photography followed. At 17 she was a passenger in a Redex trial survey plane, taking pictures which she later sold to magazines and to the trial promoters for overseas publicity.

● Surf life savers not only keep the beaches safe. Their colorful carnivals are a distinctive part of the Australian scene. That is why we chose the picture on page 11 to begin our new series of pictures, "This is Australia."

Next week:

● The loves of Aly Khan provide a continuing supply of international gossip. Recently his name has been linked with Bettina, one of the leading models of Paris. Next week we feature a color fashion page of this Parisian beauty.

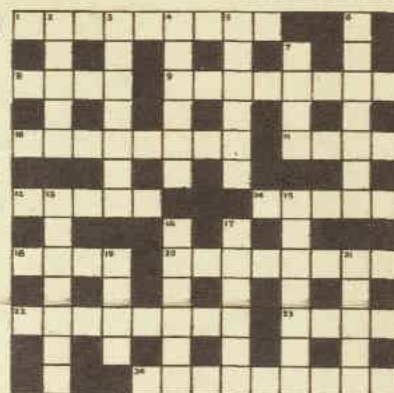
● Renovating a house can be as interesting and rewarding as building a new one. It offers scope for creative talent, as you will see by a four-page section next week.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This nonentity is not in a clerical form (3, 6).
- Tribe in a despotic land (4).
- Harm a conjurer starting with the end (8).
- These are cases for diplomacy (8).
- Stratagem of which one cannot turn the whole (4).
- Caves for enclosed lands (5).
- Reduce a lye used for tanning (5).
- Plug the turned kitchen utensils (4).
- Hot crier (Anagr. 8).
- Assistant to project an insect after a small advertisement (8).
- Read how expensive it may be (4).
- Hotel employer who could kill a baronet? (9).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Sailor to let a fish (5).
- A devotee to travel with a flourish of trumpets (7).
- Great German poet (6).
- This cruciferous plant seems to be the particular food of a sun god (6).
- Brilliant spectacle performed by a liveried boy with an insect (7).
- Bend forth in time (4).
- Cronin's fortress (7).
- He crossed the Niagara Falls on a tight-rope (7).
- A famous one came from Spain but did not return (6).
- Song for six (6).
- Pit of sullenness for a fish (4).
- Angry, that is to say a traitor in the middle (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Kathy looked solemnly at the young man smiling at her and noticed how attractive his face was.

The reason for **SPRING**

A short story by **WILLIAM PETTIT**

IT STARTED late last September, when the trees were riotous splashes of color on the unbelievable canvas of autumn.

Weeks earlier, the temperature had dropped enough to accomplish the pied beauty of rainbow leaves and then, pixie-like, rose again. The newly pressed and aired autumn suits retreated disconsolately to the back tier of the closet, and thousands of young women stood again over ironing boards, pressing the stiff, bright summer cottons whose slavery, they'd thought, was over for a year.

Kathy, a country girl who had gravitated not quite a year ago to the big city, had been efficient and urbane through all the regular season's cycles, but this bonus of beautiful temperate weather unsettled her.

As she walked the few blocks along the park, from the subway to her small apartment, she was spellbound by the breathless quiet of the captive trees, by the crunch of alien fallen leaves beneath her shoes.

And the next morning at nine o'clock she called her office, where she was girl Friday to an awesome young industrial-consultant dynamo, and said, diffident but determined:

"Mr. Slater? This is Kathy. I'm—I'm sorry but I won't be in today. No, no, nothing is wrong. I just have to—I have some personal business to attend to. You can take it out of my pay, it will be—Oh, Oh, well, thank you very much. Yes, I'll definitely be in tomorrow. I promise."

Now wasn't that nice, she thought, insisting he wouldn't dock her. He was a wonderful man, so considerate and polite; if only he wasn't so—so formidable. Kathy sighed once, a short sigh, and then she put the office, the business world, away.

Riding the long strange subway, she went to Bronx Park, to the Botanical Gardens and the Zoo, to recharge her lungs with outside air, and to steep her eyes with tree shades and colors to last her through the coming city winter.

She had a wonderful time, walking across the wiry grass and the careless curving concrete walks. She felt herself smiling for no reason at all, and she looked without fear or strangeness at all the other truant souls wandering as aimlessly as she.

When she finally came to the Zoo she visited all the outdoor cages and fields, and buying package after package of the park-prepared food she fed every creature, from peacock to elephant, who looked at all interested in eating.

When she stood outside the ostrich cage marvelling at the beauty of the plumes, a keeper coming out of the enclosure said to her: "Watch those birds. They're terribly cranky these days. Guess they're both looking for a husband."

"Well, it can't be spring fever," said Kathy lightly, "since it's really autumn."

When one of the silly old birds stretched through the fence and pecked angrily at her hand Kathie laughed out loud.

A young man she hadn't noticed, who was standing a few feet away watching her, said: "She's an ingrate, that one. Her only idea is to bite the hand that feeds her. After

she's chased you away, she'll strain her adenoids trying to reach every bit you dropped."

Kathy looked solemnly at the young man, who was tall and slender enough to wear his clothes well. His face, smiling softly as it was, was attractive and bright-looking; Kathy, momentarily panicked because she'd never been publicly accosted before, stood looking at him as she might a statue.

What Kathy didn't know, because she was so quick-moving and efficient, and walked in quick straight lines with her eyes direct before her, was that any girl any place who falters, pauses, hesitates along her way, will sooner or later be spoken to by some young man or men who is or are, as young men always are, looking constantly for the girl to whom to sacrifice the freedom and the loneliness of their bachelor days.

And if the girl is very pretty, as Kathy was, and the place the Zoo and the time a dazzling gratuitous respite from encroaching winter, the approach, the "pick-up," will be made soon, very soon, and often.

But Kathy, busy little worrisome Kathy, so young and new to the city, whose typing and shorthand still gave her daily trouble, whose ear was still strange to the flip, bright city talk and the scope of debonair city life, didn't know.

She hadn't ever paused before, to look kindly at strangers and to see if the boys were looking at her; she hadn't thought

To page 24

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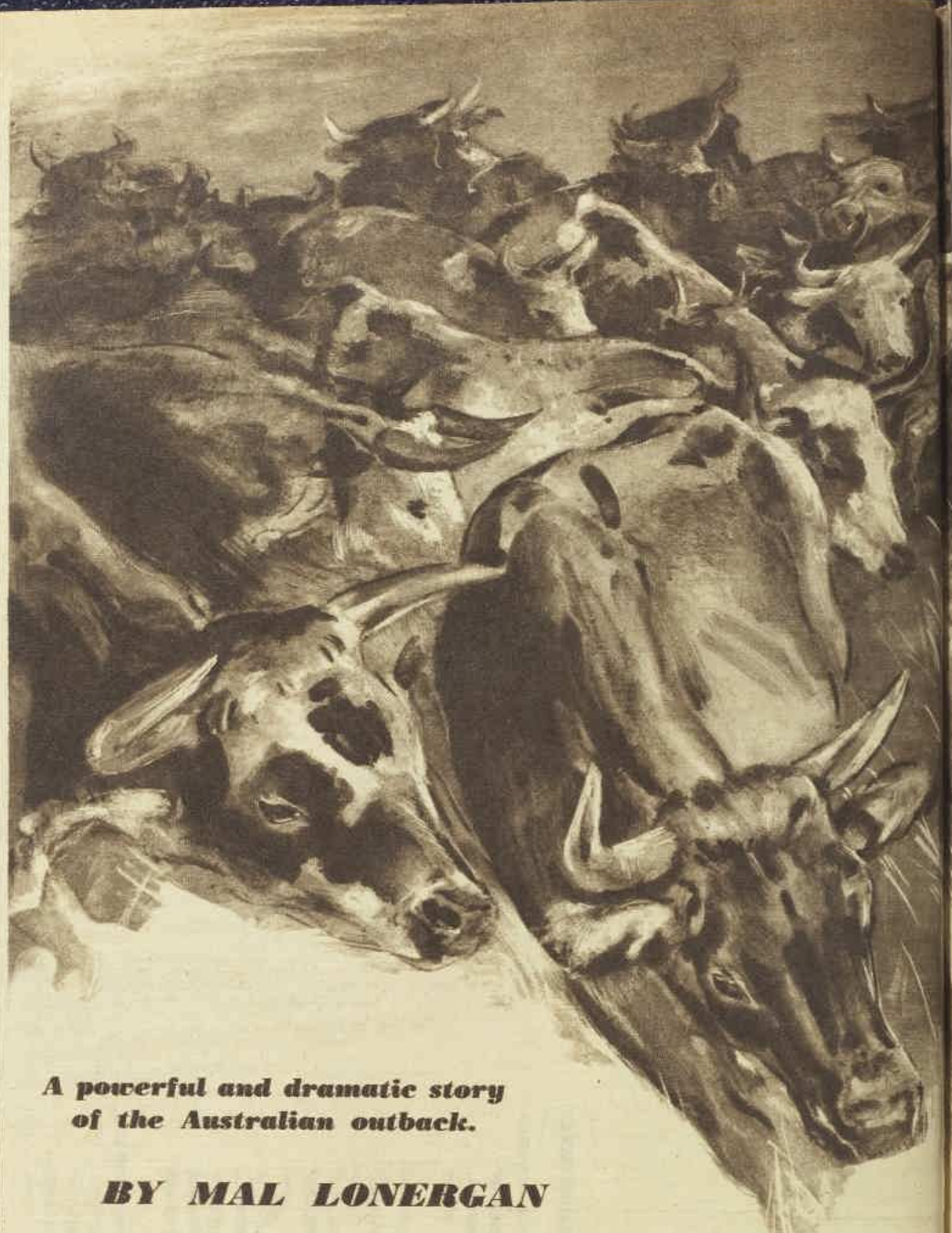


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**A powerful and dramatic story
of the Australian outback.**

BY MAL LONERGAN

LUCK OF THE DRAW

A FELT hat resting on its crown was on the table between them. In it were two small screws of paper. They were marbles in a lottery to the two men, though each was a prize worth drawing and each represented the same intrinsic value as the other.

One had written on it: "Homestead." The other showed the word: "Hut."

Jack lowered his smouldering eyes from Pete's face. He stared at the six sheets of paper clipped together on the table in front of him. It was a schedule of the assets of Peter and John Cadmore, graziers. A copy of it was in front of Pete. It divided the assets between "Homestead" and "Hut," and both agreed that the division was fair, but both wanted the homestead.

Pete thought he had the better reason for wanting it. He was 35 and he wanted to marry Molly Gilligan; he

could not ask Molly to live in the hut. She would live in it if he asked or she would wait until he had a house built across the river, on the hut side, if he asked, but no local builder could promise a start under two years. That seemed a long time after waiting five years before he had asked her anything.

True, Molly had just turned 21, being the same age as Jack, but, if there was one thing she wanted most, next to marrying Pete, it was to live at the homestead. It had been her home until the Cadmore brothers had bought it at the sale, two years previously, of the Gilligan estate under her father's will. She had been born in the homestead; her father and her grandfather had been born there, too.

Pete tried to smooth the worried frown from his brow. "Look, Jack, we're crazy, going on with this. We've done pretty well, but we've worked

together without help. If we split, we'll both have to pay wages to run each half separately."

"That's your worry." Jack did not meet Pete's eyes. He stared into the hat; both screws of paper looked the same, but he had folded the "Hut" one, and he knew that one of the corners of it had been burred with his thumb. If he wanted the "Hut" he could pick the "Hut" if he got first draw. "I can run the homestead on my own till it's big enough to pay for help."

Pete had grave doubts about Jack being able to run anything successfully on his own. The younger brother was a good worker with someone to direct him, but he was too irresponsible on his own. He had had too much of his own way since childhood. Their mother had spoiled him, and Pete did not attempt to shrug off his share of blame for that. He had been sheltering Jack,



Molly's horse squealed in a frenzy and leaped with a wild plunge of terror in front of the cattle.

getting him out of minor spots of trouble, for the five years since their mother had died. This was the first time he had actually stood out against Jack's wishes; he hated himself for doing it, but he felt that he had to think of Molly.

"You may be able to if you draw it, but there's no need to draw. Molly's quite willing for you to go on living here with us after we're married. We can carry on just as before."

Jack sneered. "That'll be nice for you, won't it? It'll be nice having your wife's old boy-friend living here, won't it?"

"You—" Pete bit on it, but there was more threat in the tightness of his lips and the chill of his eyes than if he had voiced a threat. "We'll leave Molly out of it."

Jack recovered from the first shock of seeing Pete so threatening. He smiled thinly in malice and derision, yet he felt a strange elation; it was the first time within his knowledge that he had ever succeeded in getting under Pete's skin. Pete was always calm and cool, whatever the provocation. Jack was tempted to play around with the new sensation, but he was a little afraid of possible results. He bluffed with a shrug.

"You brought her name in."

"I did," Pete admitted flatly. "I thought it might strike a decent spark in you, if you knew there was no ill-feeling. Now get this straight. You never were Molly's boy-friend.

She went out with you sometimes, but no more than with other chaps. I hung back for years, giving you every chance with Molly. It wasn't until you slipped her up for a dance, so you could take that new girl in the store, that she turned you down flat. I was ready to stand back while you had any chance; when I saw you had none I put in my claim, and it was what she was waiting for."

Quick anger spoke in Jack; it was an eruption of a grudge which had been bottled for years. "That's the trouble with you. You're always better; you always know better; you can always do things better. You stand back, sneering, while I try to do my best, then you step in and show me how. If you'd left Molly alone she'd have come round all right."

"That's what you think," Pete stared broodingly at the other. Except for the last, there had been some truth in what Jack had said, except that he had not sneered. He had stood back, letting Jack try, in all sorts of ways. At the local rodeo, the riding and the cattle judging at the shows, he could have done better than Jack, but he had not entered for five years; he had let Jack revel in the lime-light. But he would not give him the lime-light where Molly was concerned. "That leaves us nothing to do but draw."

Pete reached a hand towards the hat, but Jack jerked it away. "Wait a minute! Just because you're the eldest doesn't mean you've got the right to draw first. That's one thing

we didn't settle. We'd better toss for it. I'll spin; you call."

Pete shrugged, then nodded. Jack spun a penny. While it was in air, Pete said: "Heads!"

Jack caught the coin deftly and slapped it on the table confidently. He smiled thinly. Pete did not know everything; he did not know that a coin should drop to a board or earth when so much depended on a toss; he did not know how easily Jack could tell the lie of the coin in his palm; he did not know that Jack had been certain that Pete had lost the toss before the penny had been tabled.

"That's one you don't win," Jack put plenty of malice into his voice. "You'd better hold the hat high, so I can't see which I'm taking. I don't want you squealing later that it wasn't a fair draw."

"I won't squeal," Pete said flatly. "Take your pick."

Luck was against Jack for a quick draw, for he fingered the "Hut" paper first. He groped for the other, relieved that Pete betrayed no suspicion. He glanced at the paper, then made a sour face. Pete saw that; he had to smooth out a grin of relief, but when Jack said nothing, and he opened the other paper, the itch to grin died stillborn.

"The homestead's yours," he said flatly.

"Yeah," Jack's grin of malice was blatant. "Now get those scrubbers that go with the hut off my river paddock. I mean right now; it's my grass they're eating."

"But the river's running a banker," Pete protested. "I couldn't push them into it alone, and it means 40 miles' driving to take them around the road and across the bridge."

"They're your cows, and it's my grass," Jack had plenty to get out of his system, and his rigging of the draw had given him his chance. "And Spider's my horse! And Blue's my dog! And this is my house, so get out of it, and I mean quick!"

"You're making it tough," Pete bit his lower lip. Spider was the best stock-horse in the district, and had been regarded as Pete's own; it left him with a young gelding, not completely broken in, for a mount until he could get another horse from the hut. Blue was the only trained dog on the place; the pup had just been taken in hand. "We haven't signed the agreement at the solicitor's office yet."

"Huh! I thought you'd try some trick to wriggle out of it."

"I'm not trying to wriggle out of it," Pete's pride in his word being his bond had been rubbed the wrong way and the smirk on Jack's face sent his hackles rising. "All right. I'll shift those cows now."

He meant to do it, being built that way. He pulled his saddle off Spider, feeling sore because Jack's would take its place; he hoped Jack would not spoil a good horse. He ordered Blue to his kennel and whistled the

To page 36



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MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK—THE JET-PROPELLED INSECT SPRAY

A short story
complete on this page

By WILLIAM
BRANDON

THE SECRET

SPRING GARDEN, Long Island, is a well-to-do suburb, not rich, but well-to-do. Miss Eleanor Trivet was generally regarded as the most well-to-do person in Spring Garden.

She lived in a pillared house overlooking the shore, and had a chauffeur named Gilbert. She also had a 1927 Rolls-Royce, which was brought out once every three months when Gilbert drove Miss Trivet in state to the bank in the village, where Miss Trivet clipped coupons from the bonds in her safe-deposit box.

Miss Trivet devoted much of her life and a great deal of money to bringing up her three orphaned nieces, May, June, and Arabella. Arabella, the youngest, was married first; and May and June, who were twins, were married in a double wedding less than a year later.

Shortly afterwards Miss Trivet visited her safe-deposit box and took her bonds out and announced to the clerk in the vault that she would no longer keep the box she had held for more than thirty years.

She took the bonds to her old friend Harvey Littlejohn, the manager of the bank's trust department, and told him to make them up into little trust funds for the three girls.

Mr. Littlejohn examined the bonds and said sternly, "Eleanor, this is madness. You're leaving yourself penniless."

Miss Trivet said, "Nonsense, I shall have the greatest of plenty. Now that I'm alone, I'll rent my house. The rent will pay the taxes and upkeep and even give me a little extra income. And so I shan't have any need of all this. And it will do them so much more good now."

"It's really far better than if I went on keeping it simply for rust to corrupt, or however it goes. Why, I might as well come in every quarter and cut out paper dolls, for all it means to me, now the girls are gone."

"You forget I know something of your affairs, and you haven't got plenty. I know how your capital has decreased in the past ten or fifteen years. Let me warn you, Eleanor, that your old age might not be entirely pleasant if you leave yourself dependent on others."

Miss Trivet said brightly, "Why, I haven't the least intention of being dependent on others. Although I must say they have all been insisting that I come and live with them. With each of them in turn. Can you imagine? Isn't that sweet? But I couldn't bear it to be fussed over and taken care of, and perhaps grow into a burden without realising it."

"Then I fail to see what you will

live on, since you are giving everything away."

"But, Harvey, I will have quite enough to live simply."

"You're used to the very adequate independence represented by these bonds in your safe-deposit box. As a matter of fact, I doubt if May and June and Arabella themselves will let you transfer all this to them and leave yourself with only enough for bare necessities."

"Oh, fiddlesticks. After all, it is my money, and surely I can do with it as I wish."

"Why, if you go at it haughtily enough I suppose they might accept it—perhaps on the condition that you come and live with them in return."

Miss Trivet said in exasperation, "But that wouldn't do at all. I certainly intend to be completely independent."

"Your independence is your lock-box in the vault."

Miss Trivet bit her lip and reflected. She said, "Then I shall simply have to keep my safe-deposit box, that's all."

"Now you're being sensible. Put these bonds back in it and leave them where they are."

"Goodness, no, not that. I shall

simply transfer some other things to the box, where they will be available."

Mr. Littlejohn said in astonishment, "Well, if you have other holdings, that's different. I didn't know you did. What are they?"

"Oh, various little things," Miss Trivet said, with the airy vagueness typical of wealthy women.

A few days later Miss Trivet appeared at the safe-deposit vault, followed by Gilbert carrying some large Manila envelopes.

While the safe-deposit box was being unlocked and brought to her, Gilbert began to open the envelopes for her, but Miss Trivet snatched them from him with a little scream and took them into the privacy of a booth.

At the beginning of summer the big house on the shore was rented. Miss Trivet took a small cottage in Spring Garden, paid for out of the proceeds of the lease of the big house.

She settled down there and lived quietly and happily, with occasional brief visits to May and her husband in Connecticut, or Arabella and her husband in Westchester, or June and her husband at East Hampton.

She enjoyed these visits and her cottage equally well, and altogether

was much happier with this new life than she had dared hope.

Sometimes May or June or Arabella or their husbands, when they were in Spring Garden, drove Miss Trivet to the bank for her quarterly visit and waited at the grilled gate of the vault while she went into a booth with her strong-box and her little silver-handled scissors. It was impossible not to see at such times the satisfaction the children took in their well-to-do Aunt Eleanor.

In due time assorted grandnieces and grandnephews arrived, to Miss Trivet's further delight. Now and then in the summer Miss Trivet kept some of the small children with her in Spring Garden for a few weeks, while their parents took vacations.

Once or twice it happened that they all visited the bank with Miss Trivet and waited while she locked herself in one of the booths of the vault with her safe-deposit box. The impressive solemnity of this rite, Miss Trivet noticed, affected even the littlest children.

It was after a number of these contented years that Miss Trivet dropped her safe-deposit box and spilled its contents as she was leav-

ing a booth. Fortunately everything fell inside the booth, out of sight of Arabella's husband, Henry, who was waiting for her.

Mr. Littlejohn, who happened to be in the vault, came to help. When he saw her papers scattered on the floor he said in a shocked whisper, "Heavens, what are these things?"

"Paper dolls," Miss Trivet whispered, picking them up and replacing them in the strong-box.

"Good heavens," Mr. Littlejohn said. He crawled under a desk in the booth to retrieve a pinafore and a Cinderella.

"They serve the purpose beautifully, and they are very amusing," Miss Trivet said fondly. "I always used to love to cut them out, as a child."

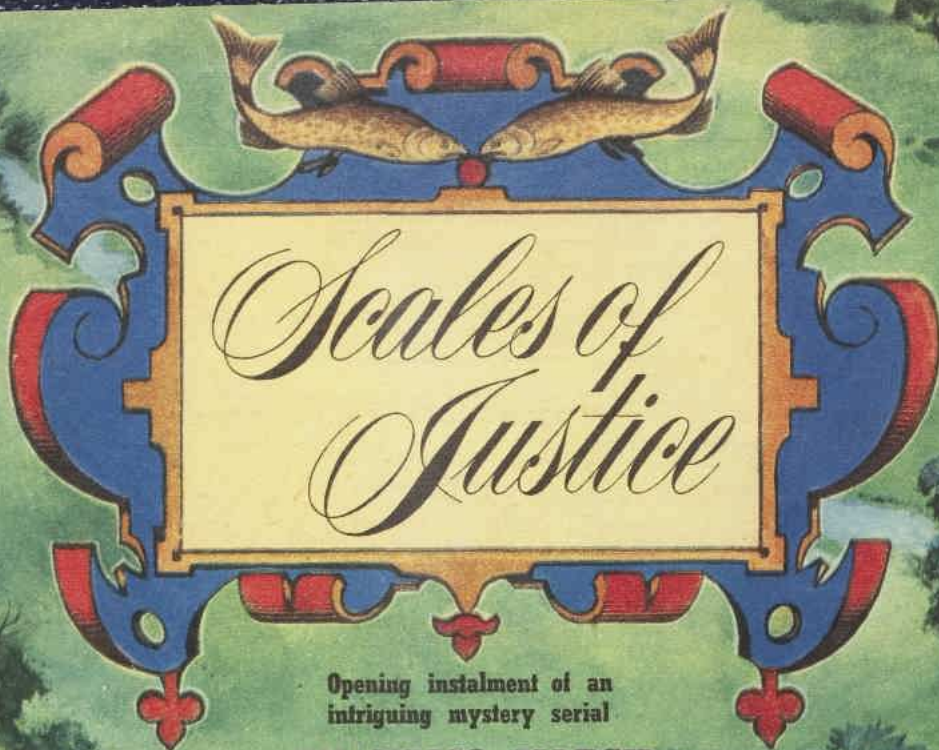
When the paper dolls were all picked up, Miss Trivet had the box returned to its double-locked niche. The grilled gate of the vault rolled open for her, and she went out to join Arabella's husband, Henry, and Henry took her arm to help her up the stairs with that slight excess of respect these visits to the vault produced.

Miss Trivet looked back at Mr. Littlejohn and winked.

(Copyright)



"Eleanor," said Mr. Littlejohn sternly. "These bonds represent your very independence and you must keep them."



Opening instalment of an
intriguing mystery serial

BY NGAIO MARSH

NURSE KETTLE pushed her bicycle to the top of Watt's Hill and there paused. Sweating lightly, she looked down on the village of Swevenings. Smoke rose in cosy plumes from one or two chimneys; roofs cuddled into surrounding greenery. The Chyne, a trout stream, meandered through meadow and coppice, and slid blamelessly under two bridges.

"Really," Nurse Kettle thought with satisfaction, "it is as pretty as a picture." And she remembered all the pretty pictures Lady Lacklander had made in irresolute watercolor, some from this very spot.

She was reminded, too, of those illustrated maps that one finds in the Underground, with houses, trees, and occupational figures amusingly dotted about them. Seen from above like this, she decided, Swevenings resembled such a map. Nurse Kettle looked down at the orderly pattern of field, hedge, stream, and land, and fancifully imposed upon it the curling labels and carefully naive figures that are proper to picture maps.

From Watt's Hill, Watt's Lane ran steeply and obliquely into the valley. Between the lane and the Chyne was contained a hillside divided into three strips, each garnished with trees, gardens, and a house of considerable age. These properties belonged to three of the principal householders of Swevenings: Mr. Danberry-Phinn, Commander Syce, and Colonel Cartarette.

Nurse Kettle's map, she reflected, would have a little picture of Mr. Danberry-Phinn at Jacob's Cottage surrounded by his cats, and one of Commander Syce at Uplands, shooting off his bow and arrow.

Next door at Hammer Farm (only it wasn't a farm now but had been much converted) it would show Mrs. Cartarette in a garden chair with a cocktail shaker, and Rose Cartarette, her stepdaughter, gracefully weeding.

Her attention sharpened. There, in point of fact, deep down in the actual landscape, was Colonel Cartarette himself, a lilliputian figure, moving along his rented stretch of the Chyne, east of Bottom Bridge, and followed at a respectful distance by his spaniel Skip. His creel was slung over his shoulder and his rod was in his hand.

"The evening rise," Nurse Kettle reflected, "he's after the Old 'Un."

She added to her imaginary map the pic-

ture of an enormous trout lurking near Bottom Bridge with a curly label above it bearing a legend: "The Old 'Un."

On the far side of the valley on the private golf course at Nunsardon Manor there would be Mr. George Lacklander, doing a solitary round with a glance (thought the gossip-loving Nurse Kettle) across the valley at Mrs. Cartarette. Lacklander's son, Dr. Mark, would be shown with his black bag in his hand and a stork, perhaps, quaintly flying overhead.

To complete, as it were, the gentry, there would be old Lady Lacklander on a sketching-stool, and her husband, Sir Harold, on a bed of sickness, alas, in his great room, the roof of which, after the manner of pictorial maps, had been removed to display him.

In the map it would be demonstrated how Watt's Lane, wandering to the right and bending back again, neatly divided the gentry from what Nurse Kettle called the "ordinary folk."

To the west lay the Danberry-Phinn, the Syce, the Cartarette, and, above all, the Lacklander demesnes. Neatly disposed along the east margin of Watt's Lane were five conscientiously preserved thatched cottages, the village shop, and, across Monk's Bridge, the church and rectory and the Boy and Donkey.

And that was all. No Pulls-In for Carmen, no Olde Bunne Shoppes (which Nurse Kettle had learned to despise), no spurious half-timbering marred the perfection of Swevenings.

With a look of pleasure on her shining and kindly face Nurse Kettle mounted her bicycle and began to coast down Watt's Lane. Hedges and trees flew by. The road surface improved and on her left appeared the quickset hedge of Jacob's Cottage. From the far side came the voice of Mr. Octavius Danberry-Phinn.

"Adorable!" Mr. Danberry-Phinn was saying. "Queen of Delight! Fish!" He was answered by the trill of feline voices.

Nurse Kettle turned to the footpath and

To page 37

"Pretty as a picture," Nurse Kettle thought, fancifully imposing on the landscape below the labels and figures of picture maps.





EVENINGS

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Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I MARRIED during the depression years, and my husband and I decided we could afford to have only the one child—a son. We were so very anxious to give him all the "advantages" of life. At the time we did not realise that one of the greatest advantages of life is a brood of brothers and sisters. By having an only child, we not only robbed him of brothers and sisters but denied our grandchildren their aunts and uncles as well as cousins. Besides, it is a rare thing to find a member of a large family suffering from frustration or maladjustment. At the time of our decision to have just one child we didn't allow for promotions and extra income, which came along in plenty of time to educate at least a family of four children. If a word from me, at 45 years, can stir a thought in some young wife's mind and save her years of regret, how glad I am to help!

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Scarborough, Qld.

THE unending spiral of wages and cost of commodities is ruining our economy and jeopardising our export trade. I suggest, therefore, that instead of further rises all concerned should seek a reduction in prices and wages, brought about gradually until the 1945 standard is reached. A reduction of, say, 2½ per cent. on the cost of all commodities would more than compensate for a reduction of 2½ per cent. in wages. Don't laugh at the idea—think about it. I would like to hear the view of an expert economist on this matter.

10/6 to "Radical" (name supplied), Seddon, Vic.

I DON'T exaggerate when I say that some women buy a new frock for best one day, wear it the following to do the household chores (including scrubbing the floor), and go off to town or to the cinema on the next day. It's no wonder that they look so grubby and drab, yet they are the very ones who criticise the appearance of the well-dressed ones. When some of these married women have said to me, "Oh, you spend all your money on clothes," they are not only irritating but inaccurate. The truth is that you haven't got to spend much money to be well dressed, for by buying good-quality clothes and caring for them you can achieve that object.

10/6 to K.J. (name supplied), West Devonport, Tas.

MANY years ago, when I was quite young, I was saving for a "working trip" to another country. An elderly woman—a dear friend of mine—said to me one day: "You know, my dear, you take yourself with you wherever you go." Despite the disparity of our ages, we had much in common, including a spirit of adventure. She probably thought I was visualising myself as quite a different person in other surroundings (as many of us do): less shy and nervous, more clever and attractive. I have often thought of her words since, how true they were, and have realised that any change must come from within ourselves—though pleasant surroundings and congenial friends are certainly a help.

10/6 to "Optimist" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

OLD MAIDS get thinly veiled contempt from any woman who has been married—be she happy or otherwise, divorced or deserted, widowed or de facto. These women show smug satisfaction. They got their man. We did not. One woman said: "Oh! You are not married," adding, "Well, never mind, someone will come along." And I am well into my sixties.

10/6 to "Old Maid" (name supplied), North Carlton, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

ARMED with guns, stones, even bows and arrows, "city slickers" drive out to the country on Sunday afternoons to hurt or destroy animals. I've often seen them shooting at beautiful swans—and I can't understand why they can't enjoy watching them instead. If these people must kill animals, kill rabbits or crows, which are destructive, but leave us our swans and our birds.

10/6 to "Country Bumpkin" (name supplied), Narre Warren North, Vic.

WHAT has happened to the old idea of boys wearing gloves to balls and dances? I'd like to see the fashion come back, because it seems such a shame to have pretty evening dresses marked by those ungloved hands. If boys dislike the idea of wearing a pair of gloves, they could wear just the one, taking it off after every dance.

10/6 to "Dancer" (name supplied), Sherwood, N.S.W.

Parents praised

READING "Pat's" paragraph in The Australian Women's Weekly (14/12/55) made me boil. I certainly don't think much of any person who thinks so little of his or her parents. True enough, our parents brought us into the world, but they did have an alternative. They could have put us in a home, left us on a doorstep, or some such thing, but they didn't. They reared us, and the only reward good parents ask of their children is love. Surely that's not too much to ask of anyone.

10/6 to "Judy" (name supplied), Martinsville, N.S.W.

I THINK "Pat" is about the most heartless person I have ever heard of. If our parents have no alternative but to rear and take care of us, how is it that so many children are taken away from their parents and put in institutions? It is because they are not looked after properly in their own homes. I come from a good home, and can say that I owe my parents more than I can ever hope to repay them.

10/6 to "Proud of Mum and Dad" (name supplied), Roschill, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR family problem was my husband's Friday night at the club "with the boys." As I was tied at home with the two babies, I used to resent his night out and was generally unpleasant about it. I stayed at home, feeling martyred, until suddenly I realised how silly I was being. Now I make Friday night my night off, closing my eyes to ironing, mending, and household jobs. I concentrate on myself, starting with a nice hot bath, following it up with those messy jobs you don't like your husband seeing—face packs, eyebrow trimming, defuzzing, etc. These done, I'm off to bed with a pile of magazines, the book which I haven't had time to read, and a small block of chocolate to nibble. Now that I look forward to my husband's Friday night out, and to my night off, we are both much happier and there are no more arguments.

£1/1/- to "Winnie" (name supplied), Bunbury, W.A.

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA



A SURF CARNIVAL is our choice for the first picture in this new series of scenes showing aspects of Australian life. This summer marks the beginning of the surf life-savers' 50th year of voluntary service to the public. Since 1907 they have saved 96,000 people. In the 198 clubs of the Surf Life-Saving Association of Australia there are now 8699 members, who pay an annual fee of 10/- for the privilege of saving life. Clubs which have adopted Australian methods are flourishing in Great Britain, South Africa, New Zealand, Ceylon, and Hawaii. Staff photographer Clive Thompson took this picture at the end of a march past at Collaroy, N.S.W.



HAVE YOU

"Chicken Feather Legs?"

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Here's a psychologist who says



Don't let the Child Experts scare you!

By PROFESSOR D. C. WILLIAMS

● At a dinner a short while ago a woman entertained me with tales about the undisciplined behaviour of a well-known psychologist's four boys.

THE woman insisted that the boys were allowed to carve up the living-room furniture whenever they felt like it.

I have heard the same story applied to dozens of psychologists with scores of children. I'm a psychologist myself—a professor of psychology at the University of Toronto, Canada.

I happened to know the man my dinner companion was talking about. He doesn't have four boys, merely one daughter—and she's grown up and married with two children.

I pointed this out to the woman, along with the fact that the psychologist was one of my best friends.

She wasn't to be put down. She said, "Well, it must have been some other child psychologist."

From the public's point of view, the conviction that the child psychologist raises a family of super brats is logical enough.

In the late 'thirties extreme and usually untrained devotees of the permissive school of child psychology announced flatly that a child was in danger of being frustrated and repressed if he was stopped from doing anything.

The more dedicated consultants of this

outlook, as a therapeutic measure for aggressive tendencies, encouraged children to run amok in their offices, breaking anything they felt like breaking.

At one "progressive" school in Pennsylvania, the principal, a gentle-looking follower of the new faith, proudly exhibited the chairs and windows broken by his more active pupils.

The lunatic fringe of behaviourists warned mothers not to show their children that they loved them, not to hug them, cuddle them, or pick them up.

"Experts" in child care stated that a child must never be punished or reprimanded under any circumstances, lest his individuality be crushed.

At various times during the past 25 years these child experts have claimed that it was dangerous to tell children there was a Santa Claus, that Alice in Wonderland was a time bomb to a child's emotional life, that thumb-sucking was a sexual manifestation, and that mothers who permitted it were criminally careless.

One of the most eminent psychologists in the United States saved time by simply announcing that parenthood was a failure.

But it hasn't been just the lunatic fringe of child psychology that has bewildered the public. The responsible body of child psychology has reversed its

position completely on many basic points.

Fifteen years ago the scientifically approved method of baby care called for scheduled feedings—a prescribed amount at a prescribed time. "Giving in" to the baby between meals was something worthy of a Hottentot.

On the advice of some experts, grandmothers were kept away from the child because they were apt to be soft-hearted and mess up the schedule.

Now it is believed that schedule feedings disregard the feelings of the infant, make him feel unloved. Most child psychologists now recommend demand feeding, by which a

others; she is told she can harm him by praising him and not comparing him with others.

She is told that she is entirely and solely responsible for her children's emotional future, that by her ineptitude she can ruin the child's life.

If her children don't turn out to be perfectly adjusted, she's to blame—she either hasn't read enough or she has misconstrued what she read. The efforts of a great many people to be modern, well-informed "scientific" parents have left them frustrated, confused, and guilt-stricken to the point where the term "parental anxiety" has been added to the language of psychology.

And it's time parents stopped being so anxious. It's time they stopped regarding the normal process of raising a family as some sort of giant booby-trap, with a disapproving professional child-raiser the only one who knows how to pull the trigger.

It's not doing anybody any good, least of all the children. It's time parents stopped letting themselves be scared by the experts.

In the first place there are no experts about your child.

There are gifted men and women who are making tremendously important contributions to the study of how children grow and develop physically and emotionally.

But they are not trying to produce a standard technique on how to raise a perfect child. This is something picked up by the fanatical fringe of the profession.

Let's take a look at how the idea started.

Most psychologists agree about the effects of early experience.

Childhood relationships to mother, father, brothers, and sisters have a definite effect on the child's personality.

A girl born into a family where the father wants a son can soon begin to feel rejected, unwanted. Later, when a brother comes along, she may feel intense jealousy, which can reappear in her adult life as a feeling of inferiority concerning her own talents and inability to get along with others.



● These fearful tears are a natural reaction to a child's first experience of the unknown. Many parents worry that such commonly experienced emotional outbursts are due to their mistakes in child training.

Children respond to love and security—not "parental science"

A boy reared by a step-mother who discriminates against him in favor of her own children may develop a sense of injustice that will turn into serious anti-social tendencies later on.

Incidents of childhood play their part in adult personality—a classroom incident about a physical disability, a frightening experience in a dark room, habitual unpleasantness about meals, dress, discipline—all these can, and do, turn up regularly in adult problems that confront the psychologist.

The effects of early experience more or less lay the foundation for personality. Freud gets a great deal of the credit for emphasising the idea.

But overzealous experts and many popularisers of psychology in magazines and newspapers, as well as most "progressive" parents, often insist that early experience is the only important thing.

The whole thing, according to this point of view, is subject to mechanical laws and rules.

But what laws and rules? Over the years there have been so many that it's impossible to sort them out.

These in turn have been repudiated and new ones produced. For twenty-five years the experts have blithely twisted the knobs on everybody's sets and issued blue-prints with the assurance of engineers.

You must never spank a child. You must avoid separation from the child. You must never make the child feel guilty. You must never lose your temper. You must never fondle the child. You must always praise the child.

Sound basic advice has been misinterpreted by many self-styled parent educators and by the parents themselves.

Freud pointed out that if a child doesn't feel loved he's in a really difficult situation. Love, to many parents, has been misinterpreted as a denial of discipline.

The principle of demand feeding, for instance, has already been misinterpreted as meaning that the child should be fed whenever he cries. This is not true.

According to the theory of demand feeding, the child should be fed whenever he's hungry. But he cries for many reasons other than hunger.

In any case his demands generally fall into a routine which permits the household to function efficiently without a rigid schedule.

The result of all this over-emphasis of the importance of early years has been that many parents worry whether they have been doing the right thing by their children.

Parents have become so concerned about being good parents that they have become in many cases bad parents.

They have become indecisive, insecure, anxious, worrisome, self-critical, and completely

lacking in the qualities of stability a child needs for his own sense of security.

And no matter how intelligently parents have applied the new "science" they've found that they can't fool the children; they react to fundamental attitudes, not to new tricks.

Often a child brought up by parents who did all the right things has baffled them by being bored and apathetic. He has sensed that he is not an individual but a product of their deliberate efforts to make him perfect.

He is just a score-card in some sort of adult game.

The search for the right recipe for bringing up the perfect child never seems to end. Recently pediatricians have

Spanking again in fashion

begun to talk of the psychological dangers of making a mechanical, routine affair of feeding a baby. With the aim of helping more mothers to feed their babies properly, the plan was conceived of having the newborn baby stay in the mother's hospital room—a system known as "rooming in."

But this system has already become a scientific fad, and is being touted as the solution to all emotional difficulties.

It has been compared ecstatically with the natural way children are raised on south sea islands.

People are determined that someone, somewhere, has the right answers to bringing up perfect children.

Any time anybody gives specific psychological pills that can be applied to all children indiscriminately, it's bad advice. You don't need to be right all the time.

Your child wants a man for a father, not a formula.

He wants a woman for a mother, not a theory.

He wants real parents, real people, capable of making mistakes without moping about it. You're not going to do any harm as long as you do your best.

Let's say that you read the advice: "When you come into the house after work, and you're feeling cranky, it's not

Worry makes bad parents

fair to take this out on your child."

Obviously that's good advice. The sensible way to take it is, "Well, that's reasonable enough. It's a matter of common justice. I'll try not to."

But we all take our moods out on our children sometimes. I do it. You do it. The man who wrote the advice does it.

The wrong attitude for you to take is, "Aha! I must never get angry with my child. Formula number 3645—" when you are already trying to juggle 3644 others equally impossible.

If you succeeded four out of five times, you're doing fine. Your child is lucky. But may-

be the fifth time disaster strikes.

You woke up that morning and found that your youngster had been trying to sharpen his crayons with your electric razor.

You told your wife that the coffee was weak and she burst out crying.

On the way to work you ran into all those other idiots of drivers, and that day you made two stenographers cry.

That's three women you started sobbing in an eight-hour day.

That night you hit a mile-long traffic jam and got home just in time to notice that your generator wasn't working. You open the door with the disposition of a rattlesnake.

Junior comes at you ecstatically on his scooter and he crash-lands into your shins.

You look up from rubbing your shins and holler, "FOR THE LOVE OF PETE WILL YOU STOP GREETING ME LIKE A FOOTBALL TACKLE!"

Your child retreats, looking startled. You feel like a monster. You're a flop as a father.

Receiving a child's love by hollering at him like a maniac! According to the experts you've left an indelible scar.

Your child will remember this scene until he's middle-aged. You've traumatised him.

You've inhibited the resolution of his Oedipus complex, and generally committed him to a lifetime of neurosis and frustration.

Take heart. All is not lost. Things aren't really that tough.

How about the four times you didn't flip your lid? Your child isn't that unfair, or that delicate.

Being a good parent isn't something like walking a tightrope: one slip and you've had it. Single incidents don't cause lasting trouble.

When a person becomes seriously ill and neurotic and his history is checked, it's not made up of isolated cases of his parents' mistakes. It's made up of entire histories of unfavorable conditions.

Let's be reasonable. Did your father ever shout at you unjustly? Did it wreck your life?

You know at least one case where a child who was unfairly treated didn't become a charge on society.

Maybe you didn't leave an indelible scar on your child's personality, either. Maybe you just gave him a good laugh.

Far more important than being right all the time (you'll never make it) is being honest with your child.

Stop posing as a perfect, omniscient human being.

Dropping the act will be a relief to you and automatically make you a more relaxed and better parent. You can help the child be himself by being yourself.



● A child needs a woman for a mother, not a theory. This little girl knows that bathtime care springs from love, not mere routine.

If you make a mistake, be man enough to admit it. Your child won't use it against you.

He won't conclude that one mistake makes you wrong all down the line. He's a better psychologist than that.

Once you try to assume unnatural, unattainable ideals, to pose as something other than yourself, things start to go wrong.

What could be sillier than deciding to love your child because of an approved theory! Either you love your child or you don't.

If you do, you can set the pattern for your home and enforce it without causing any psychological disasters.

You don't have to be perfect in all the details, even if it were possible.

There are no two children on earth with identical personalities or with identical needs.

The closest you can come to fair play towards your children is to do your best to provide them with equal opportunities, which doesn't necessarily mean equal objects.

There are books on child psychology that will provide you with all the details: a handy pack of recipes for making better children.

But any book that gives specific rules to be applied to all children is a bad book. If you read specific formulas in to a good book you're making a mistake.

Once when a friend invited me to his house for dinner, I got there before he did and spent half an hour talking to his wife, a girl I'd known since high school, while she looked after a new baby.

All the time we talked the baby was crying and I asked her why she wasn't doing anything about it.

She said, "Because I'm sup-

posed to let the baby cry for twenty minutes."

"But what's the point?" I asked her, raising my voice above the racket.

"I don't know," she shouted. "All I know is that I'm bringing him up according to the book."

"What book?" I hollered. "Dr. Spock," she shouted.

I know this pocketbook. I've recommended it to a lot of people. I was certain that Dr. Spock wouldn't say any such thing, and when I got

So stop worrying about whether you're a good parent.

I don't mean stop caring or trying, or wanting to be a good parent. I don't mean chuck out child psychology and go back to "the good old days."

We've all seen the results of some of the methods from the good old days.

I just mean stop worrying. If you manage to do the right thing more often than you fizzle it, you're winning.

One of the real curses of psychology is that we're becoming abnormally sensitive to our mistakes and

don't give ourselves credit for what we have accomplished.

You're not entirely responsible for your children's personalities.

If you have one child who, before you have tried any system of training, has an IQ of 140, and another who at the same time has an IQ of 80, how can you be responsible for both?

We're all stuck, within limits, with the aptitudes we come into the world with. If you had a lame child you'd ask yourself: "What can he do best?" and try to help him.

But when we come to psychology, we read in books that there are no limitations to any child except our incapacity for being perfect parents.

It doesn't make sense. You can go no further than trying to help your child be what he basically is.

You should not set impossible goals for your child or yourself. And you shouldn't let anyone else do it.

In other words, if you approach the job of being a parent with modesty, a willingness to accept the responsibility of being wrong without undue self-criticism, and enjoy your children, you don't need to let the experts scare you.

You'll be an expert yourself.



You care for them, and so does pure, clean glass

Could their milk come to them any cleaner, sweeter way than in pure glass bottles? Glass not only protects the flavour of the most nourishing food in the world, it protects it against all contamination. Glass is a natural protector. Every day clear, clean glass cares for your kiddies' health at school. Make sure that *all* your family's milk comes bottled in glass.

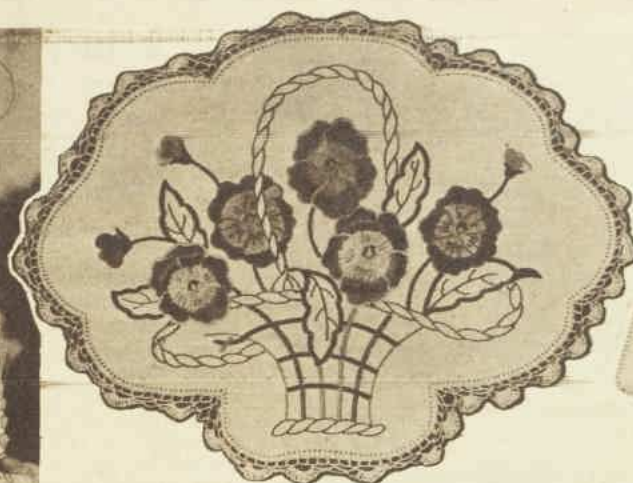
INSERTED BY THE GLASS INDUSTRY OF AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 11, 1956

EXQUISITE NEEDLEWORK



MISS P. SHILLITO, one of the four judges in our Embroidery Contest, studies one of the beautiful entries.



INTERESTING entry from aboriginal girls at Bathurst Island Mission Station, which submitted 13 pieces in all.



FIJIAN ENTRY is displayed by a member of the judging panel, Mrs. Eve Gye, editor of our Homemaker Department. Over 4000 entries, many from overseas, were received.

Thousands of entries of high standard in our Embroidery Contest

Names of the 172 prize-winners in The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 Embroidery Contest will be announced in our issue of February 15.

JUDGED on the number and quality of entries, the contest is the biggest competition of its kind ever to be held in Australia.

When entries closed our big staff of sorters had counted 4432 pieces of work for the six sections of the competition.

All these pieces are now being examined by a panel of four expert judges, whose findings and final comments will be given with the names of the winners in our February 15 issue.

Not only our Australian readers were represented among the entries.

Aboriginal children at Bathurst Island competed. So did mission stations in New Guinea. Women in New Zealand, Fiji, China, and India

sent some beautiful entries, many of them showing interesting color combinations typical of their countries of origin.

The most popular section for adults, men as well as women, has been Section One, the winner of which will receive £200 prize-money, with a chance for the £500 grand championship.

Section One called for a supper, luncheon, or dinner cloth measuring 36 inches by 36 inches or larger.

In spite of the enormous amount of work entailed in such an entry, readers sent them in by the hundreds.

There was some excellent work in the two juvenile sections, which accounted for over 300 of the total entries.

One of the big surprises in

this section was a group of 13 entries from the Bathurst Island Mission aboriginal children. They sent some beautifully worked cloths with designs reminiscent of an old English garden.

The only aboriginal motif came from a European entrant in Victoria.

The panel of judges commented on the high standard of the men's entries and complimented them on the cleanliness of their work.

Original design and color schemes were not part of the competition, but a variety of stitches was one of the main considerations in judging the standard of the work.

One defect which put many lovely cloths out of the running was that the wrong side of the work was not as tidy as the right side.

Tying of knots and carrying of threads spoilt many entries which might otherwise have been among the finalists.

One of the judges of the competition is Mrs. J. Langley, of French's Forest, N.S.W., who joined the panel as her last job before leaving on a 10 months' tour of England.

Four judges

Mrs. Langley trained for three years at the Royal School of Needlework in London before she came to Australia in 1929.

As part of her training at the school she repaired tapestries from Windsor Castle.

"Frequently Queen Mary, a magnificent needlewoman herself, would come and look over our shoulders to see that we were doing the right thing," said Mrs. Langley.

"Believe me, she knew how to judge work and wouldn't have any half measures."

Since she came to Australia Mrs. Langley has judged at the Royal Show in Sydney many times. When she gets

back to London she will visit the Royal School of Needlework to compare standards in the two countries.

Miss I. Scott, of the New South Wales Education Department, another member of the judging panel, is an experienced embroidery judge of many years' standing. Every 12 months she visits all primary and secondary schools throughout the State and sees thousands of examples of juvenile handicraft.

For the past 11 years she has been needlework supervisor for the Education Department. Before that she taught in both secondary and primary schools.

Another panel member, Miss P. Shillito, senior lecturer in designs and crafts at the Sydney Technological College, is a judge who is especially interested in color and design.

"I was most impressed with the new feeling of color in many of the entries from New Australians and from overseas," said Miss Shillito. "It is good to see originality breaking through the old accepted forms of design, too."

Miss Shillito, who is well known in Australia for her judging of children's art exhibitions, worked for many years in England, where she was the lecturer in design at the Liverpool City School of Art.

Mrs. Eve Gye, The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Editor, made the fourth in our panel of judges.

When all entries were in, the judges agreed on the general high standard of the work submitted and said that a very good percentage was of excellent quality.

The contest has clearly shown that embroidery, far from being a dying art, is a flourishing and popular pastime.

From the quality and number of juvenile entries it is also clear that it will continue to flourish and that modern girls enjoy sewing a fine seam just as much as their great-grandmas did.



BEAUTIFUL CLOTH from India. The color combinations, as well as the fineness of the work, made many of the overseas entries of particular interest and added variety.



ABOVE. Captain Cook's Landing, in the tiniest of stitches, is one of the striking exhibits in the novelty section, which attracted many unusual pieces of fine needlework. ABORIGINAL DESIGN (below) was submitted by a European migrant. It is the only aboriginal motif, aborigines themselves preferring more conventional designs.



JUDGES Miss I. Scott (left) and Mrs. J. Langley, examining a cloth submitted by a New Australian contestant. The high standard of entries has made the judges' task difficult.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 11, 1956

Their favorite
hide-out is . . .

UP IN EDIE'S ROOM



● **Edith Head, who has won six Oscars for her dress designs, is more than Hollywood's first lady of fashion. She is confidante, friend, and adviser of the stars.**

From **JOSEPH LAITIN**, in Hollywood

LIKE a destroyer whose sonic detector has just picked up the ping of an enemy sub, an office just inside the Paramount movie studio's main gate suddenly went on alert. A window lookout had spotted a certain glamorous actress bearing straight for the fitting-room of chief fashion designer Edith Head, who has dressed a generation of stars from Clara Bow to Grace Kelly.

The actress charged up the carpeted stairway, brushed past the receptionist and pushed open the door to the vacant dressing-room. Impatiently, she crushed out a half-smoked cigarette and paced the floor. Out of nowhere appeared a diminutive woman with ink-black bangs and dark glasses.

For an instant, Edith Head stood leaning against a wall in a far corner of the room, calmly measuring the voltage of the situation. Sensing her presence, the actress whirled around—but before she could open her mouth Miss Head went into action.

"Pull your tummy in," she snapped. "Throw your shoulders back. Your posture, darling, and your temper are getting worse." Taken aback, the actress froze in her steps. Before she could recover, Miss Head took her by the elbow, gently guided her to the couch, and inquired in a softer voice: "Now, what have they done to you, my dear?"

The actress wilted. "Oh, Edie! The producer is stupid and unreasonable." She wept. "That beautiful black dress you made for me—he won't let me wear the white ermine tails with it."

Edith patted the star's hands reassuringly, picked up the phone and asked for the producer.

"This is Edith Head," she purred. "I'd like to get a new dress to replace the one with the ermine tails. It shouldn't take more than 1000 dollars . . . Oh, then you don't object that much to the ermine tails? . . . Yes, I'll tell her . . ."

The actress threw her arms around the designer. "Edie, I love you," she gushed, then swept out of the room. Another crisis had been neatly nipped up in Edie's room, the studio crossroads where the actress' vanity, the producer's pocketbook, the director's story, and Edie's artistry meet for the showdown.

Edith Head, six times winner of Oscars for costume designing, is Hollywood's first lady of fashion. As Paramount's chief costume de-

signer since 1938, she dresses many of filmdom's leading actresses from mantilla to moccasin.

She works her own particular brand of magic in a combination office and fitting-room graced by six golden Oscar statuettes, table-lamps whose bases are wood carvings of the female form, mirrored walls, a hobbyist collection of miniature sewing-machines—and a hot-plate for making coffee.

Edie's room in Paramount's wardrobe building has become a favorite hideaway for the stars, and studio telephone operators usually ring her extension when they can't locate an actress on the set. There the stars go for a "coffee break," advice on the lovelorn, a chance to let their hair down and relax.

Audrey Hepburn is among the more frequent callers. She has a secret passion for fashion designing, so each day when Audrey's in Hollywood Grace Sprague, a sketch artist, prepares dozens of likenesses of the pert little actress which Edie calls "Little Audreys."

Then, for hours, Audrey will curl up in a corner and sketch clothes on the figures. After she has clothed them all, she will seek approval from Edie and her chief assistant designer, Pat Barto.

Another regular visitor is Grace Kelly. Cool and reserved in public, Miss Kelly likes to kick off her shoes, make herself at home, and chat girl-talk with Edie. Like Audrey, she'd rather take her noon-time meal in Edie's room than in the studio commissary.

Over a sandwich and coffee one day, she complained to Edie that in the studio commissary she is badgered by newspaper columnists. "They're always asking the same question—why are men attracted to me?" she reported.

"Why don't you tell them perhaps it's because you're a girl?" suggested Edie.

Fledgling stars and lesser players get the same loving care and attention from Edie. Recently Shirley MacLaine, a pixy-like newcomer co-starring with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in the new Hal Wallis production, "Artists and Models," had spent long, arduous hours in Edie's room being fitted for a bat costume.

Irritable from fatigue, twenty-one-year-old Shirley plumped down in a chair, bat wings and all, and announced: "If I'm going to play a bat, I should know something about bats. Am I a mammal or a reptile, and how do I have my babies?"

Startled seamstresses looked un-



EDITH HEAD, friend of the stars and designer of their film clothes, on one of the rare occasions when she took off her glasses.

PINK SATIN AND GLAMOR for Swedish actress Anita Ekberg, who tries on her costume for her role in the new Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis film, "Artists and Models," while Paramount's chief dress designer, Edith Head, makes adjustments. Edith, who has been head of Paramount's costume-designing department since 1938, has created fashions for many of the leading stars, most of whom are her friends. They often visit her workrooms to relax, tell her their troubles, and enjoy a cup of coffee.



CONSULTATION between Grace Kelly (centre), Edith Head, and director Alfred Hitchcock, who discuss Grace's new dress of satin for the film "To Catch a Thief."

easily at their boss, who had been observing the proceedings with her arms folded. "That's the first reasonable request made of me today," said Edie. Whereupon she called the research department and obtained the desired information—much to Shirley's astonishment and delight. The fitting continued with everybody in high spirits.

Newcomers aren't always so easy to handle. A recently arrived TV actress from New York—whom we shall call Karen—showed up in Edie's room one day for her first fitting.

Pretty, talented, intelligent, and mildly Bohemian in her attire, Karen was determined not to let Hollywood mould her into a svelte glamor girl even if it cost her a movie career.

Edie eyed her visitor's loose charcoal suit, the straw handbag and the shoes that sprouted flowered buckles. But before she could give her verdict, the actress spoke up: "Miss Head, I'd like to make it clear to you . . ."

Edie interrupted gently: "Stand up, Karen, like a good little guinea pig. Let me see . . . about five feet six . . . 16 shoulders . . . 10 hips . . . all problems. But there are lots of girls around the country with the same problems, and they'll be looking to you for guidance on what to wear, Karen. You may even bring back the broad-shouldered look."

The young actress' eyes flashed. "Miss Head, I'll not let you . . ." But Edie was busy pencilling on a sketch pad. "You should wear something like this," Edie said, ripping off the page and holding it up for Karen to see. Karen stared at it, obviously not displeased.

"Now, Karen, I don't like to discuss one actress in front of another, but I'll make an exception this time," Edith went on. "There was an actress here not long ago who had a beautiful face like yours. The actress had a very simple formula—never do anything to distract from her face. Her name was Bergman, Ingrid Bergman, and she . . ."

An assistant interrupted: some sketches needed an immediate okay. As she carefully checked them one by one, Edie continued to expound on the virtues of simplicity in dress.

"As I see it, you're the kind of girl who gets lots of diamonds and you're the kind of girl who keeps them, but they should be put into a little box and never taken out."



As Edie talked, her eyes on the sketches, the actress surreptitiously slipped off her wrist a heavy bracelet and slid it into her pocket; one hand poked into her purse and emerged bare of rings; the other hand casually moved up to cover the brooch at her neck—and when the hand came down the brooch was gone.

Edie abruptly put aside the sketches and leaned forward. "Yes, Karen," she said softly, "and that bag and those shoes have got to go, too."

Edie excused herself and left the room. The young actress quickly walked over to the dressing-room table, picked up the sketch paper with her new silhouette, glanced at it for a moment, and with a fleeting smile tucked it into her purse.

She had, without realising it, just joined the thousands of actresses

at the party last night, "and it was disgraceful the way she was dressed."

Turning to the crestfallen actress, he added sharply: "Remember, the studio has a big investment in you. Hereafter you see Edith Head before you go to an important party." The girl simply said, "Yes, sir. I will."

The error, of course, was a classic one in the clothes business—the right clothes on the wrong woman. But that actress can have anything she wants from Edith Head as long as she lives.

Not all stars either fully appreciate Edie's talents. For reasons of her own, Paulette Goddard insists on bringing her own designer with her when she makes a picture at Paramount.

A mecca for most of Paramount's actresses, Edie's room was off limits to male actors until last year. (The sole exception was Bing Crosby, an old friend of Miss Head. Bing is color-blind, and he got into the habit of having Edie check him out, color-wise, before he went on the set.)

She formerly confined her designing to women's gowns and costumes, leaving the male actors to others. But when "White Christmas," starring Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, came along, she handled all the costuming in the picture—and she has been following that precedent ever since. Now Jerry Lewis, Cary Grant, and Donald O'Connor are familiar faces up in Edie's room.

Most males, having once trod this erstwhile forbidden ground, are likely to return on some pretext. Not Danny Kaye, though. He regards Edie's room with the same affection most people reserve for the dentist's chair.

His fittings for "White Christmas" and, more recently, "The Court Jester" were traumatic experiences.

"AN AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT" was Cary Grant's description of the ranks of dressmaker's dummies, each labelled with an actress' name, in Edie's workroom in the Paramount studios. Edie prefers to fit her stars in person—"on the hoof," as she says. She won her first Oscar in 1949 for dresses in "The Heiress," starring Olivia de Havilland.



FITTING A COSTUME is a serious business. Here Edie helps Rosalind Russell into the hillbilly outfit she wears in the film "The Girl Rush." Edie was teaching languages at a girls' college in Hollywood when she decided to change her career, and began training at an art school at night to become a dress designer. She holds two college degrees.

Made classic error

who worship the seams of Edie's gowns.

But, as Edie readily concedes, her clothes sense is by no means infallible. Recently a young actress under studio contract was to attend her first big Hollywood party. She came to Edie for help on a busy afternoon, and the designer put in a call to the wardrobe department.

Original clothes used in Paramount pictures are kept there for use (after alterations) in later movies and for loan out to actresses for personal appearances. Edie fixed up her visitor with Grace Kelly's coat from "Rear Window" and a dress Audrey Hepburn had dazzled Humphrey Bogart with in "Sabrina."

Next morning three grim-faced Paramount executives marched into Edie's room with the young actress in tow. "Miss Head, you've got to do something about this girl," one of the executives said, and the other two nodded gravely. "We saw her

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Continued from page 17

UP IN EDIE'S ROOM

● "Danny Kaye just doesn't suffer gracefully," says Edith Head, Paramount's chief dress designer, who has the job of fitting him for his film clothes.



HARLEQUIN PANTS and dark blouse are worn by Shirley MacLaine, young film star who is dressed by Edie.



DANNY KAYE pulls faces when he has a fitting. "It's sheer torture," he says.



HOLDING AN OSCAR is Edie Head, to whom it has just been presented by Gene Tierney (right). Edie won the Oscar for the dress that Marla English (left) is modelling. It was designed for Audrey Hepburn to wear in the ballroom scene in "Roman Holiday."

KAYE'S role in "The Court Jester" called for costumes that required lengthy fittings. Some of the costumes were skintight, which meant that Edie had to streamline Danny's underclothes.

Danny rebelled, appealing to the producer to rewrite the script to save him from "sheer torture."

The producer gave him much sympathy; Edie gave him short shrift. "Oh, quit fussing," she told him. "Women go through this all the time."

Edie works at her job almost 24 hours a day, but still manages to maintain a gracious, Mexican-style home and keep happy her two-Oscar husband, Wiard Ihnen, distinguished in his own field of set designing.

Although Miss Head dresses in subdued homespun suits at the studio (so that she will be unobtrusive when a star sees her in the mirror during a fitting), around the house she goes in for loud reds and yellows with complete abandon. "I love to look like a Spanish omelet," Edie says.

During her spare time, Edie is catching up with some unfinished business. Two college degrees—a B.A. from the University of California and an M.A. from Stanford—were hers before she ever set foot in a studio.

She was teaching languages at the Hollywood School for Girls and preparing for her Ph.D. when she decided that creative design was more in her line.

She began going to art school at night and soon bluffed her way into a part-time job at Paramount as a sketch artist. In 1938 she became the first woman to be head designer of a major Hollywood studio.

But she hadn't forgotten her early quest for a doctorate; she

recently began getting together material for a thesis that would entitle her to the degree.

Edie won her first Oscar in 1949. It was for "The Heiress," which starred Olivia de Havilland. The following year, as though to make up for lost time, Hollywood awarded her two Oscars—one for the color film "Samson and Delilah," with Hedy Lamarr, and (on loan to 20th Century-Fox) another for the black-and-white "All About Eve," with Bette Davis.

In 1951, "A Place in the Sun," with Elizabeth Taylor in the feminine lead, brought Edie her fourth Oscar.

The fifth and sixth stauettes were for two Audrey Hepburn pictures—"Roman Holiday" in 1953 and "Sabrina" in 1954.

Edie doesn't rest on her laurels, though. She's always busy on her next movie, and she must think years ahead so as not to be caught with her styles down.

She thinks ahead

But anticipating style changes is only one of her problems. After reading a script and conferring with the director on scene-by-scene action, she figures out how much money the character portrayed can afford to spend on a wardrobe.

In "The Bridges at Toko-ri" she first established the salary of Grace Kelly's movie husband, the naval lieutenant played by Bill Holden. Then she estimated his probable income as a civilian.

Keeping in mind his Service pay and probable savings before he entered the Service, she set about designing an appropriate wardrobe for his wife.

In the musical "Anything Goes," Edie designed clothes for Jeanmaire that would show she is a woman of taste who

knows how to dress for man appeal.

In one shipboard scene, the French dancer is determined to make Bing Crosby fall in love with her. She manages a date and dresses for a romantic walk on the moonlit deck, but Bing's technique of discouraging her is to take her for a workout in the ship's gym.

"That dress looked ether-eal," Edie says, "but it could go 10 rounds."

The climate up in Edie's room changes with the visit of every star.

Joan Fontaine, who often brings her two young daughters along, lends a touch of domesticity; Jeanmaire sparks it with spontaneity and warmth; Mitzi Gaynor radiates gaiety and the exuberance of youth; Marlene Dietrich infuses the atmosphere with her own special brand of Continental sophistication; Anita Ekberg, Sweden's answer to Marilyn Monroe, charges the air with Scandinavian sex appeal; Barbara Stanwyck manages to generate a feeling of awe, genuine warmth, and good fellowship all at the same time.

Bette Davis' visits are always memorable; Edie says she conducts the fittings like a bank president. "Bette walks in here like a small, disciplined cyclone," she says. "You don't discuss details with Bette. She shows you how she is going to play the part—how she is going to throw herself on the bed, sit on the desk, or whirl around and walk out in a huff."

"That," says Bette, "is the way I want the clothes to act."

Down a long corridor from Edie's office fitting-room is her workroom. A visitor lucky enough to get in is greeted by the sight of bustling activity and a profusion of white cotton-fibre torsos, some near work benches and others huddled in a corner.

Cary Grant once described this forest of moulds of the stars' figures as "awe-inspiring."

The torsos bearing the legends "Gertrude Berg," the motherly actress who became famous as Mrs. Goldberg on radio and TV, and "Mae West" stand out together in mute camaraderie.

Also prominent is "Jane Russell," providing sharp contrast to nearby "Grace Kelly" and "Audrey Hepburn."

"Marlene Dietrich" evokes no surprise except for a fleeting thought that her beautiful legs are missing. These models are used for fittings when the star herself is unavailable, but Edie prefers that the actresses come in personally.

"There's no substitute for dressing them on the hoof," she says.

In all the years Edith Head has been draping the world's most luscious figures, she has never seen a perfect one. While



LOVELY SATIN GOWN worn by Grace Kelly in Paramount film "To Catch a Thief" was designed by Edie Head.

the architectural defects of the average actress are usually minor, the movie camera magnifies them, and so they must be dealt with on high-priority level.

Like most other women, glamorous actresses, with all their riches, beauty, and fame, have their man problems, and they often turn to Edie for advice.

One stunning young star visited Edie on the pretext of wanting to borrow a hat, but soon began pouring out her heart. The girl, whose face was gracing many a current magazine cover, had tumbled for a wealthy young playboy who was giving her the off-hand treatment.

During this heart-to-heart talk, Edie learned the actress loved to wear casual, college-type clothes on dates, with almost no make-up. Unlike many other actresses, she hated to be "on stage" in her personal life.

Edie urged her to switch to

Creating glamor

costumes dripping with glamor, just like she wore in her films.

"This boy obviously wants to be seen with a movie queen and you're letting him down," Edie told her. "If you want him, you're going to have to be on stage every minute you're out with him."

The actress' entire personal wardrobe was revamped under Edie's guidance—and she got her man.

Miss Head believes strongly that if a woman wants to dress effectively, she must learn to be as coldly objective about her figure as an actress is.

No punches are pulled in Edie's fitting-room; she and a star will discuss the actress' figure as impersonally as though they were assessing the merits and drawbacks of a headless and anonymous dressmaker's dummy.

Edie feels it is hard to give clothes advice without seeing the individual, but she does have a few simple rules about color and line.

She has learned there is nothing more fatal than trying to disguise weight with tight clothes, and that the lighter the color the larger the woman wearing it will appear.

She rarely uses more than two colors at the same time because it becomes distracting. In fact, she is an advocate of the use of three shades of the same color—for example, a dark brown dress or suit with beige and cream accessories.

"If you are short and stocky, don't wear flared skirts," Edie adds. "If you are very tall and thin, use tunics, peplums, and fullness. The main thing is to hide your defects and to remember that the simpler the line the plainer the color the more ease of fit in the dress or suit, the better you will look in it."

Although she has won more Oscars than any other costume designer, Edie is modest about her accomplishments and claims to be a better diplomat than designer.

"In any one building on New York's Seventh Avenue, there are 20 designers better than I," she says, "but they wouldn't last a day in Hollywood."

Slightly tongue in cheek she sums up her contribution this way: "Within the limitations set by the story, the actress' figure, the censor's good taste, the budget, the color expert, the set decorator, the sound technician, the cameraman, the director and my own creativeness, I simply give the actress what she wants. And I don't try to cram anything down her throat."

But fact and skill alone do not account for Edie's popularity with Paramount actresses. Olivia de Havilland says Miss Head's big secret is that "she knows when the lionesses need to be fed."

"Surely," says Olivia, "one of the reasons she has all her limbs, no scars, and wins Oscars is that she knows just the right moment to produce a chicken sandwich."

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She wants to sing in opera



"MANGOES," says Diana Hartt to her American husband, Frank Bersch, as they go shopping in King's Cross, Sydney. Diana, who has been studying singing in America for three years, was formerly a Tivoli ballet-girl.

Former showgirl studies for new career on stage

By SUSAN BARRIE, staff reporter

Pretty, golden-haired former Sydney showgirl Diana Hartt, who was terribly burned in a theatre fire ten years ago, has returned from America determined to become an opera singer.

WITH her is her handsome American husband, Frank Bersch, whom she met in Los Angeles when they worked for the same motor firm.

"I still love the theatre," said Diana. "But singing is my great interest now. If I can't sing in opera, I'll try operetta. In any case, I want to begin my singing career here, in my own country. I have been studying in America for the past three years."

Diana, tall and slim, with slanting green eyes, perfect teeth, and a warm, friendly manner, now speaks with a slight American accent, but

says she is still a "real Aussie."

The fire at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, in which she was so seriously injured when she was aged 19 and which caused the deaths of two other ballet girls, Phyllis Haynes and June McKenzie, is now only a sad memory to Diana.

Her shapely legs, which once seemed set for a dancing career, still bear the scars of her burns, but she is not unhappy about this.

"I hardly ever think of the accident, except to feel grateful for all the care and devotion that pulled me through when it seemed as though I couldn't recover. My mother stayed at my bedside all the



HOME AGAIN. Former Sydney showgirl Diana Hartt pours tea in her apartment at King's Cross, Sydney. Badly burned in a theatre fire ten years ago, she has now completely recovered and plans to be a singer.

time—I think it was her spirit that gave me courage."

Diana's mother, Mrs. Iris Smart, was the first to greet Diana and her husband when they stepped off the plane from America.

"Mother went over to America with me in 1949, but she returned some years ago, so this is quite a reunion. Frank and I hope to stay in Australia for some time and, of course, I am going to try hard to get singing engagements," Diana said.

The theatre is Diana's natural environment, for she made her stage debut at the age of five with a walk-on part in a J. C. Williamson show.

She holds the London Academy Diploma for operatic dancing and joined the Tivoli ballet when she was 17.

Artistic talent runs in her family. Her father, Cecil Hartt, was a noted cartoonist. Her great-grandfather was Sir Thomas Lawrence, a leading London portrait painter of his day.

When she arrived in Los Angeles—"a wonderful place"—Diana took the first job offering, which was that of a cashier at a theatre.

"Wrong side"

"I FELT strange on the wrong side of the footlights," she said, "but that was a start. Then I learnt to type and do bookkeeping, of all things!"

"Later I got good secretarial jobs to pay for my singing lessons, and I went to night school for four nights a week to learn French and Italian."

"I was very lucky to have such a wonderful singing teacher. He is Maestro Giuseppe Inzerillo, a contemporary of the great Caruso."

Although he is quite an old man now, he still sings like an angel."

Diana acquired her deep interest in singing through her previous marriage to an opera singer.

"My first husband was a fine singer and even had his own opera company at one time. It was he who sent me to the maestro. Originally I was a lyric soprano, but my teacher has developed my voice so that now I am a dramatic soprano."

Diana's favorite operas are "Tosca," "Aida," "The Force of Destiny," and "Madame Butterfly."

Radio plans

SHE is a conscientious worker and one of the first things she did after she arrived here was to hire a studio and piano for daily singing practice.

She already has radio auditions arranged and hopes that theatrical engagements will follow.

Although she is a keen career woman, Diana is also a "home girl" who likes to cook special dishes for her husband. "She's a wonderful cook and she eats like a horse—no, two horses," her husband said.

But even without dieting she keeps the slender figure of a dancer and has a special flair for clothes, preferring pastel shades which set off her blond coloring.

Among the clothes she has brought from America are a pale pink cotton poplin dress with tiny rhinestone buttons, a pale grey nylon tulle evening gown with a big bouffant skirt, and an exquisite short white lace dress which she wore for her wedding six months ago.

Worth Reporting

FOR 200 years the name Salici has been associated with puppets, and members of the puppeteering Salici family have appeared with their three-foot puppets before Europe's famous people.

During 200 years of public performances, the family has played to such notables as Napoleon, Chopin, Liszt, Jenny Lind, and, in later years, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

The sixth generation of puppeteering Salicis are now in Melbourne with their puppets.

Adolpho Salici, leader of the company, has centred his life on the puppets, as did his father and other Salici ancestors back to 1740.

This is the Salicis' third visit to Australia. Adolpho's father brought the puppets here 60 years ago, and Adolpho visited Australia in 1939.

Signora Salici does not come from a puppeteering family.

"I learn about the puppets when I meet my husband," she said. "Now I make the clothes for the dolls. Ah, their clothes wear out so quickly, because of the strings."

"I press their clothes before every performance, and comb their hair."

"They become so real to me, just like people. Sometimes, when I am a little excited, my favorite puppet might not walk so good, and one of the other puppets might do better."

"You know, I am quite jealous of the puppet who does better than mine."

They still taste good

THERE was a time when cake icings were simply sweet-tasting decorations for cakes. The icing was nice, but the cake was the important thing.

Cake-decoration was a simple art practised in practically every home. Mum made a cake, smoothed some white or tinted icing on top of it with a wet knife, and sprinkled a few hundreds-and-thousands if it were a special occasion.

Nowadays cake-decoration is looked upon as a serious science, and cakes look less like cakes every day.

Mrs. Jean Lonsdale teaches cake-decorating at Belmont Evening College, near Newcastle.

Fifteen of her students, after only 10 lessons, designed a wedding setting in icing.

Mrs. Lonsdale insists upon originality from her students. She has been teaching at Belmont for 4½ years without repeating a design.

Her class has modelled, in icing, several landmarks of the Newcastle district—the Civic Hall, Nobby's Signal Station, and the John Darling colliery.

A FRIEND of ours morosely reports on a date with her latest beau.

"We were out at dinner," she said, "and he was gazing into my eyes. I thought they always were my best feature, and waited for the compliment I was sure was coming."

Then he broke the silence. "You know," he said, "I think you have conjunctivitis."

She raised a barricade

LOOKING back at Christmas, we can't help feeling relieved that it's all over—at least until next time.

The big day was fun, but the preliminaries—the endless shopping, the crowds, the tangled traffic—seemed worse than they have ever been.

In the midst of the turmoil human ingenuity rose to its height. We saw a woman selling newspapers in the lunch-hour at a corner of one of Sydney's busiest streets.

Her posters were arranged round her in a circular barricade. We raised our eyebrows, and the lady said:

"I've got to do this; it's the only way I can keep myself from being knocked over."

Piano-playing grandma

A PIANO-PLAYING grandmother whose motto is "You're never too old to learn" plans to trade in her keyboard for school textbooks.

She is American-born Mildred Seymour, pianist with the Wier Brothers—a comedy team now touring Australia.

"There comes a time when you really get too old for show business," Mildred says. "I'd like to stay with the boys for another year or so, but I'm making plans to learn all about real estate."

Mildred, with her mannequin figure, does not look like a grandmother, but she never tries to conceal the fact that she has two married daughters and three grandchildren.

She is 6ft. tall in her high heels, but the Wier Brothers call her "little Miss Seymour."

Licence to pick plants

ALEX BLOMBERY, building inspector for the Rural Bank, Sydney, has just become an author.

For six years he has been experimenting in his garden with the propagation and cultivation of Australian native plants.

He carried out these experiments as a weekend hobby, helped by his wife. They collected native plants from the bush—Mr. Blombery has a licence to do so—cultivated and studied them until their garden could hold no more plants.

Then Mr. Blombery wrote his book, "Native Australian Plants, Their Propagation and Cultivation."

In it he gives detailed advice on the care and cultivation of such beautiful native plants as flannel flower, bottle-brush, native iris, and boronia.

IT seems that John Landy, four-minute miler, makes a fair amount of noise when he trains.

He was training by night in Malvern, Melbourne, some little time ago, running round the block, breathing heavily.

Suddenly an upstairs window was thrown open and an irate householder bawled: "Who do you think you are—Landy?"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

I WISH YOU'D BUY YOURSELF A NEW SUIT, THAT ONE IS DISGRACEFUL!



BUT DEAR, IT HAS GIVEN ME GOOD SERVICE!



YES, AND NOW IT'S DUE FOR LONG SERVICE LEAVE!!



By RUD

The diet that gave the Queen elegance

Queen Elizabeth's will-power and determination to forgo rich foods has turned her from a pudgy princess into a slender queen. For the first time, her specially prepared diet has been made available so that every woman may, if her determination is equal to the Queen's, lose the surplus fat that hides elegance.

DIETING isn't easy, especially for a Queen, when banquets are everyday affairs and elaborate dinners are more frequent than intimate stay-at-home meals, and even those are served in a palace, where every delicacy is available.

The fact is that Elizabeth is prone to be fat. She takes after both her paternal grandmother, Queen Mary, and her own mother, who has never pretended to be anything else than comfortably plump. But, while it suits the Queen Mother's particular cosy, motherly type of charm to be fat, an overweight young Queen would please neither her people nor her consort. As one of her dress designers expressed it, the Queen is on a "diet of necessity."

Elizabeth wasn't always slender. She was a sturdy child, and had plenty of exercise—riding, walking, and swimming. Outdoor life gave her a hearty appetite. Her mother saw to it that she had a lot of Scotch oats, cereals, wholemeal bread, and plain cake. The Queen Mother frequently ordered fish cakes, cottage and shepherd pie, creamed potatoes, Yorkshire puddings, creme caramels, and ice-cream made from real cream in the Palace kitchens. And then, as now, chocolates and chocolate biscuits were the Queen Mother's favorite fare. And for tea there was bread and jam and lots of fresh butter.

Elizabeth was 13 when World War II began, and she suffered from an overabundance of starch and not enough of the highly rationed protein. By the time she was

15, her figure had filled out, and she began to look over-mature, because of her extremely well-developed bust.

Her face was round, her hips broad, her bust 37 inches, and her waist was 27 inches by the time she was 16. As she is not quite five feet three inches tall, with small bones, she was a fat young girl. She was still plump after the war, when she had her first official engagements, and her pictures of 1945 and 1946 show her broad, almost matronly figure.

Today, all that remains of that bulky silhouette are the outlines of a rather large bust, which, of course, she'll never lose. She has specially fitted brassieres to flatter her figure, but does not wear a corset or

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW, American nutrition authority

tight girdle. Now her slim hips are her own, she wears a light girdle only to hold up her stockings.

Some say that she began to diet when she fell in love, because Philip didn't approve of fat girls. Others say that she began to realise the need for diet on account of her position.

Her diet began on a South African tour. The Royal physician gave her some diet rules which still guide her. She has eaten only very small portions of fattening foods since then, and, actually, she has reduced her appetite and interest in food.

Soon after her marriage people began to comment on the change of her clothes style. During her first pregnancy, the Royal physicians advised her on diet, and she made a special study of vitamins and proteins.

After Charles was born, Prince Philip encouraged her to go to new couturiers, and

he certainly encouraged her to stay slim. She is supposed to have lost about 18 pounds in all. And she is careful not to regain those pounds.

Today, Elizabeth is not interested in food for herself, though she is interested in what she serves to guests. She has found it delightful to be slim and has determined to stay that way. Her present diet KEEPS her slim. She would "run to fat" if she ate more than she does.

For Elizabeth, meat and fish are always grilled or roasted. She likes meat "medium done," not "under-done," as her mother likes it. She does not eat exotic sauces or exotic foods. In this she takes after her father, who, according to

Rene Roussin, a former Palace chef, said the King refused turtle soup, saying that the Palace was his home not a hotel.

Elizabeth is awakened at eight o'clock by her maid Bo-bo, Miss Margaret MacDonald. She has a cup of fairly weak tea, with milk, in bed.

For breakfast at 8.30 there is always one "cooked dish," high in protein. This may be bacon and eggs, or eggs alone, boiled, poached, "buttered," or scrambled. She has grapefruit or orange juice, and one thin slice of toast, usually with a slightly bitter marmalade. She drinks more tea at breakfast. A substantial breakfast is regarded as a necessity, for the Queen has a long, hard day ahead. She never takes a mid-morning snack.

Luncheon is at one, when the Queen is at home. This is a light meal. If she is having fish for dinner, she'll have meat for lunch. Otherwise, she'll have fish, chicken very occasionally, or a soufflé, with green vegetables, a salad,



SLENDER AND ELEGANT. Queen Elizabeth, without the 18 pounds that had obscured her grace, arrives with the Queen Mother at the recent International Horse Show. The Queen is wearing the white lace dress famous in Australia as the dress she wore so successfully in February, 1954, at the Government House Garden Party in Sydney.

served usually only with lemon, and a light dessert.

For tea, the Queen usually just has that—tea. But when she has tea with young Prince Charles and Princess Anne she has a small sandwich or slice of cake.

Dinner at home is never more than three courses, and when away from home the amount eaten is practically the same, even though many courses are put before her. Elizabeth and Philip have brisk eating habits. They dispense with footmen when they dine alone. All dishes are put on a hot-plate and the Royal couple help themselves, only ringing for the footman when they are through. Wine and champagne are served, and occasionally Elizabeth will have a glass of white wine with fish. Philip prefers beer.

For dinner there is a first course of soup or fish or fruit, a "main dish," usually of meat, accompanied by vegetables, and a simple dessert of cheese. Elizabeth's diet is not too strict to allow occasional "treats" when she eats out or when guests come in, as she is trying to hold her weight, not lose more pounds.

Elizabeth loves chocolates, with both hard and soft centres, but seldom eats them.

Before dinner, if she is taut or nervous, she may take a glucose tablet or a barley-



AFTER THE DIET STARTED. This picture with the Duke of Edinburgh was one of the official engagement photographs taken in July, 1947, only three months after the photograph in A.T.S. uniform (far left) was taken.

sugar tablet. (This pleases me—for I recommend a piece of hard candy before dinner as the most satisfactory appetite depressor, especially for people who eat too much because of nerves.) Elizabeth always takes vitamin pills when her physicians think they are necessary.

For exercise, Elizabeth takes long walks and rides every weekend. She doesn't mind walking in the rain, but doesn't like to swim—because it plays havoc with her naturally straight hair.

Elizabeth's life is well disciplined, as it must be, so that she may continue her duties as the world's busiest woman. The rigors of her career could not be carried out unless she had perfect health and perfect control. She is definitely a disciplined eater. Under the advice of one of the 11 Royal physicians, her diet is well balanced, low in starch, fairly low in fat, and high in proteins and vitamins, a diet that improves health, energy, and appearance.



BEFORE SHE DIETED. The Queen, above, at 19, and at right, at 17 years of age. Her heavy figure made her look much older and more mature than her years.



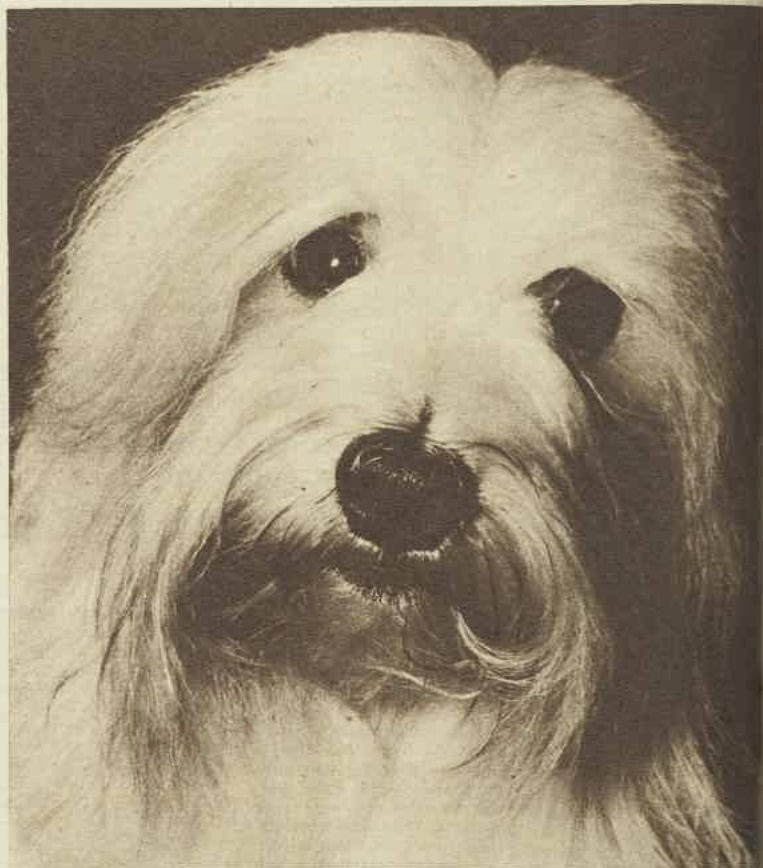
EVERY DOG HAS HIS SAY

● Quotations from the classics make ideal captions for these photographs by Jennifer Humphreys, of Sydney. Many of the dogs are champions, and all have won high awards for fine breeding. The captions, we think, aptly express the varying moods caught by the camera.



"I am afraid to think what I have done; look on it again I dare not."
— Shakespeare.

(Maltese: Ch. Charmant Joker, owned by Miss I. H. Meek.)



"Judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me." — Shakespeare.
(Maltese: Ch. Charmant Joker, owned by Miss I. H. Meek.)



"Character gives splendor to youth." — Emerson.
(Collie: Glengai Blonde Val, owned by C. D. Wyatt.)



"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew." — Goldsmith.
(Black and Tan Terriers: Severnside Lilac (imp. N.Z.) and Ch. Severnside Willie Wagtail (imp. N.Z.), owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Diedrich.)



"My resolution's plac'd . . . I am marble constant."
— Shakespeare.

(Boxer: Karina of Kuttagher (imp.), owned by H. E. Taylor.)

"Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!" — Emerson.
(Sydney Silkies: Ch. Stroud Madonna's Wisdom, owned by Mrs. L. M. Birkin-O'Donnell; Ch. Totham Lord Astor, owned by Mr. H. L. Birkin.)



"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles." — Milton.

(Shih Tzu (pronounced Sheed Zoo) or Tibetan Lion Dog: Pei Ho of Taishan, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dobson.)

"You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again." — Watts.
(English Setter: Ch. (Vic.) Grenada Pamela, owned by Austro Kennels.)



"Master, go on, and I will follow thee."
— Shakespeare.
(Long Haired Miniature Dachshund: Ch. Dachmoore Daniel, owned by Miss K. A. Oliver.)

"To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside."
— Herrick.
(Welsh Corgi: Cadwyn Beaumaris Bard, owned by Miss J. Humphreys.)

" . . . There sits a judge, that no king can corrupt."
— Shakespeare.
(Afghan Hound: Hookstone Babiula (imp. Eng), owned by E. Whatley and F. Long.)

Continuing . . . The Reason for Spring

from page 3

before that she wanted to pause. The nearest she'd come to it was to realise that her boss, Mr. Slater, though handsome and still single, was too formidable. She hadn't yet thought, "Too formidable for what?"

The young man moved closer, stood just beside her, and, holding out his hand with some of his prepared-food things, allowed the petulant ostrich to peck him impotently and scatter the food just beyond the reach of her rubber neck.

The young man laughed, looking up at Kathy, and said, "Just like some people. Pretend to be angry with what's offered to them and knock it forever beyond their reach. When all the time it's just the thing they want the most."

In Kathy's mind, for some reason, this recalled the fairytale of the fox and the grapes, and she remembered clearly how as a little girl she'd thought it was very silly to say, "Oh, well, the grapes were probably sour anyway." So now she relaxed against the rail and smiled at the young man and said, "Yes, yes, isn't it silly? But maybe she's so lonely for a nice gentleman ostrich, she's angry at everybody else in the world."

As soon as she said it, Kathy felt both that she was speaking in allegories and that it was a forward thing for her to say. Then, and it surprised her by its sudden intensity, the feeling swept through her that all these months, beneath her busyness, she had been very lonely.

The young man stood up, looking straight into Kathy's eyes, and said, "Maybe that's it." He hesitated and then he said, "Look, I know this is a big, mad city and I know all the things your mother told you. But I'm really quite a respectable young man, my name is Robert Chatterton and I work in a publishing house on lower Fifth Avenue. I'll give you phone numbers galore as references, if you want, but I'd rather we just pretend we'd met formally somewhere before and we're spending the day in the park together."

Then he became less serious—a puckish and very charming smile softened his face—and he said, "I'm really playing hooky. I just had to take the day off and spend some hours outdoors, with all this beautiful weather going on."

Kathy laughed happily. "So did I; so did I."

They walked for hours and hours around the park. They made friends with polar bears and rhinoceroses, with wallabies and graceful, restless monkeys. They laughed together and chattered eagerly about their pasts, their presents, and their hopeful futures, and when finally Kathy, tired, sank down on a handy bench, Robert's fingers were linked with hers and she couldn't exactly remember how long they had been that way.

But winter did come, after all, and rightly so. If the weather were always so poised, so perfect, humans would soon cease to value it, accepting it as they accepted freedom, which was never precious until it was lost. Kathy went back to work and took no more illegal holidays.

She and Robert saw each other very often. He took her to movies and to Broadway shows and, best of all, he took her to parties where Kathy at last began to meet everybody in the world—Japanese students, Italian painters, poets from Maine and editors from California, young brokers from Idaho and ballet dancers from Louisiana. She met, in fact,

just about every possible kind of person there was to meet except a native New Yorker.

Being pretty and naive and gracious, Kathy was dated just as often as she wished. In fact, the only way she could catch up on her sewing was to refuse an invitation to hear a strange young man who played an altered piano, or to turn down an evening at the City Centre ballet.

And, by the time February came around, she was only seeing Robert, who'd opened up the world to her, once a week or less. Robert seemed to her now like someone she'd grown up with, the boy next door who was too familiar to be exciting.

He never complained, of course; after all, he had no right to complain. Kathy was just another girl he knew, a girl he saw and enjoyed being with. He had never become serious about her, that Kathy could see, and she was having too much fun to be serious with anyone.

Then the winter passed, the dark, grey skies began to soften. The damp chill left the air and Kathy found herself walking slowly to the subway, lingering as she entered someone's apartment house.

Another few weeks and she put away her winter coat, began wearing the light tweed she'd bought last spring. And then came a warm evening



and she said to Carl, who always took her to a symphony concert: "Let's go for a walk, shall we? Before the symphony starts. Or let's not go to the symphony at all; let's walk and walk and walk."

Carl, who had very serious, big, brown eyes and long, thin, colorless hands, looked startled. "Walk?" he said. "My dear girl, this is a Bartok night; surely you aren't serious?"

They went to the symphony, and once inside the tall, stupendous building, with its layer upon layer of symmetrical listeners, Kathy forgot the bare trees with their incipient buds, the naked brown branches bursting to cover themselves.

But Sunday morning she remembered. Sunday morning was bright and beckoning outside her window, and, lying on her stomach in bed and looking out at the slice of sky visible between the unchanging stone buildings, she said:

"I don't care: I'm going to spend the whole day outside. I'm not going to listen to anybody or look at anything, and they can all think what they want about my lack of artistic soul."

Belligerent now towards all

those strange urban dwellers she'd recently thought so fascinating, she gobbled a drug-store, hot-plate kind of breakfast and rushed outside, dressed in a pleated, bright plaid skirt, a yellow turtle-neck sweater, and wrinkled old saddle shoes that were so ecstasically comfortable she felt she could never put on heels again.

The subway sped its way to the Bronx and Kathy burst from the kiosk and went into the park. If she hadn't been quite so caught in the trammels of society she would have run through the diaphanous green of the trees' early leaves.

As it was, she walked briskly up every rise of ground she could see, for almost an hour, before she was able to slow to an amble and head for the Zoo.

It wasn't the same Zoo she'd seen in the fall; it was still bare and somewhat glum from the deep freeze of winter. Most of the animals were still in their steam-heated redoubts; only the hardiest or the least sensitive, like the bison, bears, and gnus, were ruminating outdoors over their citified bales of hay.

Kathy walked over the strangely familiar paths, oppressed by a sense of inappropriateness, of something imminent but unfulfilled or missing. She really felt very strange, impatient with herself and with the world, and puzzled because she didn't know what it was she was looking for, what it was that was missing.

Then she came upon the same old sulky ostrich, snapping angrily at the suppliant arm of a perfectly innocent little boy, and Kathy knew what was wrong. She knew again how lonely she was, how she longed for a constant companionship she'd never had but needed very, very badly.

She stopped, slumped against the rail outside the ostrich's fence, and glared unhappily at the perennially dyspeptic beast for whom all life was acid because it wasn't shared with the male of the species.

She didn't know how long she stood there, or what she was waiting and hoping for. She didn't believe in lucky coincidences, or in wishing. In this day of precise scientific explanations, but still she stood, staring at the ostrich and the blackened field behind it, until someone stood beside her and Robert's voice said, "Hello, Kathy. I was afraid to hope I'd find you here, this first new day of spring."

She turned and looked at him solemnly, and suddenly she realised that he was the only one of all her friends who ever thought to come to the Zoo, that he was the only person she knew who felt the need and the appropriateness of cycles, of seasons, and of changes.

He was the only person she had met in the city who was not dedicated in toto to money, or art, or the theatre, or books. Still staring at him unsmiling, she knew that he was the only person she'd met who was not sufficient unto himself, who needed someone else to be complete.

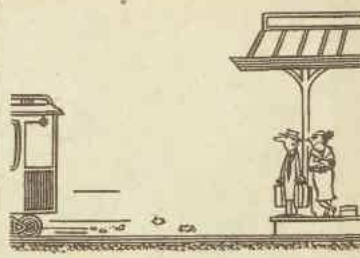
She smiled then, and she said, "I—I was afraid to hope, too. But I had to come here; I had to."

He reached out deliberately and took her hand in his. He said, "I'm glad, Kathy. I'm very, very glad."

And they walked away together, forgetting all about the disgruntled ostrich, whose rubbery neck was stuck belligerently between the iron bars of her cage.

(Copyright)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Why ring up the station? I know how to read a timetable."

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

"It's one of those nasty death-ray guns. Luckily, it doesn't work."

It seems to me

COMING back by plane from a weekend in Brisbane I was sitting wrapped in the fog of the accustomed air traveller, trying to think what on earth to write this column about.

Halfway through the trip, after breakfast, the woman beside me spoke. "Aren't the clouds wonderful?" she said. "I never knew they were so deep."

It was her first flight. She went on talking, not so much to me as to herself, about the beauty of the clouds, the way they shaded from grey to white, the shadows they cast on the earth below, and how the rivers looked like bicycle tracks.

Listening to her, I looked out at the earth and sky with fresh interest. It is a pity to become blasé about flying. After all, I can remember when a plane overhead was a sight worth running to see.

The other day there arrived on my desk the November issue of the A.B.C. World Airways Guide, 620 pages of it.

If you want to know what time to catch your plane from Rangoon to Momeik, from San Juan in Puerto Rico to St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, from Budapest to Szeged and Pecs, it's all there—the fare, the kind of aircraft, what meals are served, and whether you land at an airport or heliport.

Maybe I'll live long enough to see the moon included on the list of destinations. If so, I must remember to look out at the stars.

IN this new and observant frame of mind I noticed a housefly on the back of the seat in front of me.

A housefly is a most uncommon sight on any well-conducted aircraft. You would as soon expect to see a wasp's nest on the wing. This one had evidently travelled in with a passenger and I became interested in his fate.

He was, I suppose, Queensland-bred, about to see the Harbor Bridge for the first time. Would he settle on some salubrious garbage dump in Sydney, or go on to Melbourne?

Would he tell the southern flies that they didn't know what heat was, and that the recent storms, admittedly spectacular, were a daily occurrence north of the border?

But how silly of me. When the notice "Fasten seat belts" flashed on he flew into a fold of the window curtain.

Obviously he was an experienced traveller, D.D.T.-resistant, making the return trip.

OUR social department had a phone call last week asking about the correct dress for an evening party.

Such a call isn't uncommon. Behind these questions we can usually sense the age-old family argument. Father, husband, or boyfriend is trying to get away with a sports coat and slacks. The females, ranged against him, seek support from an independent authority.

But this time the men wanted to wear dinner jackets; the girls, day dresses.

Oh, well, if you live long enough you hear everything.



Dorothy Drann

A TITLE, as most authors know, is very important to a book or play.

If Cyril Pearl's latest book had been called "A Survey of Mid-Victorian Behaviour" instead of "The Girl with the Swansdown Seat" it would still have been a vastly entertaining piece of work, but so many people would have found that out.

Scientists are different. They like to tell you plain what they're writing about, witness a list of titles of papers given in the bulletin of the Nuclear Research Foundation within the University of Sydney.

Some, picked at random: "Superfluidity of an Ideal Bose-Einstein Gas"; "Nonequilibrium Nature of the Superfluid State"; and "A Large Area Liquid Scintillation Counter of High Uniformity."

My favorite is: "A Five Particle Decay of a Heavy Meson?" It is the question mark like.

Obviously there is some doubt whether heavy meson does have a five particle decay, or whether the thing that decays is a heavy meson.

A hint of mystery there. Or, perhaps, the question mark may indicate, as in a crossword puzzle, a little joke.

JOAN RHODES, British "strong-arm girl" who recently dropped her Hope on his head during a stage show is nevertheless a feminine type. When Spanish bull-fighter Mario Carbo wrote love poems to Ava Gardner, Miss Rhodes declared they had been written for her four years earlier.

The girl is different but the thought is the same.

It's wise, of course, to make a change of name.

For "Phyllis," now read "Chloe," take care

To alter, where required, the eyes and hair.

Such are the shifts that spare-time people use,

Finding it tiring to invoke the Muse.

Thrift is a virtue; he who saves his rhyme May find it handy at some other time. But amorous versifiers, before they sleep, Should keep their subjects miles or years apart.

For women like to think—yes, even the With protestations made to them in prose—

THEIR suitors are among the charms few

Whose words, if not the thought, are fresh and new.



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educational children's magazine in Aus-
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enclosed. P.N.

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(Block Letters)

STREET

TOWN STATE

**£100 a week
in prizes:**

What is the baby saying?

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to our appealing baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

Captions should have a light touch and general appeal and be no longer than 15 words.

Prizewinning entries in contest No. 7 (at right) will give you the idea.

Rules for this fascinating contest are given in the accompanying panel. But remember that each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the coupon below.

Baby Talk No. 10 closes on January 16 and results will be published in our issue dated February 1.

Entries which arrive here after that date or which do not carry the sender's name, address, and State cannot be included in the judging.

Neither can entries without coupons attached. Judges have no other way of telling to which picture you mean your captions to refer.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 10
January 11, 1956



"Baby Talk" No. 10

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by entry coupon at left.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 10 close on JANUARY 16. Winners will be announced in our issue dated February 1.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

More than a thousand people were sure that Baby No. 7 was saying "I saw Mummy kissing Santa Claus," while hundreds more chose "I th'ot I taw a puddy tat" as their caption.

WINNER of the £50 first prize was I. Purnell, c/o P.O., Narooma, N.S.W.

Her caption was: "Hurry, put some water in the soup. They're staying for lunch."

£10 prizes were won by:

Miss M. Crowe, Yambuk, Vic.

"Oh, no, not measles! The wedding's tomorrow."

Mrs. P. Thom, 5 Gibraltar Flats, 10a Allen's Pde., Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

"The Martians at last!"

Mrs. L. K. Usher, Medway Point, Sorell, Tas.

"Ssh! Don't interrupt, he's just about to propose to my sister!"

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. M. Briggs, 2 Eastbourne Terrace, Rosewater, S.A.

"... and there was the ghost, coming straight at me."

Connie Hollingsworth, 16 Hillway, Nedlands, W.A.

"My goodness, do you see what I see?"

Mrs. M. B. Thorpe, 15 Beauchamp St., Kyneton, Vic.

"Look deep in my eyes. You are getting sleepy — sleep — sleep."

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. R. A. Jones, 7 Effingham St., Ekibin, Qld.

"You beast! You RAVED about Audrey Hepburn!"

Mrs. N. Dix, 6 Kelso St., Frankston, Vic.

"... and you really mean the wolf ATE poor grandma!"

Mrs. M. Hill, 24 Hourigan Ave., Clayton, Vic.

"My dear, you have opened my eyes."

Mrs. L. E. Hills, "Kinsey Park," Glenfern Rd., Upwey, Vic.

"I just can't believe my eyes."

Mrs. F. W. Williams, Macquarie St., Baradine, N.S.W.

"Stare you out!"

One original entrant discovered a likeness in Baby No. 7 to goggle-eyed film comedian Eddie Cantor. More conservative choices were Elizabeth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn, Gina Lollobrigida, and Leslie Caron.

As in our earlier contests, many references were made to Davy Crockett, the baby's dimple, awful hats, and television.

Many readers took the opportunity to add postscripts to their entries, saying how much they are enjoying making Baby Talk.

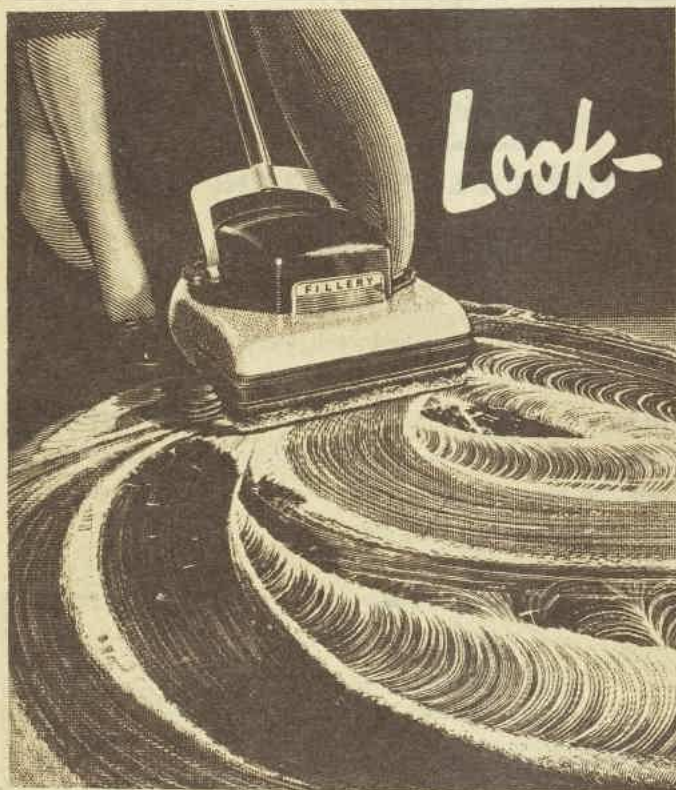
One reader, Ursula Baranoff, of Serpentine Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W., wrote: "Your competition is proving so entertaining in our district that we included a similar idea on our programme for the Terrigal C.W.A. last week. All the ladies thoroughly enjoyed it."

A Victorian winner in an earlier contest, Mrs. Annette Thorburn, of Heskett, wrote to say, "I have been delighted at the lovely baby studies and the clever captions to them."

"It truly is amazing what people will think up; it's an education in fun, believe me."



"Hurry, put some water in the soup. They're staying for lunch."



a vacuum cleaner that scrubs AND POLISHES, TOO!

YES, Fillery does all your floor chores, saves you so much time, labor and money. Firstly, it's a marvellously efficient and easy-to-handle vacuum cleaner, designed to clean your precious carpets more thoroughly yet more gently. Now — merely move a lever and ...

IT'S A POWERFUL TWIN-BRUSH POLISHER

... actually the most practical you can buy. The polishing brushes are tucked away quite clear of your carpets when you vacuum and descend smoothly to put a brilliant gleam on your floors when you move a lever. That's all there is to it! And to scrub, you just change over the polishing brushes to scrubbing brushes — a twist of the wrist does it! You'll realise just how simple it is when you see Fillery demonstrated at your local dealer.



Remember, Fillery is a single compact unit designed to do all three major floor-cleaning jobs — vacuuming, polishing, scrubbing.

The successor
to the
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SVPI.27

VACUUM
POLISH
SCRUB

with

FILLERY



"LEND YOUR SHOULDER A MINUTE while I try on this flipper," says Jane Boundy to her elder sister, Priscilla.



WALKING ALONG THE BEACH are Mrs. Peter Lind (left) and Mrs. John Murphy with Mrs. Lind's spaniel, Andrew.

Holidays at Terrigal



SUNBAKING AT TERRIGAL before a heavy storm chased everyone off the beach are (from left) Patricia Meares, of Mosman, John Cocks, of Melbourne, and Norma Bell, of Beauty Point.



RACING OUT OF THE SURF are (from left) Pam Manuel, who left late last week for two years overseas, Bill Cannington, and Marea Dent.



THERE'S PLENTY OF SHADE from the hot sun under a big beach umbrella for (from left) Janet Cunningham, Don Cozens and his fiancée, Pat Cordukes, Jill Maughan, and Jan Kaleski.



HAPPY YOUNG GROUP on the beach are (from left) John Cannington, Elizabeth Manuel (in front), Margaret Myers, Jenny Paine, and Colin Dent.

Easy Modern

● Here are some suggestions to rejuvenate a summer wardrobe



● Gay flowered chintz is used (left) to cover a sunshade and border a triangular shawl. The ensemble is white.



● White pearls sewn all over a pastel or black classic short-sleeved pull-over convert it into a wonderful blouse for evenings.

● Band an unadorned cardigan with satin and finish with a matching collar and buttons. Result—a dinner blouse for a slim-line skirt.



● Border a loose overblouse with wide, contrasting braid or fancy ribbon and wear with dyed-to-match trousers.



● Tiny bunches of artificial fruit or flowers sewn to a linen overblouse are a pretty and easy-to-make trim.

Paris Notes.



● For feminine charm, applique colorful flowers cut from a chintz fabric. Example (above) is shown on a bare short-cut dance frock.

● Lace as a trim is applied to the long, moulded bodice of the dress (right) and is also applied to the skirt in deep pleats. The dress gains importance if held out by a full-skirted petticoat slip.



● White lace sweater (right) is something new in cool evening glamor. The sweater is made over matching chiffon and finished with woven neck and sleeve bands, chic with pants.

Dorothy Johnston

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning JAN. 9

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. You're lucky among people.	* Human values should come first and money should remain a secondary consideration. You may find it necessary to spend more than you intended.	* If you grow careless about your domestic obligations, to the point of neglect, you are inviting trouble. Friction is bound to arise over trifling matters.	* If you're out to impress people with your brilliant gifts and good looks you'll soon find that love has flown elsewhere. Nobody likes the boy or girl who is a show-off.	* You may be flattered by an invitation or you may accept in haste and regret it later. High-pressure salesmanship could precipitate you into a group.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, grey. Lucky gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. You're in a change of scene.	* Ambitious drive is what is needed on getting back to normal routine, but be careful not to step on the toes of people who can make trouble or upset plans.	* Don't be hasty when working or moving about the house, for slip-ups or minor accidents will be on the cards. Absentmindedness can become a positive danger.	* New romances sparkle with intense vitality. That wonderful person who has come into your life absorbs your thoughts so that you go around in a daze.	* There may be a surprise in store. Confidential gossip could show that certain people are not what you had supposed. In some cases friends in trouble become a worry.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, royal-blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. You travel fastest alone.	* A fruitful shopping expedition with good bargains to be dug up if you are prepared to make the effort, might change your attitude to your job.	* The exchange of ideas with people who have an inventive turn of mind will stimulate your own talents, and the results may be reflected in several small changes.	* If you've fallen in love with one who travels with a different crowd who have more money to spend than you can afford, you have a serious problem on your hands.	* A white lie will take care of your social activities. That previous engagement makes a good excuse for staying away when you wish to be alone.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Lucky gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. For luck, stick with the crowd.	* Imagination as well as personality can take you a long way towards your goal. Those who are hunting a job should take care of appearance.	* If you are nervous and jumpy, other members of the family will soon be affected. Keep your poise in spite of unforeseen developments or unexpected guests.	* Whether it's an engagement ring or merely an "understanding," you and the beloved are likely to spend happy hours together planning your future.	* Family celebrations lead to renewed contacts with old friends, and on this basis your diary fills happily. If with elderly people, take care not to tire them.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, cream. Lucky gambling colors, cream, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in working hard.	* A prompt attention to details and the best use of daylight hours are your main chances of evenings for leisure. Homemakers would be wise to prepare meals in advance.	* Better make that slimming diet attractive or you'll slide out of your good resolutions, and just now the wrong type of food could cause minor upsets.	* Have you recently become disillusioned because your love is a practical, down-to-earth person? Your own rather scatter-brained idealism may require just that.	* The danger of a break with an old friend should be recognized and make you stop in time when storm signals are flying. Avoid arguments.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Lucky gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Your luck is at a picnic.	* While an element of luck may enter into promotion to great responsibility, you must consolidate your position through tact and patience.	* You have an inquiring mind and enjoy experimenting along new lines. Home dressmaking or a course of beauty treatments will be successful.	* You may wake up one morning to realize, most unexpectedly, that you love deeply, romantically, and for keeps. Some of your intense happiness will spill over.	* Is there a beach carnival looming on your horizon or any sporting event in which you are a competitor? Preparations should be good fun.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Lucky gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. There's luck in your backyard.	* You and your partner may have contradictory views when it comes to expenditure of joint income. Give and take on both sides may be required to get finances back.	* You may wield the paint brush or have fun with new curtains, but in some way you'll turn any dissatisfaction with your surroundings into a challenge.	* Is there a rift in what was once a perfect relationship? Endings are sad, but don't look back over your shoulder. Face the future confidently.	* A little bored because the social scene is quiet? This is an off week for most of you, but you can't live on a merry-go-round all the time. Plan a few stunts.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Lucky gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. There's luck in "know how."	* Developments favoring your job, home interests, or an important investment may surprise you. Weigh your moves carefully so that your pocket-book will not suffer.	* Your neighborhood may have unexplored possibilities. You may locate a little eating-place near home for an occasional meal or a small shop which saves your time.	* Either at the home of a relative or on a weekend trip you will probably make the acquaintance of a most fascinating member of the opposite sex.	* You are an excellent letter-writer when you choose, and long-distance contacts bear pleasant social fruit when faithful correspondents meet again.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky gambling colors, any three colors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck lies in simple arithmetic.	* Pursue whatever good fortune comes your way to a successful conclusion. Job-seekers are likely to find suitable employment and homemakers earn money.	* You may weigh the merits of two possibilities, either for a permanent home or for a holiday. Whichever your choice, there are bound to be some drawbacks.	* Should doubts arise as to whether you are being cultivated for yourself or for what can be got out of you, beware of snap judgments.	* Your favorite recreation, pursued for the pleasure of it, could make you a present of practical value. Either you win a bet or you find an object of value.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in standing on your own feet.	* For some of you the question may arise of making a complete break with your present work or of compromising where you must reckon with several factors.	* Avoid looking on the gloomy side. Begin with your surroundings and see to it that you wear a dash of color on that neutral frock.	* Sacrifices to help the beloved towards some objective in connection with his or her career may be demanded of you. More schooling, higher qualifications required.	* Having set the social ball rolling, don't stop now. Under happy stars you can now add more friends to your circle, link up more closely with people you already know.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Lucky gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Your luck lies waiting for you.	* Your economic security at present rests upon thrift. If married, gain the approval of your partner before you commit yourself to any agreement.	* Remaining silent about your hopes and plans gives you strength. Trotting them out for comment on the part of the household could result in hurt feelings.	* You may be going through an emotional crisis, yet not even your best friends suspect it. If you have a big decision to make, you are game enough to conceal it.	* Restlessness, discontent with available diversions, a longing for new scenes and new faces may have been stirred in the past few weeks.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. There's luck in action.	* Through good relations with your associates you may hear of something to your advantage. Suggestions from friends are likely to play a part in work.	* Teenagers congregate, and if you have a bit of garden, let them enjoy a party at home. Older subjects join with the marriage partner to carry out a scheme.	* In company with your chosen one you may arrange a weekend house-party or an all-day expedition to some point of interest. You earn the applause of the crowd.	* These days and especially evenings will, for most of you, be so pleasant that you will wish to linger over them, storing them up in memory.

"Flies, Mrs. Smith,

I'm positive flies

carried the infection"



Mortein

PROTECTS 4 OUT OF EVERY 5 AUSTRALIAN HOMES

IS YOUR HOME PROTECTED?



Any doctor will tell you that if you share your home with filthy flies you'll get more than your share of sickness. Flies carry filth and all sorts of dangerous germs.

As soon as flies get into your home, KILL THEM WITH MORTEIN. Don't trust ordinary or watered-down fly sprays—use powerful, safe, dependable MORTEIN. You can be sure of the quality when you buy Mortein.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Girls who are accused by others of "chasing" men are often maligned. The "chasing" often consists of common courtesies that make life much more pleasant.

THE letter below illustrates this point, and the pleasures that may be missed because of silly accusations of "chasing" men.

"A YOUNG man (about 21) of whom I am fond recently had a motor accident and broke his right thigh and his left leg. He is expected to be in hospital for several months. Would he think I was forward if I visited him? I do not know him very well, but I have met him at dances, seen him at the pictures and around the town, and he always speaks to me. I think he likes me, as he dances with me a lot, although he has never asked me out. He is a very quiet boy who boards at a house nearby and seems very lonely and worried and has few friends. I would like to visit him in hospital, but am worried that he and my friends might think I am chasing him. Please advise me. I am 17 and considered attractive."

"Anxious," Sydney.

Put on a pretty dress and go and visit the young man. There is certainly nothing forward in such a visit. You are probably the medicine he needs. There is nothing duller than a long stretch in hospital, and such a visit is surely a minimum courtesy to pay a friend who has been hurt in an accident.

"I AM 17 years of age and wish to become a journalist. I have my Intermediate Certificate and am doing my Leaving Certificate at night school. I work as a typist. Could you tell me what qualifications are necessary?"

"Hopeful," Melbourne.

It is hard to define the qualifications necessary to become a journalist. First you must like hard work, odd hours, and working on public holidays when all your friends are enjoying themselves. If you can surmount these difficulties, you will need certain other things — at least your



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

SCONES flavored with ginger and dates are recommended this week by Debbie, our teenage chef.

GINGER-DATE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

1. Sift flour, ginger, and salt.
2. Rub in butter or substitute with tips of fingers.
3. Add sugar and dates, mix lightly together.
4. Mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk.
5. Knead lightly on floured board; press out to three-quarters of an inch thickness with floured hands.
6. Cut into circles or squares with floured cutter or knife.
7. Place on greased oven-trays.
8. Bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes.
9. Cool on cake-cooler and serve buttered.

Intermediate Certificate. Naturally, the greater educational qualifications you have the better chance you have of a job, but an Intermediate Certificate is accepted by some newspapers as adequate. Shorthand and typing proficiency is a great advantage, and is often the factor that wins you a favorable decision from the employing officer. The person to whom to apply for a job as a cadet-reporter is the Chief of Staff. Often the way to a cadetship is a job as a copy-girl or copy-boy. If you are employed on this basis, ask for a definite assurance of a cadetship within a certain time if you are suitable and there is one available. Being a copy-girl or copy-boy seems to be rather a dead-end job, but it gives you a very valuable insight into newspaper work and life and often leads to a career in one of the many different types of work that are available in a newspaper office.

"I AM a girl of 19 years and am considered attractive by my friends. I am very much in love with a man three years my senior, but he is in

love with another girl. Meanwhile there is this other boy who has asked me to marry him. Please what should I do?"

"Perplexed," Victoria.

Sit and think. After 10 minutes you may realise what you are doing — considering marrying a man you don't love because you can't have the man you want. Such a marriage seems rather a vicious revenge on a young man whose only fault is that he loves you and wants to marry you. If you want to be happily married, wait until you are certain you love a man and just as certain he loves you.

PENFRIENDS

Miss Regina L. Sedeman, 23 Quendon Mansions, Quendon Rd., Sea Point, Capetown, South Africa, wants pen-friends. She is 23, and will answer all letters.

Louis Ruocco, via Francesco Cilia, 14-A, Naples, Italy, is 21 and at the University of Naples doing law. He would like to write to an Australian girl between 17 and 19. He writes English.

DISC DIGEST

IF you have fallen under the spell of the various recordings from the musical "Kismet" you're sure to enjoy the LP (B07043L) performed by the original cast of the Broadway production. It's one of those big glossy recordings from New York in the style of "Annie," "South Pacific," and "Oklahoma."

The entire score is a feast of exotic music, based, as you may know, on themes by the Russian composer Borodin.

Alfred Drake, today's most-sought-after baritone in the American theatre, sings with gusto the role of the poet-beggar who becomes Emir of Bagdad, and he has charming support in Doretta Morrow and Joan Diener. To Richard Kiley goes the plum song,

"Stranger in Paradise," but Drake and Morrow draw my favorite, "And This Is My Beloved."

* * *

IN addition to these you will hear — between the overture and finale — "Sands of Time," "Rhymes Have I," "Fate," "Bazaar of the Caravans," "Not Since Nineveh," "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," "He's In Love," "Gesticulate," "Night of My Nights," "Was I Wazir?," "Rahadlakum," "The Olive Tree," and "Samaris' Dance."

The notes on the envelope help one to identify these themes. "Not Since Nineveh," "Stranger in Paradise," and "He's In Love" are from the Polovtsian Dances in "Prince Igor," while "Rhymes

Have I" and "The Olive Tree" are also adapted from the same opera. "Gesticulate" and "Fate" stem from Borodin's First and Second Symphonies respectively, and the origin of "Sands of Time" will be found in "In the Steppes of Central Asia."

Borodin's piano composition "Serenade" provides "Night of My Nights." Finally, Wright and Forrest went to the D Major Quartet for "Was I Wazir?," and found inspiration for "And This Is My Beloved" in the third movement of the same work. All of which is a gentle smack in the face for anyone who whistles, say, "Stranger in Paradise," but at the same time says he doesn't like classical music!

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Check gingham is still a top fashion fabric for summer, and cotton lace is its newest trim.

THIS fashion flash answers a letter from a young reader.

She writes:

"WILL you please design me a cotton dress for day wear? I would like it finished with some sort of trimming. I have a 30in. bust and my age is 16. Would it be possible to have a pattern drafted for the design? I notice you often answer letters and give a pattern."

My material suggestion is check gingham in black and white or red and white. Cotton lace is a new idea for a trim, and I don't think you could do better than follow this idea. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. I hope you like it sufficiently well to copy. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Lines under the sketch will give you further details and tell you how to order.

"I AM having some tapered beige wool slacks made to wear in the evenings, and wondered if you could think up any new ideas for a trim or finish."

Two narrow bands of black grosgrain ribbon, ending in flat bows at just below the waist belt, would give an original note to slender trousers. The bands would be placed slightly in front of the side seams on each trouser leg.

"WOULD you please advise me about a separate skirt and blouse I intend making to wear to informal summer parties? I am 18, and generally wear full skirts."

My color, material, and design suggestion for the skirt is deep rose-red linen or cotton made in a full circle. Have



D.S.177.—One-piece dress in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 7yds. cotton lace edging. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the blouse made in flesh-pink cotton organdie, and have it finished with tiny sleeves and a

cool, scooped-out neckline. Wear the separates with a shaped cummerbund; it will be best if backed with dress canvas and made in the same material as the skirt.

"I GENERALLY wear frocks with full skirts, but now narrow ones seem to be worn. I would like a change. Do you think a style for day wear with a narrow skirt would suit me? I am 15 and seven months, and take a pattern size 36."

I advise a change in silhouette, and certainly slender-line clothes are coming into the junior-fashion picture. Why not have a slim-line coat-dress, front buttoned, beltless, and finished with a sleeveless top and oval neckline?

"I AM going to Melbourne for a holiday soon, when I will be having quite a bit of social life. Do you consider it is necessary to take an evening frock?"

This depends on the formality of the social life. If the men in any party you attend wear dinner jackets you will be correctly dressed in a short or long-skirted evening dress. When the men are wearing lounge suits, if it is in a public place, strictly speaking your correct attire is an afternoon dress, small hat, and gloves. If the party takes place in a private home and men wear dark lounge suits, it is quite customary and correct for the women to wear either ballerina dresses or pretty afternoon dresses minus a hat or gloves.

Beauty in Brief:

Keeping summer freshness

By CAROLYN EARLE

Warm weather directs interest towards grooming preparations such as deodorants and anti-perspirants. In answer to inquiries if there is a difference between the two—there certainly is.

A DEODORANT neutralises odor temporarily but does not check the flow of perspiration. It is effective for an hour or two at the most.

An anti-perspirant, on the other hand, stops perspiration at the area to which it is applied by closing the sweat glands. Generally an anti-perspirant lasts for 48 hours or more, depending on its strength.

After a given time the normal body processes reopen the pores or glands that have been temporarily sealed off.

We offer no opinion as to the benefits

of deodorants over anti-perspirants or vice versa. It's up to you to choose whichever best suits your need.

Just make a point of following the directions given on the label and so avoid the possibility of irritation.

However, some people find that when perspiration is checked at the armpit, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet become extra moist.

Damp hands and feet are, of course, undesirable, and if the condition appears to be aggravated by an anti-perspirant, it is better to use a deodorant for the time being.

Nothing could be nicer



Rich, smooth as velvet

ICE
CREAM

HERE'S HOW!

Ingredients: One 12-oz. tin Nestlé's Ideal Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1/2 teaspoonfuls vanilla essence. Makes two trays. (To make one tray, use 6-oz. tin and half the other ingredients.)

Method: Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. Freeze: Place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen. Top with melted Vitality chocolate.

Home-made with Nestlé's

IDEAL MILK
EVAPORATED

so creamy it WHIPS...
just like cream!



Post coupon for FREE Ideal Recipe
Book to Cansery Dept., Nestlé's,
in any Capital City or in Newcastle.

Name _____

Address _____



Make 2 pints of creamy "topping"

Empty a 12-oz. tin of Ideal Milk into a refrigerator tray. Chill until soft ice crystals appear throughout. Pour into chilled bowl. Whip until stiff. Add 1-2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and whip very stiff. Beat in 1 cup of sugar and suitable flavouring. It can be served at once or held cold in refrigerator for several hours. If smaller quantity desired, halve the contents of a 12-oz. tin or use a 6-oz. tin and half the other ingredients.

Available in 6-oz. and large economy size 12-oz. tins.

AND IT'S BACKED BY
THE FAMOUS NESTLÉ'S NAME

CANDY HARDY Frock Service

An exciting gadabout summer dress to take you through from afternoon to evening. You can buy it ready made, or, if you're clever with a needle, cut out ready to sew.



● Orders for Ginetta should be addressed to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Be sure to state size and if ready to wear or cut out only is required. Please make a second color choice when ordering.

THE dress, which we have named Ginetta, is perfect for smart teens. It has everything—feminine allure, newest styling, and, most important, it launders easily.

The material is a printed, disciplined cotton which keeps permanently crisp in all weathers. It is color-fast and crease-resisting.

The color choice and arrangement includes lemon and blue flowers with a pink spot, rose and green flowers with a blue spot, blue

and light brown flowers with a beige spot, brown and deep green flowers with a lime spot, and rose and light green flowers with a grey spot. All are printed on a white ground.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust 93/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/6; 36 and 38in. bust 71/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

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- BE BEAUTIFUL ON THE BEACH
- HOW A TYPICAL ONE-YEAR-OLD BEHAVES
- SARA QUADS RECIPES
- VAN JOHNSON AT HOME
- HOW TO GET ALONG WITH THE NEIGHBOURS' CHILDREN
- FASHION REVIEW

packed with stories, features articles

64 pages of happy holiday reading 6^D.

New biblical spectacle

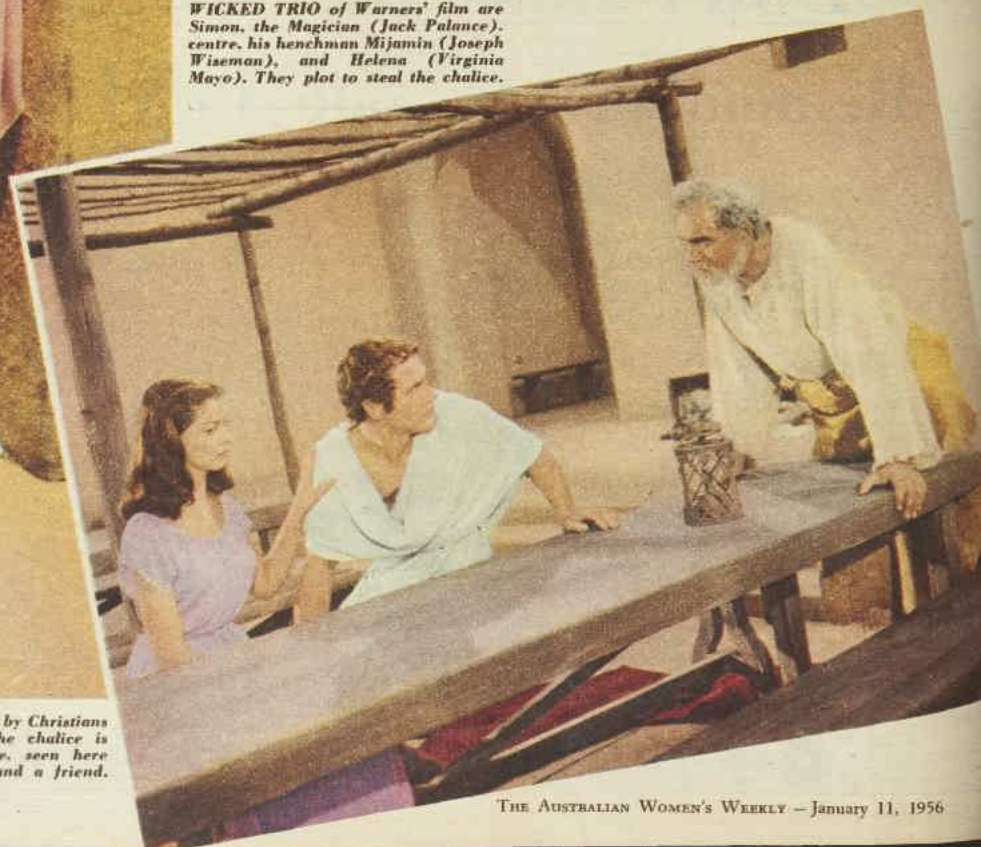
Hollywood's multi-million-dollar color production of "The Silver Chalice," a biblical spectacle of faith and love, is based on Thomas B. Costain's novel of the chalice that was used at the Last Supper. The cast is headed by Virginia Mayo, Jack Palance, and Pier Angeli, and introduces Paul Newman from the Broadway stage.

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON



WICKED TRIO of Warners' film are Simon, the Magician (Jack Palance), centre, his henchman Mijamin (Joseph Wiseman), and Helena (Virginia Mayo). They plot to steal the chalice.



VIRGINIA MAYO as Helena, the lovely slave-girl who later becomes the assistant of Simon, the Magician (Jack Palance), and embarks on a life of evil.

RIGHT. Bought out of slavery by Christians who want him to fashion the chalice is Basil (Paul Newman), centre, seen here with Deborra (Pier Angeli) and a friend.



HELENA, the temptress (Virginia Mayo), attends a banquet at the court of Emperor Nero (played by Jacques Aubuchon). This is the film's most elaborate single set, with acrobats, dancing girls, and a feast at which all the food is gold-coated. Studio research revealed that Nero had his food gold-coated on these occasions.

PICTURED below is a scene from the film depicting a bacchanalian fete. A score of imposing sets are utilised in the production, including a huge desert oasis, the Imperial palace and dining-hall of Nero, and the famed "Street of the Silvermiths" in ancient Greece. The film action moves through Rome, Jerusalem, and Antioch.



pup. He rode to the river paddock knowing that he had a tough job ahead of him.

One hundred head of cattle were in the paddock. All except one were three-year-old steers, hardy and tough from a lifetime spent on an alpine grazing lease; they had been drafted to the "Hot" schedule after being driven down with others a week previously. Few of them had seen a man except at the annual muster; they were as wild as such cattle could be. The worst of them all was a strawberry-roan five-year-old which had dodged successive musters.

"He's a rogue for sure," Pete muttered. "He's likely to start the others stampeding."

The roan was by itself below the gate, with the other steers grazing loosely well above it. Pete knew it was either sick or in a vicious mood; in any event, a beast by itself could be dangerous.

"I might be able to work the others quietly into the ford. Jack can worry about the roan; he can have him."

Jack went to the verandah, where he stared moodily over the river paddock. Pete had closed the gate and was riding towards the ford, meaning to see if a crossing were possible; even if it were, Jack knew that one man and an untrained dog would have no hope of pushing the cattle into the swollen river.

"Let him try. Let him show how good he is." Jack knew that he should have been content to watch from the verandah while Pete attempted the impossible. He should have been able to gloat over the prospect of that, but he caught himself groping for some good excuse for riding down to help; that was what Pete would have done if the draw had gone the other way. "I can show him he's not the only one who can be decent."

Like a squib being ridden at a stiff fence, Jack balked at the obvious hurdle that Pete would have left the cattle in the paddock until the river fell. That nagged at him while he was throwing his gear on Spider. When he had mounted, he found an excuse more in keeping with his hostile mood. "It's my grass they're eating."

Satisfied with that, he was willing to help Pete until he saw Molly Gilligan riding towards the river paddock. He stopped Spider and sat staring moodily, but feeling his fingers gnawing on the reins. He knew why he had forced the draw; he knew why he was savage with Pete; the other things did not matter, but Molly did.

"Aw, to the devil with both of them! They're cows!"

Yet he held Spider to a stand and sat watching, moodily, while Pete stopped at the river bank and Molly rode towards the gate.

Pete found the river running a full banker. The current swirled, whirled, and raced so strongly that the stock would have no chance of making the "Hot" get-out and there was no safe landing for miles downstream. He sighed; he could not afford to lose good steers by trying to dodge a 40-mile drive.

He was opening the gate again when Molly reined in, hiding her disappointment under a smile. "You don't have to tell me, Pete. When I saw you ride down here I knew it hadn't been your lucky day." She shook a finger in mock warning. "And don't talk to me about waiting two years for a house. If we can't have the old home, the hut's plenty good enough for me if I'm Mrs. Peter Cudmore. You'll need a hand to get those cows across the river."

While he was telling her that he was going by road, he sent an appraising glance at the filly she was riding. Molly was a

Continuing . . .

Luck of the Draw

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learned that the pup had not slunk back to the homestead. It swept in, snapping at the steer's near-side jaw.

The steer veered off from the new attack. Its off-born jabbed viciously at the gelding's shoulder; the young horse squealed and plunged wildly to the side. It hit the swirling water on its off-flank as Pete flung himself from the saddle, diving deeply to miss the flailing hoofs of the maddened horse.

He surfaced, snatching for air, but the horse was still being tumbled helplessly by the flood.

The gelding rolled and its flailing hind legs buffeted Pete, but, with a wild clutch of his right hand, his fingers tangled in the strung-out tail of the horse as it struck its stroke. Pete clung tightly, gasping for air.

"If I'd only had Spider!" He would not have been in the water if he had been riding Spider. Or, if he had been, he would have had a good water-horse to tow him to safety. As it was, the gelding was wasting its strength trying to fight the current and by squealing its terror. It tried for the get-out of the ford on the hut side, but it missed it by yards. Pete felt his body slacken with dismay as he was swept past that hope of safety; there was no chance for either man or horse to make land within four miles, and death might beckon a dozen times to either in that distance.

That was a mile downstream, and the effort was one of despair, as was the gelding's swimming. Twice it went under, but Pete clung to its tail as to a lifeline, though he knew it might drag him to death. That sapped more strength from both. Time ceased for Pete; earth and sky seemed to dissolve into swirling water.

"If I was only half a swimmer I might have a chance."

"He's in the river!" Spider jumped to run from a sudden jab of spurs, but he dithered to a stop from a vicious haul on the reins. He stood prancing nervously, while Jack cursed himself for his instinctive reaction. "I don't care what happens to him! Let him show Molly how good he is in the water."

He found himself staring bleakly at the tree where Molly had holed up. Molly could not see the river; if she stayed where she was she might not see much more—ever. The cattle were circling wildly around the tree, bellowing, but gradually closing in; the roan stopped, facing the tree; its head was lowered, weaving; its forehoofs scooped earth; it was working itself into a fury for a charge.

"And Molly's on foot! She hasn't a chance in a million!"

Spider jumped to the vicious rake of the spurs; he struck gait, flattening to the gallop, and no check came from the reins.

After his muttering of despair, Pete had no further coherent thought until a voice rasped in his ears. "Let go!"

Something hit Pete savagely between the eyes, and time, place, and even swirling water faded until he heard the voice again. "Snap out of it, Molly's coming. Don't let her see you like that."

Pete groped for clear thought. Molly was safe. He was lying on wet earth, and Jack, in dripping clothes, was shaking him, but he asked vaguely: "What happened to the gelding?"

"It made this bank at a wash-out. You would ask about it before yourself or Molly." Jack laughed flatly, then sobered quickly, watching Pete's feeble efforts to sit up. "I had to get

her away from those cows before I came after you. Her filly's lame, so she's walking. Spider had more sense than me; he wouldn't take to the water, so I had to swim for you."

Jack hauled Pete roughly to his feet, but let him stand unaided. Pete stared at the river and shivered. "No one'd blame you if you hadn't gone into that. Everything would have been yours. You might've got Molly, too, in time."

Jack looked away uncomfortably. He did not want to admit that, having rescued Molly, something more potent than his malice had driven him; it was still driving him, but he was fighting it. "Aw, I wouldn't let a cat drown if I could save it, and it would've been a pretty rotten way to get things, wouldn't it?"

"Well, yes, but—anyway, thanks. I owe you a lot."

"Forget it!" Jack sighed; it was as if the water had diluted his spleen and he was losing his fight against his better nature. "I'll catch the gelding. You'd better ride Spider and—oh, well. You needn't shift those scrubbies."

"I can manage now, riding Spider."

"Keep him. I always reckoned he was your horse, anyway." Jack stared broodingly at the distant girl. A harshness crept into his voice, but it was more bravado than truculence. "And Molly was always your girl, if you'd only had the sense to see it. You can keep the homestead, too; I don't want that big barn of a house to look after."

"I'd like to do a deal for Spider, but the homestead's yours," Pete said. "It was a fair draw and you were lucky."

Jack did not reply, for he was already striding away. Pete thought that he might not have heard and suggested that when he told Molly about Jack's offer. He could not understand Jack's sudden change of front.

"I think I can," Molly told him. "Something's brought out the best in him. I think it's that he's done something that you couldn't do; he saved me when you couldn't help and he saved you when you might have drowned. It's changed his outlook and made a man of him; he's going to be a nice brother-in-law for Molly Cudmore to own."

"Maybe, but it was a fair draw and the homestead's his."

Molly nodded approval of the last part, but not of Pete's doubts. She was right in that Jack rode up on the gelding; he looked shame-faced and did not meet their eyes. "About the homestead! It wasn't a fair draw." He told them how he had rigged both the toss and the draw. "So the homestead's yours, Pete."

Pete felt his stomach churning, but the pressure of Molly's hand on his arm counselled coolness; he remembered that he owed Jack his life. "Well, we'd better draw again."

Molly spoke quickly. "Must you draw again? Do you want to, Jack?"

"Me? No!" They heard his faint sigh. "But I reckon Pete does after what I told you. I wouldn't blame him."

Pete looked down and met a prompt from Molly's eyes. He found his face twisting into a grin of relief. "No draw," he said. "I just couldn't run the place without your help, Jack."

Pete and Molly walked. As he rode away, Jack's whistle floated back, trilling in their ears. Pete knew that he and Molly were thinking the same thing; Jack was going to be a nice brother to own. It had been a lucky draw for all three.

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ACTOR Robert Taylor directs his pretty wife, Ursula Thiess, towards the camera. Following the birth of their son, Ursula decided to relinquish her film career, but changed her mind when the first good movie role came her way.

Studio news and gossip

FROM LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

PINEWOOD producer George Brown is crusading to depict married love on the screen. He says, "An awful lot of film stories end where they should begin—with marriage."

Brown aims to show this in his next film, "Jacqueline," and has discovered a brand-new romantic team—blond, muscular Tony Wright, fresh from a string of star successes in France, and brunette Maureen Swanson, who has just finished filming in "A Town Like Alice."

just finished filming in her first grown-up role down at Elstree. And now the studio is full of plans to star her in a role that should be the dream of any actress—as a sort of female Walter Mitty. No title has been chosen yet. Said Janette, "It will be a fantasy with music."

JOHN MILLS' eldest daughter, Juliet, is making her show-business debut. Aged 14 and with long fair hair, Juliet is an ideal choice for the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland," which she is playing on television.

NEXT year will be a wonderful year for teenage star Janette Scott. She has

A DUMBFOUNDED husband agreed to actress Jane Hylton's strange request for a Christmas gift. It was a new nose. Said he, dazedly, "I was quite happy with Jane's old nose. But she has her heart set on having a tip-tilted one—so have it she shall." It won't be a cheap present. A famous Paris surgeon has been enlisted to make the "presentation."

Talking of Films

★★ East of Eden

A FRAGMENT of John Steinbeck's sprawling novel "East of Eden" provides a sombre, absorbing theme for Warners' new melodrama.

Set in an American farming community of the World War I period and filmed in color CinemaScope, the story concerns a group of people who are driven by hatred, love, jealousy, and a whole lot of frustrations.

On the score of presentation the picture has much to offer the followers of its producer-director, Elia Kazan. The acting throughout is of a high calibre. Most notable of all is the poignant performance of the late James Dean.

There's a lot of the early Brando in Dean's playing of the rejected, unloved son of embittered Raymond Massey, the father who lavishes affection upon his younger son (played by Richard Davalos),

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

But at the same time Dean's many-sided concept of the film's tormented central character bears all the earmarks of fine, original talent.

The story itself concerns Dean's pitiful attempts to win affection by helping his father out of a financial fix.

Julie ("Member of the Wedding") Harris is sympathetically in character as an old-fashioned girl in love.

Another forceful performance is given by Jo Van Fleet as the runaway mother, believed dead by her family, who runs a red-light gambling house on the fringe of a nearby township.



1 VETERAN Hugh O'Reilly (Aldo Ray), second right, assigned to duty in Japan, disapproves of fraternisation. He is angered when Yuko (Mitsuko Kimura) becomes his interpreter.



2 TROUBLE over his wallet has O'Reilly carpented by the Colonel. He feels silly when the old laborer he has accused is Father Yoshida, who works for money to help a war orphanage.



3 MEETING the children, after being ordered to escort the priest to the orphanage, O'Reilly is touched by their plight. He leaves a donation and apologises to the priest. For the first time he warms to Yuko.



4 CAUGHT by the Colonel (Phil Carey), left, supplying food to the orphans, O'Reilly tells him that 5000 dollars has been given by the regiment for a new orphanage.

Romance in Japan



5 DISTURBED by this friendship, Yuko's father discourages it. O'Reilly, rushed to Korea, is wounded and returns to Japan to convalesce. He is in love with Yuko now, but the romance is threatened by his insular feelings about her people.



6 TRAINING troops for combat occupies O'Reilly while he decides that the thing to do is take his discharge in Japan, marry Yuko, and settle there. Slowly he realises this is only a ruse to save his own feelings. But then Yuko refuses to see him.

★ Columbia's romance of post-war Japan, "Three Stripes in the Sun," is based on the true-life experiences of Sergeant Hugh O'Reilly, an American war veteran, and his Japanese bride, Yuko.

Hollywood's Aldo Ray and pretty actress Mitsuko Kimura play the central roles in the picture, which shows how the soldier's antagonism towards the Japanese nation changes to compassion and understanding.

There are 30-odd speaking roles in the picture, of which six are played by professionals and the rest by people recruited on the various Japanese locations where it was shot.



7 REUNION in the garden is complete when O'Reilly tells Yuko that he must return to the U.S. and asks her to go with him.

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Scales of Justice

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brought herself to anchor at Mr. Danberry-Phinn's gate.

"Good evening," she said, clinging to the gate and retaining her seat. She looked through the entrance cut in the deep hedge. There was Mr. Danberry-Phinn in his Elizabethan garden giving supper to his cats.

In Sweenings, Mr. Phinn (he allowed his nearer acquaintances to neglect the hyphen) was generally considered to be more than a little eccentric, but Nurse Kettle was used to him, and didn't find him at all disconcerting. He wore a smoking-cap, tasselled, embroidered with beads, and falling to pieces. On top of this was perched a pair of ready-made reading-glasses which he now removed and gaily waved at her.

"Good evening to you, Nurse Kettle. Pray, what has become of your automobile?"

"She's having a spot of beauty treatment and a minor op." Mr. Phinn flinched at this relentless breeziness, but Nurse Kettle carried heartily on. "And how's the world treating you? Feeding your kitties, I see."

"The Persons of the House," Mr. Phinn acquiesced, "now, as you observe, sup. Fatima," he cried, squatting on his plump haunches. "Miss Paddy-Paws! A morsel more of haddock? Eat up, my heavenly felines." Eight cats of varying kinds responded but slightly to these overtures, being occupied with eight dishes of haddock. The ninth, a mother cat, had completed her meal and was at her toilet. She blinked once at Mr. Phinn and with a tender and gentle expression stretched herself out for the accommodation of her three fat kittens.

"The celestial milk-bar is now open," Mr. Phinn pointed out with a wave of his hand.

Nurse Kettle chuckled obligingly. "No nonsense about her, at least," she said. "Pity some human Mums I could name haven't got the same idea," she added, with an air of professional candor. "Clever Pussy!"

"The name," Mr. Phinn corrected tartly, "is Thomasina Twitchett. And what errand of therapeutic mercy," he went on, "has set you dorkling in the saddle? What pain and anguish wring which brow?"

"Well, I've one or two calls," said Nurse Kettle, "but the long and the short of me is that I'm on my way to spend the night at the big house. Relieving with the old gentleman, you know."

She looked across the valley to Nunsparrow Manor.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Phinn softly. "Dear me! May one inquire . . .? Is Sir Harold . . .?"

"He's seventy-five," said Nurse Kettle briskly, "and he's very tired. Still, you never know with cardiacs. He may perk up again."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. We've got a day-nurse for him, but there's no night-nurse to be had anywhere, so I'm stop-gapping. To help Dr. Mark out, really."

"Dr. Mark Lacklander is attending his grandfather?"

"Yes. He had a second opinion, but more for his own satisfaction than anything else. But there! Talking out of school! I'm ashamed of you, Kettle."

"I'm very discreet," said Mr. Phinn. "Is he conscious?"

"Off and on. Bit confused. There, now! Gossiping again! Talking of gossip," said Nurse Kettle, with a twinkle. "I see the Colonel's out for the evening rise."

An extraordinary change at once took place in Mr. Phinn.

His face became suffused with purple, and his eyes glittered.

"A hideous curse upon his sport," he said. "Where is he?"

"Just below the bridge."

"Let him venture a hand-span above it and I'll report him to the authorities. What fly has he mounted? Has he caught anything?"

"I couldn't see," said Nurse Kettle, already regretting her part in the conversation, "from the top of Watt's Hill."

"It is a dreadful thing to say about a fellow-creature," Mr. Phinn said, "a shocking thing. But I do say advisedly and deliberately that I suspect Colonel Cartarette of having recourse to improper practices."

It was Nurse Kettle's turn to blush.

"I am sure I don't know to what you refer," she said.

"Bread! Worms!" said Mr. Phinn, spreading his arms. "Anything! Tickling, even! I'd put it as low as that."

"I'm sure you're mistaken."

"It is not my habit, Miss Kettle, to mistake the wanton extravagances of infatuated humankind. Look, if you will, at Cartarette's associates. Look, if your stomach is strong enough to sustain the experience, at Commander Syce."

"Good gracious me, what has the poor Commander done!"

"That man," Mr. Phinn said, turning pale and pointing with one hand to the mother-cat and with the other in the direction of the valley, "that intemperate filibuster, who divides his leisure between alcohol and the idiotic pursuit of archery, he murdered the mother of Thomasina Twitchett."

"Not deliberately, I'm sure."

"How can you be sure?"

Mr. Phinn leant over his garden gate and grasped the handlebars of Nurse Kettle's bicycle. The tassel of his smoking-cap fell over his face and he blew it impatiently aside.

"In the cool of the evening Madame Thoms, for such was her name, was wont to promenade in the bottom meadow. Syce, flushed no doubt with wine, and flattering himself he cut the devil of a figure, is to be pictured upon his archery lawn. The instrument of destruction, a bow with the drawing-power, I am told, of sixty pounds, is in his grip and the lust of blood in his heart. He shot an arrow in the air," Mr. Phinn concluded, "and if you tell me that it fell to earth he knew not where I shall flatly refuse to believe you. His target, his deliberate mark, I am persuaded, was my exquisite cat. Thomasina, my fur of furs, I am speaking of your mamma."

The mother-cat blinked at Mr. Phinn and so did Nurse Kettle.

"I must say," she thought, "he really is a little off." She was filled with a vague pity for him.

"Living alone," she thought, "with only those cats. It's not to be wondered at, really."

She gave him her brightest professional smile and pedalled away.

Mr. Phinn was a widower, but Commander Syce was a bachelor. He lived next to Mr. Phinn, in a Georgian house called Uplands, small and yet too big for Commander Syce, who had inherited it from an uncle. He was looked after by an ex-naval rating and his wife.

The greater part of the grounds had been allowed to run to seed, but the kitchen

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garden was kept up by the married couple and the archery lawn by Commander Syce himself. It overlooked the valley of the Chyne and was, apparently, his only interest. At one end in fine weather stood a target on an easel and at the other on summer evenings from as far away as Nunsparndon, Commander Syce could be observed, in the classic pose, shooting a round from his sixty-pound bow.

He was reputed to be a fine marksman and it was noticed that however much his gait might waver, his stance, once he had opened his chest and stretched his bow, was that of a rock. He lived a solitary and aimless life.

People would have inclined to be sorry for him if he had made any sign that he would welcome their sympathy. He did not do so and indeed at the smallest attempt at friendliness would sheer off and make away as fast as possible. Although never seen in the bar, Commander Syce was a heroic supporter of the "pub." Indeed, as Nurse Kettle pedalled up his overgrown drive, she encountered the lad from the Boy and Donkey pedalling down it with his bottle-carrier empty before him.

"There's the Boy," thought Nurse Kettle, rather pleased with herself for putting it that way, "and I'm very much afraid he's just paid a visit to the Donkey."

She, herself, had a bottle for Commander Syce, but it came from the chemist at Chynning. As she approached the house she heard the sound of steps on the gravel and saw him limping away round the far end, his bow in his hand and his quiver girt about his waist. Nurse Kettle pedalled after him.

"Good evening, Commander!" she called out brightly.

Her bicycle wobbled and she dismounted.

Syce turned, hesitated for a moment, and then came towards her.

He was a fairish, sunburned man who had run to seed. He still reeked of the Navy and, as Nurse Kettle noticed when he drew nearer, of whisky. His eyes, blue and bewildered, stared into hers.

"Sorry," he said rapidly.

"Good evening. I beg your pardon."

"Dr. Mark," she said, "asked me to drop in while I was passing and leave your prescription for you. There we are. The mixture as before."

He took it from her with a darting movement of his hand. "Most awfully kind," he said. "Frightfully sorry. Nothing urgent."

"No bother at all," Nurse Kettle rejoined, noticing the tremor of his hand. "I see you're going to have a shoot."

"Oh, yes. Yes," he said loudly, and backed away from her. "Well, thank you, thank you, thank you."

"I'm calling in at Hammer. Perhaps you won't mind my trespassing. There's a foot-path down to the right-of-way, isn't there?"

"Of course. Please do. Allow me."

He thrust his medicine into a pocket of his coat, took hold of her bicycle, laid his bow along the saddle and handlebars, and began to wheel the bicycle round the end of the house. They came out on the archery lawn and upon a surprising and lovely view over the little valley of the Chyne. The trout stream shone like pewter in the evening light, meadows lay as rich as velvet on either side, and a sort of heraldic glow turned the whole land-

scape into the semblance of an illuminated illustration to some forgotten romance.

There was Major Cartarette winding in his line below Bottom Bridge and there up the hill on the Nunsparndon golf course were old Lady Lacklander and her elderly son George taking a post-prandial stroll.

"What a clear evening," Nurse Kettle exclaimed with pleasure. "And how close everything looks. Do tell me, Commander," she went on, noticing that he seemed to flinch at this form of address, "with this bow of yours could you shoot an arrow into Lady Lacklander?"

Syce darted a look at the almost square figure across the little valley. He muttered something about a clout at two hundred and forty yards and limped on.

"I have been told," she said, "that once upon a time you hit a mark you didn't bargain for down there."

"Great grief!" Syce cried out, thumping his fist on the seat of her bicycle, "you mean the cat!"

"Well?"

"It was an accident. I've told the old perisher! An accident! I like cats." He swung round and faced her. His eyes were misted and his lips trembled.

"We all make mistakes," said Nurse Kettle, comfortably. He pointed to a little gate at the end of the path.

"There's the gate into Hammer," he said, and added with exquisite awkwardness, "I beg your pardon, I'm very poor company as you see. Thank you for bringing the stuff. Thank you, thank you."

She took charge of her bicycle.

"Dr. Mark Lacklander may be very strong," she said bluffly, "but he's as capable a G.P. as I've come across in thirty years' nursing. If I were you, Commander, I'd have a good down-to-earth chinwag with him. Much obliged for the assistance. Good evening to you."

She pushed her bicycle through the gate into the well-tended coppice belonging to Hammer Farm. As she made her way towards the house she heard behind her, at Uplands, the twang of a bow string and the "tock" of an arrow in a target.

"Poor chap," Nurse Kettle muttered. "Nothing to keep him out of mischief. And with a sense of vague uneasiness she wheeled her bicycle in the direction of the Cartarettes' rose garden, where she could hear the snip of garden shears and a woman's voice quietly singing.

"That'll be either Mrs.," thought Nurse Kettle, "or the stepdaughter. Pretty tune."

A man's voice joined in, making a second part.

"Come away, come away Death And in sad cypress let me be laid."

The words, thought Nurse Kettle, were a trifle morbid, but the general effect was nice. The rose garden was enclosed behind hedges and hidden from her, but the path she had taken led into it. She approached a green archway and as she did so the woman's voice broke off from its song, and said: "That's my favorite of all."

"Strange," said a man's voice that fetched Nurse Kettle up with a jolt. "Strange, isn't it, in a comedy, to make the love songs so sad! Don't you think so, -Rose? Rose . . . Darling . . ."

Nurse Kettle tinkled her

bicycle bell, passed through the green archway, and looked to her right. She discovered Miss Rose Cartarette and Dr. Mark Lacklander gazing into each other's eyes with unmistakable significance.

Miss Cartarette had been cutting roses and laying them in the basket held by Dr. Lacklander. Dr. Lacklander blushed to the roots of his hair and said, "Good heavens! Good evening," and Miss Cartarette said, "Oh, hallo, Nurse. Good evening." She, too, blushed, but more delicately than Dr. Lacklander.

Nurse Kettle said: "Good evening, Miss Rose. Good evening, Doctor. Hope it's all right my taking the short cut." She glanced with decorum at Dr. Lacklander. "The child with the abscess," she said, in explanation of her own appearance.

"Ah, yes," Dr. Lacklander said. "I've had a look at her. It's your gardener's little girl, Rose."

They both began to talk to Nurse Kettle, who listened with an expression of good humor. She was a romantic woman and took pleasure in the look of excitement on Dr. Lacklander's face and of shyness on Rose's.

"Nurse Kettle," Dr. Lacklander said rapidly, "like a perfect angel, is going to look after my grandfather tonight. I don't know what we should have done without her."

"And by that same token," Nurse Kettle added, "I'd better go on my way or I shall be late on duty."

They smiled and nodded at her. She squared her shoulders, glanced in a jocular manner at her bicycle and stumped off with it through the rose garden.

"Well," she thought, "if that's not a case I've never seen young love before. Blow me down flat, but I never guessed! Fancy!"

As much refreshed by this incident as she would have been by a good strong cup of tea, she made her way to the gardener's cottage, her last port of call before going up to Nunsparndon.

When her figure, stoutly clad in her District Nurse's uniform, had bobbed its way out of the enclosed garden, Rose Cartarette and Mark Lacklander looked at each other and laughed nervously.

Lacklander said: "She's a fantastically good sort, old Kettle, but at that particular moment I could have done without her. I mustn't stay, I suppose."

"Don't you want to see my papa?"

"Yes. But I shouldn't wait. Not that one can do anything much for the grandparent, but they like me to be there."

"I'll tell Daddy as soon as he comes in. He'll go up at once, of course."

"We'd be very grateful. Grandfather sets great store by his coming." Mark Lacklander looked at Rose over the basket he carried and said unsteadily: "Darling."

"Don't," she said. "Honestly; don't."

"No? Are you warning me off, Rose? Is it all a dead loss?"

She made a small ineloquent gesture, tried to speak and said nothing.

"Well," Lacklander said, "I may as well tell you that I was going to ask if you'd marry me. I love you very dearly and I thought we seemed to sort of suit. Was I wrong about that?"

"No," Rose said.

"Well, I know I wasn't. Obviously, we suit. So for pity's sake what's up? Don't tell me

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Strawberry barrel



FRESH strawberries are always popular. Below is a picture of a strawberry barrel. The directions for making are given on this page.

● The old-fashioned way of planting strawberries in a barrel is coming back into favor.

THE barrel method makes it easier to protect the fruit from birds and to control the sprawling runners.

You will need: A stout barrel (about 30 to 40 gallons), a length of gutter downpipe 3in. longer than the height of the barrel, bitumen and exterior paint, soil and manure to fill, and about two dozen established plants.

Tools required are a brace and bit (or electric drill), a keyhole saw, and a punch.

Scrape the inside of the barrel thoroughly, then clean with a hose. Fill it with water and leave for a few days to swell, so that it can be handled without falling apart.

Empty, and leave in a shady place upside down to drain.

With the keyhole saw cut four rows of holes in the side of the barrel, five in each row. Stagger the holes so that the timber will not be weakened.

The holes should be about two inches high and three inches across. Smooth the edges so that no splinters will remain to damage the young plants.

Drill the bottom of the barrel with eight one-inch holes for drainage.

Drill 3in.-diameter holes every few inches in the downpipe. A thick pole should be inserted in the pipe while drilling, so that its thin galvanised iron will not be damaged.

The first hole should be about five inches from the top of the pipe, and the last no lower than six inches from the foot.

GARDENING

Paint the inside of the barrel with two coats of heavy bituminous paint, and the outside with any exterior surface paint.

Place the downpipe upright in the barrel and put in three inches of coarse, well-washed cinders.

Then cover with a layer of soil and manure reaching to just below the first row of holes in the side of the barrel.

Plant strawberries in this row, spreading the roots out evenly and filling with soil and manure to the next row of holes.

Fill barrel with soil and plants row by row in the same way. The soil should be moist and firmed well around the plants to ensure that it will not break away when water is given through the downpipe.

If the gardener has a lot of time to look after the barrel in the vital first few days, advanced plants in flower can be safely transplanted. Keep several of the biggest and best plants for the top of the barrel.

The next step is the true test of the effectiveness of your strawberry barrel — the



watering. Raise it from the ground by resting it on several bricks.

Turn the hose on to a fine spray and moisten the surface carefully. Watch to see if any sinking or displacement of the plants occurs.

It should take only a few minutes for the lot to settle down. Then fill the tube with the hose, and the water should trickle through every hole very slowly.

Fill the tube several times a day for the first day or two.

Move the barrel round every few days so that all plants receive the same amount of sun. Water regularly, and then sit back and wait for the crop of plump, luscious berries.

One of the best varieties to grow is *Mason's Innumense*, a self-pollinating type which sets huge strawberries three or four times the size of the common sorts.

Other good varieties worth planting in barrels or in the open are *Richmond Red*, *Hawkesbury*, *Phenomenal*, and *Douglas Special*. For very hot districts *Creswell's Seedling* is still one of the finest.

In many districts dark spots will develop on the foliage as the fruit ripens. This is

leaf spot. The easiest way to control while the plants are fruiting is to pick the leaves off and burn them. Spray with Bordeaux mixture after the crop has finished.

For planting strawberries in the open garden, dig the soil over well and mix in plenty of old manure or rotted compost.

Let the soil settle well and then measure out the land in rows, the rows being 30in. apart at least, and set the plants out 18in. apart, not closer, for they draw heavily on the nutriment.

In hot, dry weather, mulch between the rows and round the plants with old tan bark. This will help to keep the berries clean.

When the runners shoot out from the old plants, peg a few of them down with wire staples so that they take root. Remove all but the two best on each runner, and if many runners form thin them out.

Strawberries should be replaced every three years as they run out or degenerate rapidly.

you love me like a brother, because I can't believe it."

"You needn't try to."

"Well, then?"

"I can't think of getting engaged, much less married."

"Ah!" Lacklander ejaculated. "Now we're coming to it! This is going to be what I suspected. Here, let me get rid of this basket! Come over to the bench. I'm not going till I've cleared this up."

She followed him and they sat down together on a garden seat with the basket of roses at their feet. He took her by the wrist and stripped the heavy glove off her hand. "Now, tell me," he demanded. "Do you love me?"

"You needn't bellow it at me like that. Yes, I do."

"Rose, darling! I was so panicked you'd say you didn't."

"Please listen, Mark. You're not going to agree with a syllable of this, but please listen."

"All right. I know what it's going to be but ... all right."

"You can see what it's like here. I mean the domestic set-up. You must have seen for yourself how much difference it makes to Daddy my being on tap."

"You are so funny when you use colloquialisms ... a little girl shutting her eyes and firing off a popgun. All right; your father likes to have you about. So he well might and so he still would if we married. We'd probably live half our time at Nunspardon."

"It's much more than that," Rose hesitated. She had drawn away from him and sat with her hands pressed together between her knees.

She said: "It's simply that his second marriage hasn't been a success. If I left him now he'd really and truly have nothing to live for."

"Nonsense," Mark said un- easily.

"He's never been able to do without me. Even when I was little, Nanny and I and my governess all following the drum. So many countries and journeys. And then after the war when he was given all those special jobs: Vienna and Rome and Paris. I never went to school because he hated the idea of separation."

"All wrong, of course. Only half a life."

"No, no, no, that's not true, honestly. It was a wonderfully rich life. I saw and heard and learnt all sorts of splendid things other girls miss."

"All the same ..."

"No, honestly, it was grand."

"You should have been allowed to get under your own steam."

"It wasn't a case of being allowed. I was allowed almost anything I wanted. And when I did get under my own steam just see what happened! He was sent with that mission to Singapore and I stayed in Grenoble and took a course at the University. He was delayed and delayed ... and I found out afterwards that he was wretchedly at a loose end. And then ... it was while he was there ... he met Kitty."

Lacklander closed his well-kept doctor's hand over the lower end of his face and behind it made an indeterminate sound.

"Well," Rose said, "it turned out as badly as it possibly could, and it goes on getting worse, and if I'd been there I don't think it would have happened."

"Why not? He'd have been just as likely to meet her. And even if he hadn't, my heavenly and darling Rose, you cannot be allowed to think of yourself as a twister of the tail of fate."

"If I'd been there ..."

"Now look here!" said Lacklander. "Look at it like this. If you removed yourself to Nunspardon as my wife, he and

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your stepmother might get together in a quick comeback."

"Oh, no," Rose said. "No, Mark. There's not a chance of that."

"How do you know? Listen. We're in love. I love you so desperately much it's almost more than I can endure. I won't be put off, Rose. You shall marry me and if your father's life here is too unsatisfactory, well, we'll find some way of improving it. Perhaps if they part company he could come to us."

"Never! Don't you see? He couldn't bear it. He'd feel sort of extraneous."

"I'm going to talk to him. I shall tell him I want to marry you."

"No, Mark, darling! No ... please ..."

His hand closed momentarily over hers. Then he was on his feet and had taken up the basket of roses.

"Good evening, Mrs. Cartarette," he said. "We're robbing your garden for my grandmother. You're very much ahead of us at Hammer with your roses."

Kitty Cartarette had turned in by the green archway and was looking thoughtfully at them.

The second Mrs. Cartarette did not match her Edwardian name. She did not look like a Kitty. She was so fair that without her make-up she would have seemed bleached. Her figure was well disciplined and her face had been skilfully drawn up into a beautifully cared-for mask.

"How nice to see you, Mark," she said. "I thought I heard your voices. Is this a professional call?"

Mark said: "Partly so at least. I ran down with a message for Colonel Cartarette, and I had a look at your gardener's small girl."

"How too kind," she said, glancing from Mark to her stepdaughter. "Maurice is not in, but he won't be long. Shall we go up?"

She led the way along the flagstone path to a group of garden furniture heaped with cushions. A tray with a decanter and brandy glass was set out on a white iron table. She let herself down on a swinging seat, put up her feet, and arranged herself for Mark to look at.

"Poorest Rose," she said, glancing at her stepdaughter, "you're wearing such suitable gloves. Do cope with your scratchy namesakes for Mark. A box perhaps."

"Please don't bother," Mark said. "I'll take them as they are."

"We can't allow that," Mrs. Cartarette murmured. "You doctors mustn't scratch your lovely hands, you know."

Rose took the basket from him. He watched her go into the house and turned abruptly at the sound of Mrs. Cartarette's voice.

"Let's have a little drink, shall we?" she said. "That's Maurice's pet brandy and meant to be too wonderful. Give me an infinitesimal drop and yourself a nice big one."

Mark gave her the brandy. "I won't, if you don't mind," he said. "I'm by way of being on duty."

"Really? Who are you going to hover over, apart from the gardener's child?"

"My grandfather," Mark said.

"How awful of me not to realise," she rejoined with the utmost composure. "How is Sir Harold?"

"Not so well this evening, I'm afraid. In fact, I must get back. If I go by the river path perhaps I'll meet the Colonel."

"Almost sure to, I should

think," she agreed indifferently, "unless he's poaching for that fabled fish on Mr. Phinn's preserves, which, of course, he's much too county to think of doing, whatever the old boy may say to the contrary."

Mark said formally: "I'll go that way, then, and hope to see him."

"Will you give your father a message from me?" she said.

"I know how worried he must be about your grandfather. Do tell him I wish so much one could help."

Rose came back with the flowers in a box. Mark thought: "I can't leave her like this, half-way through a proposal." He said coolly: "Come and meet your father. You don't take enough exercise."

"I live in a state of almost perpetual motion," she rejoined, "and I'm not suitably shod or dressed for the river path."

Mrs. Cartarette gave a little laugh. "Poor Mark!" she murmured. "But in any case, Rose, here comes your father."

Colonel Cartarette had

IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Miss P. R. Isaacson, Y.W.C.A. hostel, Hindley St., Adelaide.

HERE is her entry:

"When we feel we should take a certain action, but just cannot make the effort, we sometimes say jokingly, 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.'"

"The phrase comes from the Gospel of Matthew, chapter 26, verse 41, where Christ returns from His prayer to find that the disciples have fallen asleep at their 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'"

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Address entries "Bible Quotations," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

emerged from a spinny half-way down the hill and was climbing up through the rough grass below the lawn. He was followed by his spaniel, Skip, an old, obedient dog.

When he saw the group by the lawn he lifted his hand in greeting. Mark went down to meet him. Rose, aware of her stepmother's heightened curiosity, watched him with profound misgiving.

Colonel Cartarette was a native of Sweetenings. His instincts were those of a countryman and he had never quite lost the air of belonging to the soil. His tastes, however, were for the arts and his talents for the conduct of government services in foreign places. This odd assortment of elements had set no particular mark upon their host. It was not until he spoke that something of his personality appeared.

"Good evening, Mark," he called as soon as they were within comfortable earshot of each other. "My dear chap, what do you think? I've near bagged the Old 'Un."

"No!" Mark shouted with appropriate enthusiasm.

"I assure you! The Old 'Un! Below the bridge in his usual lurk, you know. I could see him ..."

And as he panted up the hill the Colonel completed his classic tale of a magnificent strike, a homeric struggle and a broken cast. Mark, in spite of his own preoccupations, listened with interest. The Old 'Un was famous in Sweetenings: a trout of magnitude and cunning, the despair and desire of every rod in the district.

saw her father set down his reel and rod, take off his hat and wait for her, his bald head gleaming. She joined her hands behind his neck and kissed him. They went on towards the house arm in arm. Mrs. Cartarette's hammock had begun to swing to and fro.

Mark turned away and walked quickly down into the valley and across Bottom Bridge.

The Old 'Un, with Colonel Cartarette's cast in his jaw, lurked tranquilly under the bridge.

Sir Henry Lacklander watched Nurse Kettle as she moved about his room. Mark had given him something that had reduced his nightmare of discomfort and for the moment he seemed to enjoy the tragic self-importance that is the old prerogative of the very ill.

He knew now that he was dying. His grandson had not told him in so many words but he had read the fact of death in the boy's face and in the behaviour of his own wife and son.

Seven years ago he had been furious when Mark wished to become a doctor; a Lacklander and the only grandson. He had made it as difficult as he could for Mark. But he was glad now to have the Lacklander nose bending over him and the Lacklander hands doing the things doctors seemed to think necessary.

He would have taken a sort of pleasure in the eminence to which approaching death had raised him if he had not been tormented by the most grievous

of all ills. He had a sense of guilt upon him.

"Long time," he said. He used as few words as possible because with every one he uttered it was as if he squandered a measure of his dwindling capital.

Nurse Kettle placed herself where he could see and hear her easily, and said: "Doctor Mark says the Colonel will be here quite soon. He's been fishing."

"Luck?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you."

"Old'n."

"Ah," said Nurse Kettle comfortably, "they won't catch him in a hurry."

The wraith of a chuckle drifted up from the bed and was followed by an anxious sigh. She looked closely at the face that seemed during that day to have receded from its own bones.

"All right?" she asked.

The lack-lustre eyes searched hers. "Papers?" the voice asked.

"I found them just where you said. They're on the table over there."

"Here."

"If it makes you feel more comfortable," she moved into the shadows at the far end of the great room and returned carrying a package, tied and sealed, which she put on his bedside table.

"Memoirs," he whispered.

"Fancy," said Nurse Kettle. "There must be a deal of work in them. I think it's lovely to be an author. And now I'm going to leave you to have a little rest."

She moved away and took up an illustrated paper. For a time there were no sounds in the great bedroom but the breathing of the patient and the rustle of a turned page.

The door opened. Nurse Kettle stood up as Mark Lacklander came into the room. He was followed by Colonel Cartarette.

"All right, Nurse?" Mark asked quietly.

"Pretty much," she murmured. "Fretting. He'll be glad to see the Colonel."

"I'll just have a word with him first."

He walked down the room to the enormous bed. His grandfather stared anxiously up at him and Mark, taking the restless old hand in his, said at once: "Here's the Colonel, Grandfather. You're quite ready for him, aren't you?"

"Yes, Now."

"Right," Mark kept his fingers on his grandfather's wrist. Colonel Cartarette straightened his shoulders and joined him. "Hallo, Cartarette," said Sir Harold so loudly and clearly that Nurse Kettle made a little exclamation. "Nice of you to come."

"Hallo, sir," said the Colonel, who was by twenty years the younger. "Sorry you're feeling so cheap. Mark says you want to see me."

"Yes." The eyes turned towards the bedside table. "Those things," he said. "Take them, will you? Now."

"They're the memoirs," Mark said.

"Do you want me to read them?" Cartarette asked, stooping over the bed.

"If you will." There was a pause. Mark put the package into Colonel Cartarette's hands. The old man's eyes watched in what seemed to be an agony of interest.

"I think," Mark said, "that Grandfather hopes you will edit the memoirs, sir."

"I'll ... Of course," the Colonel said after an infinitesimal pause. "I'll be delighted; if you think you can trust me."

"Trust you. Implicitly. Do you mind, Mark?"

"Of course not, Grandfather. Nurse, shall we have a word?" Nurse Kettle followed Mark

out of the room. They stood together on a dark landing at the head of a wide stairway.

"I don't think," Mark said, "that it will be much longer."

"Wonderful, though, how he's perked up for the Colonel."

"He'd set his will on it. I think," Mark said, "that he will now relinquish his life."

Nurse Kettle agreed: "Funny how they can hang on and funny how they will give up."

In the hall below a door opened and light flooded up the stairs. Mark looked over the banister and saw the enormously broad figure of his grandfather.

She began heavily to ascend. He could hear her labored breathing.

"Steady does it, Gar," he said.

Lady Lacklander paused and looked up. "Hal!" she said. "It's the doctor, is it?" Mark grinned at the sardonic over-tone.

She arrived on the landing. The train of her old velvet dinner-dress followed her and the diamonds which every evening she absentmindedly stuck about her enormous bosom burned and winked as it rose and fell.

"Good evening, Kettle," she panted. "Good of you to come and help my poor old boy. How is he, Mark? Has Maurice Cartarette arrived? Why are you both closeted together out here?"

"The Colonel's here, Gar. Grandfather wanted to have a word privately with him, so nurse and I left them together."

"Something about those wretched memoirs," said Lady Lacklander vexedly. "I suppose, in that case, I'd better not go in."

"I don't think they'll be long."

She let herself down into a large Jacobean chair, shuffled her astonishingly small feet out of a pair of old slippers, and looked critically at them.

"Your father," she said, "has gone to sleep in the drawing-room muttering that he would like to see Maurice." She shifted her great bulk towards Nurse Kettle.

"Now, before you settle to your watch, you kind soul," she said, "you won't mind saving my mammoth legs a journey. Jog down to the drawing-room, rouse my lethargic son, tell him the Colonel's here, and make him give you a drink and a sandwich. Um?"

"Yes, of course, Lady Lacklander," said Nurse Kettle, and descended briskly. "Wanted to get rid of me," she thought, "but it was tactfully done."

"Nice woman, Kettle," Lady Lacklander grunted. "She knows I wanted to be rid of her. Mark, what is it that's making your grandfather unhappy?"

"Is he unhappy, Gar?"

"Don't hedge. He's worried to death ... She stopped short. Her jewelled hands twirled in her lap. "He's troubled in his mind," she said, "and for the second occasion in our married life I'm at a loss to know why. Is it something to do with Maurice and the memoirs?"

"Apparently. He wants the Colonel to edit them."

"The first occasion," Lady Lacklander muttered, "was twenty years ago and it made me perfectly miserable. And now, when the time has come for us to part company ... and it has come, child, hasn't it?"

"Yes, darling. I think so. He's very tired."

"I know. And I'm not. I'm seventy-five and grotesquely fat, but I have a zest for life. There are still," Lady Lacklander said with a change in her rather wheezy voice, "there

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are still things to be tidied up. George, for example."

"What's my poor papa doing that needs a tidying hand?" Mark asked gently.

"Your poor papa," she said, "is fifty and a widower and a Lacklander. Three ominous circumstances."

"Which can't be altered, even by you."

"They can, however be . . . Maurice! What is it?"

Colonel Cartarette had opened the door and stood on the threshold with the packages still under his arm.

"Can you come, Mark? Quickly."

Mark went past him into the bedroom. Lady Lacklander had risen and followed with more celerity than he would have thought possible. Colonel Cartarette stopped her in the doorway.

"My dear," he said, "wait a moment."

"Not a second," she said strongly. "Let me in, Maurice."

A bell rang persistently in the hall below. Nurse Kettle, followed by a tall man in evening clothes, came hurrying up the stairs.

Colonel Cartarette stood on the landing and watched them go in.

Lady Lacklander was already at her husband's bedside. Mark supported him with his right arm and with his left hand kept his thumb on a bell-push that lay on the bed. Lady Lacklander took both her husband's hands between hers.

"I'm here, Hal," she said.

Nurse Kettle had appeared with a glass in her hand.

"Brandy," she said. "Old-fashioned but good."

Mark held it to his grandfather's open mouth. "Try," he said. "It'll help. Try."

The mouth closed over the rim.

"He's got a little," Mark said. "I'll give an injection."

Nurse Kettle took his place. Mark turned away and found himself face to face with his father.

"Can I do anything?" George Lacklander asked.

"Only wait here, if you will, Father."

"Here's George, Hal," Lady Lacklander said. "We're all here with you, my dear."

From behind the mask against Nurse Kettle's shoulder came a stutter. "Vic—Vic—Vic," as if the pulse that was soon to run down had become semi-articulate like a clock. They looked at each other in dismay.

"What is it?" Lady Lacklander asked. "What is it, Hal?"

"Somebody called Vic?" Nurse Kettle suggested brightly. "There is nobody called Vic," said George Lacklander, and sounded impatient. "Mark, can't you help him?"

"In a moment," Mark said from the far end of the room. "Vic . . ."

"The Vicar?" Lady Lacklander asked, pressing his hand and bending over him. "Do you want the Vicar to come, Hal?"

His eyes stared up into hers. Something like a smile twitched at the corners of the gaping mouth. The head moved slightly.

Mark came back with a syringe and gave the injection. After a moment Nurse Kettle turned away. There was something in her manner that gave definition to the scene. Lady Lacklander and her son and grandson drew closer to the bed. She had taken her husband's hands again.

"What is it, Hal? What is it, my dearest?" she asked. "Is it the Vicar?"

With a distinctiveness that astonished them, he whispered: "After all, you never know." And with his gaze still fixed on his wife he then died.

On the late afternoon three days after his father's funeral, Sir George Lacklander sat in

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of manuscript it quivered in his grasp.

Once, before he had read to the end, he did speak.

"But it's not true," he said. "We've always known what happened. It was well known." He touched his lips with his fingers and read on to the end.

When the last page had fallen on the others Colonel Cartarette gathered them up and put them into their envelope.

"I'm sorry, George," he said. "I didn't want to land you with all this."

"I can't see now why you've done it. Why bring it to me? Why do anything but throw it at the back of the fire?"

Cartarette said solemnly: "I see you haven't listened to me. I told you. I've thought it over very carefully. He's left the decision with me and I've decided I must publish"—he held up the long envelope—"this, I must, George. Any other course would be impossible."

"But have you thought what it will do to us? Have you thought? It—it's unthinkable. You're an old friend, Maurice. My father trusted you with this business because he thought of you as a friend. In a way," George added, struggling with an idea that was a little too big for him, "in a way he's bequeathed you our destiny."

COLONEL CARTARETTE said: "A most unwelcome legacy if it were so, but of course, it's not. You're putting it altogether too high. I know, believe me, George, I know, how painful and distressing this will be to you all, but I think the public will take a more charitable view than you might suppose."

"And since when," George demanded with a greater command of rhetoric than might have been expected of him, "since when have the Lacklanders stood cap in hand, waiting upon the charity of the public?"

Colonel Cartarette's response to this was a helpless gesture. "I'm terribly sorry," he said; "but I'm afraid that that sentiment has the advantage of sounding well and meaning nothing."

"Don't be so supercilious." "All right, George, all right." "The more I think of this the worse it gets. Look here, Maurice, if for no other reason, in common decency . . ."

"I've tried to take common decency as my criterion." "It'll kill my mother." "It will distress her very deeply, I know. I've thought of her, too."

"And Mark? Ruin! A young man! My son! Starting on his career."

"There was another young man, an only son, who was starting on his career."

"He's dead!" George cried out. "He can't suffer. He's dead."

"And his name? And his father?"

"I can't chop logic with you. I'm a simple sort of bloke with, I dare say, very unfashionable standards. I believe in the loyalty of friends and in the old families sticking together."

"At whatever the cost to other friends and other old families? Come off it, George," said the Colonel.

The color flooded back into George's face until it was emerald. He said in an unrecognisable voice: "Give me my father's manuscript. Give me that envelope. I demand it."

"I can't, old boy. Do you suppose that if I could chuck it away or burn it with anything like a clear conscience I wouldn't do it? I tell you I hate this job."

He returned the envelope to the breast pocket of his coat.

"You're free, of course," he said. "To talk this over with Lady Lacklander and Mark. Your father made no reservations about that. By the way. I've brought a copy of his letter in case you decide to tell them about it. Here it is." The Colonel produced a third envelope, laid it on the desk and moved towards the door. "And, George," he said, "I beg you to believe I am sorry. I'm deeply sorry. If I could see any other way I'd thankfully take it. What?"

George Lacklander had made an inarticulate noise. He now pointed a heavy finger at the Colonel.

"After this," he said, "I needn't tell you that any question of an understanding between your girl and my boy is at an end."

The Colonel was so quiet for so long that both men became aware of the ticking of a clock on the chimney breast.

"I didn't know," he said at last, "that there was any question of an understanding. I think you must be mistaken."

"I assure you that I am not. However, we needn't discuss it. Mark . . . and Rose, I am sure . . . will both see that it is quite out of the question. No doubt you are as ready to ruin her chances as you are to destroy our happiness." For a moment he watched the Colonel's blank face.

"She's head over heels in love with him," he added, "you can take my word for it."

"If Mark has told you this—"

"Who says Mark told me? I—I . . ."

The full, rather florid voice faltered and petered out.

"Indeed," the Colonel said, "then may I ask where you got your information?"

They stared at each other, and curiously enough the look of startled conjecture which had appeared on George Lacklander's face was reflected on the Colonel's.

"It couldn't matter less, in any case," the Colonel said. "Your informant, I am sure, is entirely mistaken. There's no point in my staying. Good-bye."

He went out. George, transfixed, saw him walk past the window. A sort of panic came over him.

He dragged the telephone across his desk and with an unsteady hand dialled Colonel Cartarette's number. A woman's voice answered.

"Kitty!" he said. "Kitty, is that you?"

Colonel Cartarette went home by the right-of-way known as the River Path. It ran through Nunsparndon from

the top end of Watt's Lane, skirting the Lacklanders' private golf course. It wound down to Bottom Bridge and up the opposite side of the Cartarettes' spinney. Thence it crossed the lower portion of Commander Syce's and Mr. Phinn's demesne and rejoined Watt's Lane just below the crest of Watt's Hill.

The Colonel was feeling miserable. He was weighed down by his responsibility and upset by his falling out with George Lacklander, who, pompous old ass though the Colonel thought him, was a lifetime friend.

Worst of all he was wretchedly disturbed by the suggestion that Rose had fallen in love with Mark and by the inference which he couldn't help drawing that George Lacklander had collected this information from the Colonel's wife.

As he walked down the hillside he looked across the little valley into the gardens of Jacob's Cottage, Uplands, and Hammer Farm. There was Mr. Phinn dodging about with a cat on his shoulder. There was poor Syce blazing away with his bow and arrow at his padded target. And there, at Hammer, was Kitty. With a characteristic movement of her hips she had emerged from the house in skin-tight velvet trousers and a flame-colored top.

The Colonel felt a sickening jolt under his diaphragm. "How I could!" he thought (though subconsciously). "How I could!"

Rose was at her evening employment cutting off the dead-ends in the garden. He sighed and looked up to the crest of the hill and there, plodding homewards, pushing her bicycle up Watt's Lane, her uniform and hat appearing in gaps and vanishing behind hedges, was Nurse Kettle.

He came to the foot of the hill and to Bottom Bridge. The bridge divided his fishing from Mr. Danberry-Phinn's; he had the lower reaches and Mr. Phinn the upper. They had fallen out about the waters exactly under Bottom Bridge.

The Colonel crossed from Mr. Phinn's side to his own, folded his arms on the stone parapet and gazed into the sliding green world beneath. At first he stared absently, but after a moment his attention sharpened. In the left bank of the Chyne near a broken-down boatshed where an old punt was moored, there was a hole. In its depths eddied and lurked a shadow among shadows: the Old 'Un.

"Perhaps," the Colonel thought, "perhaps it would ease my mind a bit if I came down before dinner. He may stay on my side." He withdrew his

gaze from the Old 'Un to find, when he looked up at Jacob's Cottage, that Mr. Phinn, motionless, with his cat still on his shoulder, was looking at him through a pair of field-glasses.

The Colonel swore. He crossed the bridge and passed out of sight of Jacob's Cottage and continued on his way home.

Soon he was aware that someone was coming down the path at a heavy jog-trot. He actually heard the wheezing and puffing of this person and recognised the form of locomotion practised by Mr. Phinn before the latter appeared wearing an old Norfolk jacket and tweed hat which, in addition to being struck about with trout-fishing flies, had Mr. Phinn's reading spectacles thrust through the band like an Irishman's pipe.

He was carrying his elaborate collection of fishing impedimenta. He had the air of having got himself together in a hurry and was attended by Mrs. Thomasina Twitcheat, who, after the manner of her kind, suggested that their association was purely coincidental.

The path was narrow. It was essential that someone should give way and the Colonel, sick of rows with his neighbors, stood on one side. Mr. Phinn jogged glassily down upon him. The cat suddenly cantered ahead.

"Hallo, old girl," said the Colonel. He stooped down and snapped a finger and thumb at her. She stared briefly and passed him with a preoccupied air, twitching the tip of her tail.

The Colonel straightened up and found himself face to face with Mr. Phinn.

"Good evening," said the Colonel.

"Sir," said Mr. Phinn. He touched his dreadful hat with one finger, blew out his cheeks and advanced. "Thomasina," he added, "hold your body more seemly."

For Thomasina, waywardly taken with the Colonel, had returned and rolled on her back at his feet.

"Nice cat," said the Colonel, and added: "Good fishing to you. The Old 'Un lies below the bridge on my side, by the way."

"Indeed?"

"As no doubt you guessed," the Colonel added against his better judgment, "when you watched me through your field-glasses."

If Mr. Phinn had contemplated a conciliatory position he at once abandoned it. He made a belligerent gesture with his net.

"The landscape, so far as

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Iron-on Transfers

● Iron-on transfer No. 200A consists of seven pretty little kitten motifs. Kittens playing with knitting, kittens with balls of wool, and kittens in sweaters will all look charming as decorations on children's clothing or nursery furniture.

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I am aware," he said, "is not under some optical interdict. It may be viewed, I believe. To the best of my knowledge, there are no snoutier rights over the distant prospect of the Chyne."

"None whatever. You can stare," said the Colonel, "at the Chyne, or me or anything else you fancy till you are black in the face for all I care. But if you realised . . . If you . . ."

He scratched his head, a gesture that with the Colonel denoted profound emotional disturbance.

"My dear Phinn . . ." he began again, "if you only knew . . . God bless my soul, what does it matter! Good evening to you."

He encircled Mr. Phinn and hurried up the path.

"And for that grotesque," he thought resentfully, "for that impossible, that almost certifiable buffoon I have saddled myself with a responsibility that may well make me wretchedly uncomfortable for the rest of my life."

He mended his pace and followed the path into the Hammer coppice. Whether summoned by maternal obligations or because she had taken an insatiable cat's fancy to the Colonel, Thomasina Twitchett accompanied him, trilling occasionally and looking about for an evening bird.

They came within view of lawn and there was Commander Syce, how in hand, quiver at thigh and slightly unsteady on his feet, hunting about in the underbrush.

"Hallo, Cartarette," he said. "Lost an arrow. What a thing! Missed the target and away she went."

"Missed it by a dangerously wide margin, didn't you?" the Colonel rejoined testily. After all, people did use the path, he reflected, and he began to help in the search. Thomasina Twitchett, amused by the rustle of leaves, pretended to join in the hunt.

"I know," Commander Syce agreed, "rotten bad show, but I saw old Phinn and it put me off. Did you hear what happened about me and his cat? Purest accident, but the old whatnot wouldn't have it. Great grief, I told him I like cats."

He thrust his hand into a heap of dead leaves. Thomasina Twitchett leapt merrily upon it and fleshed her claws in his wrist. He aimed a spank at her which she easily avoided and, being tired of their company, made for her home and kittens. The Colonel excused himself and turned up through the spinney into the open field below his own lawn.

His wife was in her hammock dangling a tightly encased black-velvet leg, a flame-colored sleeve, and a pair of enormous ear-rings. The cocktail tray was ready on her iron table.

"How late you are," she said idly. "Dinner in half an hour. What have you been up to at Nunsparadon?"

"I had to see George."

"What about?"

"Some business his father asked me to do."

"How illuminating."

"It was very private, my dear."

"How is George?"

The Colonel remembered George's empurpled face and said: "Still rather upset."

"We must ask him to dinner. I'm learning to play golf with him tomorrow, by the way. He's giving me some clubs. Nice, isn't it?"

"When did you arrange that?"

"Just now. About twenty minutes ago," she said, watching him.

"Kitty, I'd rather you didn't."

"You don't by any chance suspect me of playing you false with George, do you?"

"Well," said the Colonel after a long pause, "are you?"

"No."

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Scales of Justice

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"I still think it might be better not to play golf with him tomorrow."

"Why on earth?"

"Kitty, what have you said to George about Mark and Rose?"

"Nothing you couldn't have seen for yourself, darling. Rose is obviously head over heels in love with Mark."

"I don't believe you."

"My good Maurice, you don't suppose the girl is going to spend the rest of her existence doting on Daddy, do you?"

"I wouldn't have it for the world. Not for the world."

"Well, then."

"But I . . . I didn't know I still don't believe . . ."

"He turned up here five minutes ago looking all churned up and they're closeted together in the drawing-room. Go and see. I'll excuse your changing, if you like."

"Thank you, my dear," the Colonel said miserably, and went indoors.

If he hadn't been so rattled and worried he would no doubt have given some sort of warning of his approach. As it was, he crossed the heavy carpet of the hall, opened the drawing-room door, and discovered his daughter locked in Mark Lacklander's embrace.

Rose and Mark behaved in the classic manner of surprised lovers. They released each other, Rose turned white and Mark red, and neither of them uttered a word.

The Colonel said: "I'm sorry, my dear. Forgive me."

Rose, with a sort of agitated spontaneity, ran to him, linked her hands behind his head, and cried: "It had to happen some time, darling, didn't it?"

Mark said: "Sir, I want her to marry me."

"But I won't," Rose said.

"I won't unless you can be happy about it. I've told him."

The Colonel, with great gentleness, freed himself and then put an arm round his daughter.

"Where have you come from, Mark?" he asked.

"From Chynning. It's my day at the hospital."

"Yes, I see. Sit down, both of you," he said. "I've got to think what I'm going to say to you."

They obeyed him with an air of bewilderment.

"When you go back to Nunsparadon, Mark," he said, "you will find your father very much upset. That is because of a talk I've just had with him. I'm at liberty to repeat the substance of that talk to you, but I feel some hesitation in doing so. I think he should be allowed to break it to you himself."

"Break it to me?"

"It is not good news. You will find him entirely opposed to any thought of your marriage with Rose."

"I can't believe it," Mark said.

"You will, however. You may even find that you yourself (forgive me, Rose, my love, but it may be so), feel quite differently about"—the Colonel smiled faintly—"about contracting an alliance with a Cartarette."

"But, my poorest Daddy," Rose ejaculated. "What have you been up to?"

"The very devil and all, I'm afraid, my poppet," her father rejoined.

"Well, whatever it may be," Mark said, and stood up. "I can assure you that blue murder wouldn't make me change my mind about Rose."

He turned to Rose. "Don't be fussed, darling," he said. "I'll go home and sort it out."

"By all means go home," the Colonel agreed, "and try."

He took Mark by the arm and led him to the door.

"You won't feel very friendly towards me tomorrow, Mark," he said. "Will you try to believe that the action I've been compelled to take is one that I detest taking?"

"Compelled?" Mark repeated. "Yes—well . . . yes, of course." He knitted his brows.

"Look here, sir," he said, "if my father welcomes our engagement, and I can't conceive of his doing anything else—will you have any objections? I'd better tell you now that no objection on either side will make the smallest difference."

"In that case," the Colonel said, "your question is academic. And now I'll leave you to have a word with Rose before you go home." He held out his hand. "Goodbye, Mark."

When the Colonel had gone, Mark turned to Rose and took her hands in his. "But how ridiculous," he said. "How in the wide world could these old boys cook up anything that would upset us?"

"I don't know, I don't know how they could, but it's serious."

"Till nine," Rose said, and in a state of enthrallment went in to dinner.

By eight o'clock the evening depression had begun to settle over Commander Syce. At about five o'clock when the sun was over the yard-arm he had a brandy and soda. This raised his spirits. With its successors, up to the third or fourth, they rose still further. During this period he saw himself taking a job and making a howling success of it. From that emotional eminence he fell away with each succeeding dram and it was during his decline that he usually took to archery.

It had been in such a state of almost suicidal depression that he had suddenly shot an arrow over his coppice into Mr. Danberry-Phinn's bottom meadow and slain the mother of Thomasina Twitchett.

Tonight the onset of depression was more than usually severe. Perhaps his encounter with the Colonel, whom he liked, gave point to his own loneliness. Moreover, his married couple were on their attempt at any further conversation set about the removal of the tyre. Nurse Kettle hitched herself up on a bench and watched him. Presently she began to talk.

"I am obliged to you. I've had a bit of a day. Epidemic in the village, odd cases all over the place, and then this happens. There! Aren't you neat-fingered. I looked in at Nunsparadon this evening," she continued. "Lady Lacklander's got a toe and Dr. Mark arranged for me to do the fomentations."

Commander Syce made an inarticulate noise.

"If you ask me the new baronet's feeling his responsibilities. Came in just as I was leaving. Very bad color and jumpy." Nurse Kettle gossiped cosily. She swung her short legs and interrupted herself from time to time to admire Syce's handiwork. "Pity!" she thought. "Shaky hand. Alcoholic skin. Nice chap, too. Pity!"

He repaired the puncture and replaced the tube and tyre. When he had finished and made as if to stand up, he gave a sharp cry of pain, clapped his hand to the small of his back and sank down again on his knees.

"Hal-lo!" Nurse Kettle ejaculated. "What's all this? Bago?"

Commander Syce swore under his breath. Between clenched teeth he implored her to go away. "Most frightfully sorry," he groaned. "Ask you to excuse me. Ach!"

She ignored that and instead went down on all fours beside him, enticed and aided him towards the bench, encouraged him to use it and her own person as aids to rising and finally had him, though almost bent double, on his feet. She helped him into his house and lowered him down on a sofa in a dismal drawing-room.

"Now, what are we going to do about you, I wonder? Did I or did I not see a rug in the hall? Wait a bit."

She went out and came back with a rug. She called him "dear" and, taking his pain seriously, covered him up, went out again, and returned with a glass of water. "Here's a couple of aspirins to go on with."

He took them without looking at her. "Please don't trouble," he groaned. "Thank you. Under my own steam." She gave him a look and went out again.

In her absence, he attempted to get up, but was galvanised with a monstrous jab of lumbago and subsided in agony. He began to think she had gone for good and to wonder how he was to support life while the attack lasted, when he heard her moving about in some remote part of the house. In a moment she came in with two hot-water bags.

"Where did you get those things?" he asked.

"Borrowed 'em from the Cartarettes." She laid them against his back.

"Dr. Mark's coming to look at you," she said. "He was at the Cartarettes and if you ask me there's going to be some news from that quarter before any of us are much older. At least," Nurse Kettle added rather vexedly, "I would have said so, if it hadn't been for them all looking a bit put out."

To his horror she began to take off his shoes.

"I suppose your bedroom's upstairs?"

"I do beg—"

"We'll see what the doctor says, but I'd suggest you sleep down here to save the stairs."

She looked into his face so good-humoredly and with such an air of believing him to be glad of her help that he found himself accepting it.

"Like a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No, thank you."

"Well, it won't be anything

stronger unless the doctor says so."

He reddened, caught her eye, and grinned.

"Come," she said, "that's better."

"I'm really ashamed to trouble you so much."

"I might have said the same about my bike, mightn't I? There's the doctor."

She bustled out again and came back with Mark Lacklander.

Mark, who was a good deal paler than his patient, took a crisp line with Syce's expostulations.

"All right," he said. "I dare say I'm entirely extraneous. This isn't a professional visit if you'd rather not."

"Great grief, my dear chap. I don't mean that. Only too grateful, but . . . I mean . . . busy man . . . right itself . . ."

"Well, suppose I take a look-see," Mark suggested. "We won't move you."

The examination was brief. "If the lumbago doesn't clear up we can do something a bit more drastic," Mark said, "but in the meantime Nurse Kettle'll get you to bed . . ."

"Look here—"

. . . and look in again tomorrow morning. So will I. You'll need one or two things. I'll ring up the hospital and get them sent out at once. All right?"

"Thank you. Thank you. You don't," said Syce, to his own surprise. "Look terribly fit yourself. Sorry to have dragged you in."

"That's all right. We'll bring your bed in here and put it near the telephone. Ring up if you're in difficulties. By the way Mrs. Cartarette offered—"

"No!" shouted Commander Syce and turned purple.

to send in meals."

Mark added. "But of course, you may be up and about again tomorrow. In the meantime, I think we can safely leave you to Nurse Kettle. Good-night."

During the next three days Nurse Kettle, pedalling about her duties, had occasion to notice that something untoward was going on in the district. Wherever she went, whether it was to attend upon Lady Lacklander's toe, or upon the abscess of the gardener's child at Hammer, or upon Commander Syce's strangely persistent lumbago, she felt a kind of heightened tension in the behaviour of her patients and also in the behaviour of young Dr. Mark Lacklander.

Rose Cartarette, when she encountered her in the garden, was white and jumpy; the Colonel looked strained; and Mrs. Cartarette singularly excited.

"Kettle," Lady Lacklander said on Wednesday, winning a little as she endured the approach of a fomentation to her toe, "have you got the cure for a bad conscience?"

Nurse Kettle did not resent being addressed in this restoration-comedy fashion by Lady Lacklander, who had known her for some twenty years and used the form with an intimate and even an affectionate air much prized by Nurse Kettle.

"Ah," said the latter, "there's no mixture-as-before for that sort of trouble."

"No! How long," Lady Lacklander went on, "have you been looking after us in Sweenings, Kettle?"

"Thirty years if you count five in the hospital at Chynning."

"Twenty-five years of fomentations, slappings, and thumpings," mused Lady Lacklander. "And I suppose you've

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

learned quite a lot about us in that time. There's nothing like illness to reveal character and there's nothing like a love affair," she added unexpectedly. "to disguise it. This is agony," she ended mildly, referring to the fomentation.

"Stick it if you can, dear," Nurse Kettle advised, and Lady Lacklander for her part did not object to being addressed as "dear" by Nurse Kettle, who continued: "How do you mean, I wonder, about love disguising character?"

"When people are in love," Lady Lacklander said, with a little scream as a new fomentation was applied, "they instinctively present themselves to each other in their most favorable light. They display such virtues as magnanimity, charitableness, and modesty and wait for them to be admired. They develop a positive genius for suppressing their least attractive points. They can't help it, you know, Kettle. It's just the behaviourisms of courtship."

"Fancy!" "Now, don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about, because you most certainly do. You think straight and that's more than anybody else seems to be capable of doing in Sweetenings. You're a gossip, of course," Lady Lacklander added, "but I don't think you're a malicious gossip. Are you?"

"Certainly not. The ideal!" "No. Tell me, now, without any frills, what do you think of us?"

"Meaning, I take it," Nurse Kettle returned, "the aristocracy?"

"Meaning exactly that. Do you," asked Lady Lacklander with relish, "find us effete, ineffectual, vicious, obsolete, and altogether extraneous?"

"No," said Nurse Kettle stoutly, "I don't."

"Some of us are, you know."

Nurse Kettle squatted back on her haunches, retaining a firm grip on Lady Lacklander's little heel. "It's not the people so much as the idea," she said.

"Ah," said Lady Lacklander, "you're an Elizabethan, Kettle. You believe in degree. You're a female Ulysses, old girl. But degree is now dependent upon behaviour, I'd have you know."

Nurse Kettle gave a jolly laugh and said she didn't know what that meant. Lady Lacklander rejoined that, among other things, it meant that if people fall below something called a certain standard they are asking for trouble.

"I mean," Lady Lacklander went on, scowling with physical pain and mental concentration, "I mean we'd better behave ourselves in the admittedly few jobs that by right of

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Scales of Justice

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heritage used to be ours. I mean, finally, that whether they think we're rubbish or whether they think we're not, people still expect that in certain situations we will give certain reactions. Don't they, Kettle?"

Nurse Kettle said she supposed they did. "Not," Lady Lacklander said, "that I care what they think. But still."

She remained wrapped in moody contemplation while Nurse Kettle completed the treatment and bandaged the toe.

"In short," her formidable patient at last declined, "we can allow ourselves to be almost anything but shabbily behaved. That we'd better avoid. I'm extremely worried, Kettle." Nurse Kettle looked up inquiringly. "Tell me, is there any gossip in the village about my grandson? Romantic gossip?"

"A bit," Nurse Kettle said, and after a pause added: "It'd be lovely, wouldn't it? She's a sweet girl. And an heiress into the bargain."

"Umph." "Which is not to be sneezed at nowadays, I suppose. They tell me everything goes to the daughter."

"Entailed," Lady Lacklander said. "Mark, of course, gets nothing until he succeeds. But it's not that that bothers me."

"Whatever it is, if I were you I should consult Dr. Mark, Lady Lacklander. An old head on young shoulders if ever I saw one."

"My dear soul, my grandson is, as you have observed, in love. He is therefore, as I have tried to point out, extremely likely to take up a highfalutin attitude. Besides, he's involved. No, I must take matters into my own hands, Kettle. Into my own hands. You go past Hammer on your way home, don't you?"

Nurse Kettle said she did. "I've written a note to Colonel Cartarette. Drop it there like a good creature, will you?"

Nurse Kettle said she would and fetched it from Lady Lacklander's writing-desk.

"It's a pity," Lady Lacklander muttered, as Nurse Kettle was about to leave her. "It's a pity poor George is such an ass."

Lady Lacklander considered that George gave only too clear a demonstration of being an ass when she caught a glimpse of him on the following evening. He was playing a round of golf with Mrs. Cartarette. George, having attained the tricky age for Lacklanders, had fallen into a muddled, excited dotage upon Kitty Cartarette.

She made him feel dangerous and this sensation enchanted him. She told him repeatedly how chivalrous he was and so cast a glow of knight-errantry over impulses that are not usually seen in that light. However, she allowed him no liberties at all.

Thus on the Nunspardon golf course he was allowed to watch, criticise and correct her swing. If his interest in this exercise was far from being purely athletic, Mrs. Cartarette gave only the slightest hint that she was aware of the fact and industriously swung and swung again while he fell back to observe, and advanced to adjust, her technique.

Lady Lacklander, tramping down River Path in the cool of the evening with a footman in attendance to carry her sketching impedimenta and her shooting-stick, observed her son and his pupil as it were in pantomime on the second tee. She noticed how George rocked on his feet, with his head on one side while Mrs. Cartarette swung, as Lady Lacklander angrily noticed, everything that a woman could swing. Lady Lacklander looked at the two figures with distaste tempered by speculation.

"Can George," she wondered, "have some notion of employing the strategy of indirect attack upon Maurice? But no, poor boy, he hasn't got the brains."

THE two figures disappeared over the crest of the hill and Lady Lacklander plodded heavily on in great distress of mind. Because of her ulcerated toe she wore a pair of her late husband's shooting-boots. On her head was a battered solar tope of immense antiquity which she found convenient as an eyeshade. For the rest, her vast person was clad in baggy tweeds and a tent-like blouse. Her hands, as always, were encrusted with diamonds.

She and the footman reached Bottom Bridge, turned left and came to a halt before a group of alders and the prospect of a bend in the stream. The footman, under Lady Lacklander's direction, set up her easel, filled her water-jar at the stream, placed her camp stool, and put her shooting-stick beside it.

When she fell back from her work in order to observe it as a whole, Lady Lacklander was in the habit of supporting her bulk upon the shooting-stick.

The footman left her. She would reappear in her own time at Nunspardon and change for dinner at nine o'clock. The footman would return and collect her impedimenta.

It was at six-thirty that she established herself there, in the meadow on the left bank of the Chyne not far below Bottom Bridge.

At seven, Mr. Danberry-Phinn, having assembled his paraphernalia for fishing, set off down Watt's Hill. He did not continue to Bottom Bridge but turned left, and made for the upper reaches of the Chyne.

At seven, Mark Lacklander, having looked in on a patient in the village, set off on foot along Watt's Lane. He carried his case of instruments, as he wished to lance the abscess of the gardener's child at Hammer, and his racket and shoes, as he proposed to play tennis with Rose Cartarette. He also hoped to have an extremely serious talk with her father.

At seven, Nurse Kettle, having delivered Lady Lacklander's note at Hammer, turned in at Commander Syce's drive and free-wheeled to his front door.

At seven, Sir George Lacklander, finding himself favorably situated in a sheltered position behind a group of trees,

embraced Mrs. Cartarette with determination, fervor, and an ulterior motive.

At Hammer Rose and her father sat in his study and gazed at each other in dismay.

"When did Mark tell you?" Colonel Cartarette asked.

"On the same night — after you came in and — and found us. He went to Nunspardon and his father told him and then he came back here and told me. Of course," Rose said, looking at her father with eyes as blue as periwinkles behind their black lashes, "of course it wouldn't have been any good for Mark to pretend nothing had happened. It's quite extraordinary how each of us seems to know exactly what the other one's thinking."

The Colonel leant his head on his hand and half-smiled at this expression of what he regarded as one of the major fallacies of love. "My poor darling," he murmured. "Daddy, you do understand, don't you, that theoretically Mark is absolutely on your side? Because — well, because the facts of any case always should be demonstrated. I mean that's the scientific point of view."

The Colonel's half-smile twisted, but he said nothing. "And I agree, too, absolutely," Rose said, "other things being equal."

"Ah!" said the Colonel. "But they're not, darling," Rose cried out, "they're nothing like equal. In terms of human happiness, they're all cock-eyed. Mark says his grandmother's so desperately worried that with all this coming on top of Sir Harold's death and everything she may crack up altogether."

The Colonel's study commanded a view of his own spinney and of that part of the valley that the spinney did not mask: Bottom Ridge and a small area below it on the right bank of the Chyne. Rose went to the window and looked down.

"She's down there somewhere," she said, "sketching in Bottom Meadow on the far side. She only sketches when she's fussed."

"She's sent me a chit. She wants me to go down and talk to her at eight o'clock when I suppose she'll have done a sketch and hopes to feel less fussed. Very inconvenient hour, but there you are. I'll cut dinner, darling, and try the evening rise. Ask them to leave supper for me, will you, and apologise to Kitty?"

"O.K.," Rose said with forced airiness. "And, of course," she added, "there's the further difficulty of Mark's papa."

"George."

"Yes, indeed, George. Well, we know he's not exactly as bright as sixpence, don't we? But, all the same, he is Mark's papa and he's cutting up most awfully rough and . . ."

Rose caught back her breath, her lips trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. She launched herself into her father's arms and burst into a flood of tears.

"What's the use," she sobbed, "of being a brave little woman? I'm not in the least brave. When Mark asked me to marry him I said I wouldn't because of you and there I was: so miserable that when he asked me again I said I would. And now, when we're so desperately in love, this happens. We have to do them this really frightful injury. Mark says: of course they must take it and it won't make any difference to us, but, of course, it will. And how can I bear to be married to Mark and know how his people feel about you when next to Mark, my darling, darling Daddy, I love you best in the world?"

She sobbed on, "And his

father, his father says that if Mark marries me he'll never forgive him and that they'll do a sort of Montague and Capulet thing at us and, darling, it wouldn't be much fun for Mark and me, would it, to be star-crossed lovers?"

"My poor baby," murmured the agitated and sentimental Colonel; "my poor baby!" There was a little silence.

"You know, Rose," the Colonel said in a changed voice, "I don't carry the whole responsibility. There is a final decision to be made and mine must rest upon it. Don't hold out too many hopes, my darling, but I suppose there is a chance. I've time to get it over before I talk to Lady Lacklander and indeed I suppose I should. There's nothing to be gained by any further delay. I'll go now."

He went to his desk, unlocked a drawer and took out an envelope.

Rose said: "Does Kitty?"

"Oh, yes," the Colonel said. "She knows."

"Did you tell her, Daddy?"

The Colonel had already gone to the door. Without turning his head and with an air too casual to be convincing he said: "Oh, no. No. She arranged to play a round of golf with George and I imagine he elected to tell her. He's a fearful old gas-bag is George."

"She's playing now, isn't she?"

"Is she? Yes," said the Colonel; "I believe she is. He came to fetch her, I think. It's good for her to get out."

"Yes, rather," Rose agreed.

Her father went out to call on Mr. Octavius Danberry-Phinn. He took his fishing gear with him as he intended to go straight on to his meeting with Lady Lacklander and to ease his troubled mind afterwards with the evening rise. He also took his spaniel Skip who was trained to good behaviour when he accompanied his master to the trout stream.

Lady Lacklander consulted the diamond-encrusted watch which was pinned to her tremendous bosom and discovered that it was now seven o'clock.

She tilted her sketch and ran a faint green wash over the foreground. When it was partly dry she rose from her stool, tramped some distance away to the crest of a hillock, seated herself on her shooting-stick and contemplated her work through a lorgnette tricked out with diamonds. The shooting-stick sank beneath her in the soft meadowland so that the disc which was designed to check its descent was itself imbedded to the depth of several inches.

When Lady Lacklander returned to her easel she merely abandoned her shooting-stick, which remained in a vertical position and from a distance looked a little like a giant fungoid growth.

Sticking up above intervening hillocks and rushes it was observed over the top of his glasses by the long-sighted Mr. Phinn when, accompanied by Thomasina Twitchett, he came nearer to Bottom Bridge. Keeping on the right bank, he began to cast his fly in a somewhat mannered but adroit fashion over the waters most often frequented by the Old Un. Lady Lacklander, whose ears were as sharp as his, heard the whirr of his reel and, remaining invisible, was perfectly able to deduce the identity and movements of the angler.

At the same time, far above them on Watt's Hill, Colonel Cartarette, finding nobody but seven cats at home at Jacob's Cottage, walked round the house and, looking down into the little valley, at once spotted both Lady Lacklander and Mr. Phinn, like figures in Nurse Kettle's imaginary map, the one squatting on her camp

stool, the other in slow motion near Bottom Bridge.

"I've time to speak to him before I see her," thought the Colonel. "But I'll leave it here in case we don't meet." He posted his long envelope in Mr. Phinn's front door and then greatly troubled in spirit he made for the River Path and went down into the valley, the old spaniel Skip walking at his heels.

Nurse Kettle, looking through the drawing-room window at Uplands, caught sight of the Colonel before he disappeared beyond Commander Syce's spinney. She administered a final tattoo with the edges of her muscular hands on Commander Syce's lumbar muscles, and said: "There goes the Colonel for the evening rise. You wouldn't have stood that amount of punishment two days ago, would you?"

"No," a submerged voice said, "I suppose not. I hope you will give me the pleasure of joining me for a drink before you go."

"On duty?"

"Isn't it off duty, now?"

They had their drinks, looking at each other with an air of comradeship. Commander Syce, using a walking-stick and holding himself at an unusual angle, got out an album of photographs taken when he was on the active list in the navy. Nurse Kettle adored photographs and was genuinely interested in a long sequence of naval vessels, odd groups of officers, and views of seaports.

Presently she turned a page and discovered quite a dashing watercolor of a corvette and then an illustrated menu with lively little caricatures in the margin.

"You never did these yourself! You did! Well, aren't you the clever one!"

Without answering he produced a small portfolio which he silently thrust at her. It contained many more sketches.

Studying them, she came on one of a woman lying on a cane lounge smoking a cigarette in a jade holder. A bougainvillea flowered in the background.

"Why," Nurse Kettle ejaculated, "why, that's Mrs. Cartarette!"

If Syce had made some kind of movement to snatch the sketch from her he checked himself before it was completed. He said very rapidly: "Party. Met her Far East. Shore leave. Forgotten all about it."

"That would be before they were married, wouldn't it?" Nurse Kettle remarked as she rose to go.

Nurse Kettle had left her bicycle in the village, where she was spending the evening with the Women's Institute. She therefore took the River Path. Dusk had fallen over the valley of the Chyne and as she descended into it her own footfall sounded unnaturally loud on the firm turf. Thump, thump, thump she went, down the hillside.

She did not cross Bottom Bridge, but followed a rough path along the right bank of the Chyne, past a group of alders and another of willows.

As sometimes happens when we are solitary, she had the sensation of being observed, but she was not a fanciful woman and soon dismissed this feeling.

"It's turned much cooler," she thought.

A cry of mourning, intolerably loud, rose from beyond the willows and hung on the night air. A thrush whirled out of the thicket close to her face and the cry broke and wavered again. It was the howl of a dog.

She pushed through the thicket into an opening by the river and found the body of Colonel Cartarette with his spaniel Skip beside it, mourning him.

To be continued

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All along the quiet waterways they knew her, the dapple-grey mare who towed the painted boats. And her name was . . .

ROSE OF SHARON

BARRY PERKINS had been born to the painted boats, the painted pails, the hearts, the roses, and the castles. He was the only son of Ted and Mabel Perkins, who, like their own parents before them, had spent their leisurely lives up and down the intricate labyrinth of England's canals.

Barry first saw the light of day aboard a monkey boat, and before he was a year old he had travelled the length and breadth of the inland waterways in his floating home. There was little enough room for two in the cabin, much less for three, and Barry was hardly a boy before he moved back into the butty.

Rosie, the dapple-grey Clydesdale mare, hauled the monkey boat, and the butty trailed behind at the end of its tow-rope, the boy's sure hand at the tiller. So, until the war came, the little family carried their slow cargoes along quiet waters from clanging town to clanging town.

Barry Perkins didn't wait for his call-up. He joined the Army right away. Royal Army Service Corps, Water Transport Section. He was a sergeant within weeks. Then, to his parents' mingled pride and dismay, he was given a commission.

Ted Perkins shook his head. Mabel's boy an officer! Next thing he'd be expecting his dad to put on a collar and tie for his dinner.

Captain Barry Perkins landed in France on D-Day, was wounded and taken prisoner. No word was heard of him for many anxious months. Then

Barry's letter in his hand, to where Rosie cropped the sweet grass by the canal's edge. Rosie's real name, her grand name, was Rose of Sharon, but Rosie she had become the first day she had stepped on the tow-path, ten years ago.

She was a stocky mare, just under seventeen hands, with a skin like shot silk. Her legs were short, with white plumed fetlocks, and her body was as big as her heart. There was a mutual affection and understanding between Rosie and her owners that amounted to love.

As Ted Perkins stopped, Rosie raised her head. "Well, old girl," Ted said, "I've heard from the boy again. Says he's all right and sends you his love, all the way from Germany. Daresay he'll be coming home soon, so keep hoping, old girl."

Neither Ted nor Mabel ever believed that Barry would come back to the boats for good, not after being an army officer and seeing France and Germany and foreign places. But they were wrong. He returned from the war, limping a little. It was as if he'd never been away. He handled the tiller with his old instinctive skill, and he had a warm word for all his old friends at the locks.

His father said to him one evening: "I suppose you'll be getting a posh office job—one of these days, son."

"No, Dad. I don't want an office job."

Barry explained why, using words that Ted and Mabel only half understood. They must remember

An enchanting complete novel
by JERRARD TICKELL

his first letter arrived from Germany. He had been operated upon in hospital; he was well, but would always walk with a slight limp.

The glad news that he was safe was spread about. Another letter came in. His limp was slowly getting better. Could they please send him a book on bird-watching? He longed to come back, back to the painted monkey boats and the butty. He sent his love to Rosie.

"Fancy him remembering Rosie!"

Ted Perkins stepped ashore and walked heavily,

that he had been a prisoner, a man held behind barbed wire, walking a compound for weary months after weary months, looking up at the only changing thing in a changeless existence, the sky. After that, more than anything else, he wanted freedom—and freedom was not to be found at an office desk or between the walls of a factory. He would be well content to spend the rest of his life on the waterways of England.

"There's so much to see," he said apologetically. Birds in the air, flirting, singing, swooping, fish in the green water, roach, bream, perch; cattle in the fields; moorhens in the reeds; decent pay and a snug home.

"That's funny talk for a young man with his life before him," said Ted Perkins to Mabel. "I wouldn't be sorry if he had a young lady, straight, I wouldn't. He's too much by himself."

"Maybe he'll find one, one of these days."

It took Barry a long time to find his young lady . . .

Cathleen Conroy was an export of County Kerry. Her hair was a rich red, her eyes sea-blue, and she had a skin like milk. She was a nurse in a hospital a few fields away from a lock on the canal, Cloverbourne lock.

One night, at a half-crown dance in the village hall, she met a quiet, soft-speaking man called Barry Perkins. He didn't dance well because of his limp, so he and Cathleen sat out and talked. At the end of the evening he went back to his butty; and she, pensively, to her hospital.

Neither of them forgot the other; and that was why, on his next journey from Southall to Birmingham, Barry Perkins stepped ashore at Cloverbourne and purposefully made his way across the fields to the hospital.

"Could I please speak to Nurse Conroy?" he asked.

The little waiting-room smelled of disinfectant and floor polish. Soon a starched, tremulous Nurse Conroy arrived. She pretended to be astonished at his visit. She told Barry untruthfully that she'd never expected to see him again in her life; that he'd no right to come to the hospital; that the matron was a holy devil; that

Continued overleaf

Romance began for Barry and Cathleen the night they met at a dance in the village hall.



SPECIAL HOLIDAY READING—COMPLETE NOVEL

she wasn't free until six o'clock, and that her hair looked a fright.

He took her to supper in a cafe in the village and asked her if she'd like to go to the pictures. Ah, no, she'd seen the big film already—but she'd never seen a canal boat.

The fields were dim in the spring dusk. Cathleen was introduced to Ted and Mabel Perkins—and to Rosie. She laid her cool hand on the mare's silken muzzle and talked to her softly, and Barry said, "Rosie likes you," and she said, "I like Rosie, too."

Then they went back to the butty that was Barry's home. She examined with delight the pictures, hearts, castles, and roses, she admired the gleaming brasses, the range, the cups and saucers and plates, the way the bed let down, the snowy towels, the cupboard with their shining store.

"And do you live here all by yourself?" she asked Barry.

"I do."

"With no one but a dapple-grey mare to talk to?"

He smiled. "At least Rosie never argues—even though her dam was Irish-bred. And anyway I don't suppose I'll have her to talk to for much longer. These boats are to be converted for diesel engines, and when that happens Rosie'll have to go."

"Your parents won't like that, Barry."

"No. But it's one of those things. Dad will make sure she goes to a good home. You see, Cathleen, the truth is that Rosie and her kind are doomed. An engine does the work of many strong horses and you don't have to bed it down at night with a hot bran mash."

He went on to speak of the ever-quickening tempo of industrial movement, and how it must be keyed to the speed of machinery and not to that of muscle. Worst crime of all, horses impeded the mechanised flow of traffic that was essential to a bustling world.

Cathleen listened with detachment. Then she said challengingly, out of nothing: "Tell me, Barry, have you no ambition in you at all?"

"Come and sit on the roof and I'll tell you."

"That's a nice thing, to ask me to sit on the roof. What do you think I am, a witch, or a banshee, or what?"

"I'm not sure—yet."

They sat on the roof of the cabin and talked, while the midges danced over the water and the only sound was that of Rosie tearing the grass and the occasional plip-plop of a fish rising. Cathleen told him about her childhood in Ireland, the pet goat that she used to take to school with her, and her brother in the Irish Guards. Barry told her about the canals of England, how he had joined the Army, was wounded, and taken prisoner.

"When you're a prisoner of war," he said musingly, "you look at everything from three points of view. The first is, can you eat it? The second, can you burn it? The third, can you trade it for something else?"

"What would you do with me?" she said daringly.

He turned to her. "Eat you."

"Oh." She looked at her watch, peering at it in the dusk, and gave a gasp. "I'll have to run the whole way back to the hospital, so don't come with me." Before she jumped ashore she had a quick, measuring glance into the cabin again.

He stood facing her on the tow-path, and she had a moment of sheer panic when she thought he was going to kiss her.

He didn't. Hurrying over the

moonlit fields, she wished he had

Spring turned into summer, and when the sun rose on a golden July morning, Ted Perkins and his wife, Mabel, knew that this was going to be the most momentous day of their simple lives. It was to be a day of sorrow and of joy. Rosie was leaving the family and Cathleen was coming into it.

Mr. Morgan, the farmer at Copley, was waiting to take over the mare at the canal depot, and he had undertaken to put her to the plough. From all reports, Mr. Morgan was a decent man—though rather addicted to the bottle—and a friend of Ted Perkins, who had had a quiet squint at the stable where Rosie would live, had reported that it was clean and dry if a little small.

Even if £40 was a low price for the mare, she was going to a good home. And once the sadness of parting with Rosie was over, there was joy to follow. Five locks down from Copley, the bells would ring gaily over the fields of Cloverbourne for the wedding of Barry Perkins to the lively, spirited, red-haired Cathleen Conroy.

When they came to Copley, Mabel Perkins wouldn't come ashore until the very last moment. The craft that had been her home for so long lay alongside the other barges destined either for conversion or for breaking up.

The weather had got at the older ones, opening their seams, rotting their tarpaulins, corroding the once bright brass, beating every vestige of color from the hearts, the roses, and the castles that had been their pride. Though never an imaginative woman, it occurred to Mabel that her home had entered the family vault at long last.

Ted made the monkey boat and the butty fast and stepped ashore. He unhitched the tow-rope from the bar of Rosie's traces, and took the big basket of oats from the side of her collar. She sniffed at it as he slung it over her head. She began to munch. He frowned and absently put his hand on her sweating flank as he turned and walked heavily back to the butty for breakfast.

Husband and wife ate in silence. They had talked so much about this day that now there was nothing left to say.

When Ted had finished, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'd better be getting along now," he said.

"Yes, you'd better. Did Mr. Morgan say anything about the harness?"

"Said he didn't want it."

"Might get something for it at Southall. It's good harness, so it is," she said with a touch of defiance. "We'll take it with us in the new motor-boat."

"All right. Well, I'd better be getting along. Do you want to come?"

"Me? No. Don't forget to tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, Ted."

"I won't."

He climbed ashore, stepping sure-footed over the boats. As he took off Rosie's harness his wife watched him. Her face was curiously set, and her eyes watched every movement of his hands.

He put a rope halter over the mare's handsome head and gave a gentle tug. "Off we go, old girl."

Rosie stepped out strongly over the cobbles. Just as man and mare were about to pass the dock gates, Ted heard a call from the butty and turned round.

Mabel had her hands cupped to her mouth. "Don't forget the apples and the sugar, Ted," she called.

"I won't."

"And don't be too long away, Ted."

"I won't."

Suddenly she went into the cabin of the butty. Her husband heard the wooden doors slam. He shook his head and pursed his lips. Then he continued his walk up into the town, with the slow gait of an old man.

Mr. Morgan, the farmer, was a burly, red-faced, jovial man in a leather-patched tweed coat and a dusty bowler hat. He shook hands with Ted Perkins and walked around Rosie, examining her critically, taking pleasure in the sight of his new possession.

"Well, Mr. Perkins, she doesn't look too bad."

"She's in good shape, Mr. Morgan. Sorry to part with her, we both are, the missus and me."

"Never mind, Mr. Perkins. She's going to a good home. Best of everything she'll get. What did you say her name was again?"

Ted Perkins shifted his feet apologetically. "Well, her real name's Rose of Sharon, from the Bible, I think it is. But we call her Rosie."

"Rose of Sharon was a woman, not a mare, so Rosie will do for me. How much did I say I'd give you for her?"

"Forty pound."

"It's a lot of money, Mr. Perkins." The farmer raised a tentative eyebrow.

"I'll take no less," said Ted Perkins doggedly, "for you and me both."



ROSIE

know that she's worth more than that. But seeing as she's going to a good home—

"All right, Mr. Perkins, all right, we won't quarrel over a quid or two. They tell me your boy Barry is getting married today."

"That's right."

"And you're taking on a motor-boat."

"That's right."

"Well, best of luck to both of you. Big day this for you, Mr. Perkins."

"That's right."

The farmer put his hand into the pocket of his shabby tweed coat and pulled out a bulging wallet. From a thick bundle of £1 notes he peeled off forty, counting them expertly.

Ted Perkins stored the money in his clothes. He shuffled his boots and said with some embarrassment: "Mabel said, that is, the missus says I'm to tell you that Rosie is used to a pound of apples of a Sunday and a handful of sugar."

"And very nice, too," said Mr. Morgan humorously. "What does

she have on Christmas Day? Nice bottle of port wine and a slice of turkey? Now, Mr. Perkins, you tell your missus not to bother her head about the mare. She'll get all the oats, bran, chaff, and clover she can eat." He pulled out a vast watch. "Opening time. Care to celebrate the deal with a pint?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Morgan. I'll be getting back to Mabel now. I don't think she likes parting with Rosie. Proper upset, she is. And we've got to take over the new boats, so I'll be getting back."

He looked at Rosie, who was watching him with curiosity. He patted her neck. He said gruffly: "Well, look after yourself, old girl."

He turned and walked away, stepping more quickly now that he was alone. Rosie swung her head round to watch him go. She fidgeted and tossed her head and made as if to follow. But Mr. Morgan's hand was fast on the halter and she backed away from him. He gave a strong pull on the rope and the mare threw up her head. His genial mouth hardened. He said warningly, "One of us two is going to be master and that's going to be me. You just come along of me and no tricks."

By now Ted Perkins was out of sight. Mr. Morgan slapped Rosie sharply but not unkindly on the flank with his open hand. She started back and there was the flash of the white of fear at the rims of her eyes.

Unwillingly, incomprehendingly, she allowed herself to be led into the cobbled backyard of The Three Pigeons. Mr. Morgan tied her tightly and with a practised knot to a wooden rail.

Some time later, back at the lock, Mabel Perkins turned to her husband. "Ted—" she said.

"Yes, Mabel?"

"You did tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And what did he say?"

"Said he'd remember. Come up and have another look at the new boats."

The motor-boat and its butty were all and more than a waterman could want. Each of the craft was seventy-two feet long with a seven foot beam and, under their new tarpaulins, they were loaded with forty-seven tons of copper in slabs.

Couldn't be better; a clean cargo in clean boats. But it was the design of the living space in the butty that was Ted's pride. Remembering how cramped he and Mabel had been, he'd planned something better for Barry and Cathleen and had seen that it was carried out.

Instead of only one cabin, there were two. There was the roomy one where the bed let down and the stove and the cupboards were. Beyond it, taking up six feet of the normal cargo space, was another cabin, a little separate lock-up of a cabin.

"Almost like being in a two-roomed flat, isn't it, Ted?"

"I dunno. Never lived in a two-roomed flat."

"Anyway, it's more room than we had when we began, Ted."

"Too true, Mabel. They'll be snug in here, all right."

Mabel was silent a moment. Then she said, "What did you say Mr. Morgan said when you told him about the apples and the—"

Ted Perkins' face suddenly flushed. "Listen," he said loudly, "why the devil can't you stop thinking about Rosie? This is your own son's wedding day."

Mabel bridled. "I'm trying to stop thinking about her," she retorted. "And don't you use that sort of language to me, Ted Perkins."

"Oh, all right, all right. I didn't mean to speak out of turn."

"Then why did you say it?" Her lips began to quiver. "I only asked you what Mr. Morgan said when you told him about the—"

"I told you what he said, didn't I? And will you, for heaven's sake, stop talking to me about Rosie? Anyone 'ud think you was the only one missing her." He moved away from her. "I'm going up now on the motor-boat and we'll cast off. Don't want to be late for the wedding, Rosie or no Rosie."

Mabel followed. "Are you sure you're all right to drive a motor-boat, Ted?"

"Course I am," he said gruffly. "I driven 'em before. You only get two ways of going, forward and astern, so you can't go wrong."

She caught up with him and touched his arm gently. "I got you a flower for your coat, for the wedding, Ted," she said timidly. "You can wear it when you change your suit."

He gave a short, embarrassed gasp of laughter. "Me with a flower in me buttonhole! That's nice, that is."

"You wore one the day we was married."

"That's right. So I did." He hesitated. "I did tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, Mabel. I told him special, and he said he'd remember."

"You don't think he'll forget, do you, Ted?"

"No. He'll look after her all right."

He walked forward along the butty and stepped on board the motor-boat. He started the diesel, listening to the unfamiliar plop-plop of the engine and frowning at the spurts of smoke that drifted into his nostrils.

Proper stink they made. He'd sooner have Rosie. Never mind. Got to keep up with the times.

He looked aft, saw that Mabel was ready at the tiller of the butty, jerked up his thumb. Then, somewhat cautiously, he coaxed the motor-boat's bow through the motionless barges and out into the middle of the canal.

Four locks to go to Cloverbourne.

The canal flowed on its unhurried way to London. There, within the sunny spaces of Regent's Park, two events were taking place which were to have a profound effect on the lives of Barry Perkins and the girl who was about to become his bride.

These two same events—seemingly unrelated—were also to concern the fate of Rose of Sharon, dapple-grey, plume-footed mare, the recently acquired property of Mr. Morgan the farmer at Copley.

Miles Flood, R.A., had been an eccentric for so many of his sixty years that most people nowadays made allowances for him. This tolerance drove him to such fury that he had come to believe that all humanity was joined together in an unspoken conspiracy subtly to deprive him of what he considered to be his rights.

The most extraordinary thing about Miles Flood was that his work, in pencil, crayon, water color, or oil, had a delicacy, a sweetness, a tenderness that was wholly at variance with his violence, his ill-temper, and his resentment against authority in any form.

For some weeks now Flood had been pestering his doctor unmercifully. The skill seemed to have mysteriously fled from his fingers and he could no longer draw the horses that he loved. Racehorses, hacks, cobs, ponies, these were the creatures that his pencil used to fill with grace and fire, transformed them. But he could draw no more, and it was in an attempt to restore

"ROSE OF SHARON," by Jerrard Tickell

his lost craftsmanship that he had at last, on his doctor's advice, made arrangements to spend a day or two on the inland waterways of England.

In his Nash house overlooking Regent's Park he cursed his patient housekeeper as he flung clothes into a suitcase. Nice thing, at this time of life, to be told to lead the life of a bargee.

"Where the blazes are my cuff-links," he shouted. "Not those ones, you Hecuba—the other ones; the ones given to me by that African king, the one whose daughter I painted . . ."

On that same sunny noon, not a quarter of a mile away from Miles Flood's house, Doug Montgomery and his sister Glad climbed through a hole in the wire that protected the tow-path of another section of the canal, the section that flowed through Regent's Park, by the Zoo.

Doug, who was eight years old, carried the fishing tackle, which consisted of a butterfly net, Glad, a skimpy six, was allowed to carry the creel, which was an empty jam jar. The pair, having made sure that they were unobserved, settled down under the shelter of the footbridge opposite Ormond Terrace and began to fish.

Results came slowly. Two minnows and a stickleback were a poor reward for thirty minutes' fishing, and brother and sister were deciding to try another beat when a strange thing happened.

They heard the hum of a car's engine on the road and the screech of brakes, and then the sound of running footsteps on the bridge. A second later they saw a revolver come sailing through the air, thrown from the bridge, and saw it fall with a loud plop into the canal.

They saw it distinctly as it spun through the air, and they saw the splash and the ripples and the bubbles that wavered on the surface. Doug looked solemnly at his sister. "See that, Glad?" he said.

"Yes."

"That was a gun."

"Cool."

"Gangsters," said Doug succinctly. "We'd better scram."

"All right, Doug."

"And don't talk."

"All right, Doug."

"Swear you won't talk. Because if you was to talk, the gangsters'd cut your throat."

"Right. Come on."

The children crawled back through the hole in the wire and made their way to a less disturbed section of the canal.

Outside the ancient grey church at Cloverbourne, two lines of excited nurses from the hospital waited with their hands full of confetti. The sun shone brilliantly, and the rooks were caw-cawing in the elms.

The sound of the organ pealed in the rafters, the church bells swung and rung. Forward crowded the nurses. The church doors were flung open by the smiling verger and Barry and Cathleen stepped into the sunshine. Her arm was in the crook of his arm and their fingers were woven tightly.

Bim-bam-bom, bim-bam-bom went the bells and the confetti showered on them like blossoms in an April wind, while the village photographer hopped in and out and about the old tombstones and exclaimed despairingly: "Ladies and gentlemen, make way, if you please. Just one moment, sir. Hold it. Thank you, sir. And now just one more. Now, sir, if you and your good lady can manage a little smile . . ."

You and your good lady, Barry looked at Cathleen, a radiant, laughing Cathleen, and his heart missed

a beat. She was his good lady, now and forever. No longer was she Cathleen Conroy, but Mrs. Barry Perkins, his good lady.

So buoyant was his step and so light his heart that the limp was banished from his wounded limb and he walked like an athlete, smiling at the nurses, brushing the confetti out of his hair, as happy as a king.

"Pray silence for the father of the groom . . ." Ted Perkins put down his pint of old and mild and wiped his mouth. He had changed into his brand-new suit of blue serge, with a very tall stiff collar from which the knot of his tie had wandered. In his buttonhole, in a little metal holder, was his white carnation and asparagus fern.

He cleared his throat.

"My friends," he said. "This has been a queer sort of day for Mabel and me—for the missus and me. We lost a mare an' we gained a filly. We lost Rosie an' we gained Cathleen here."

There was a roar of laughter. Ted brushed his hand over his eyes. "Said that way, I suppose it's funny-like," he went on. "I'd laugh meself if it wasn't me as was saying it. But me and Mabel was proper sorry to part with Rosie, and if there's one thing that's going to make this day right, it's knowing that Cathleen here's going to be with us from now on. I thank you, one and all."

Somebody was deputed to read the telegrams out. They were full of love and good wishes with many a sly joke.

As he opened the fifth, the reader frowned and scratched his head. Then he said slowly: "This one's a rum go. Can't understand it."

"Read it out, George."

"Well, it's addressed to Perkins, Copley Junction, Herts, and it says: 'Confirm arriving eight o'clock to-night, stop. Require light vegetarian supper only, stop. Look forward to meeting your therapeutic horse.' And it's signed 'Miles Flood.'"

"Do you know anyone called 'Miles Flood,' Barry?" Cathleen asked.

"No, darling," Barry said. "But wait a minute—I do know the name." He rubbed his chin. "Ah, got it! He's the loony artist, the one who always paints horses. He's the chap who paid fifty guineas for a futurist drawing of the Derby and made a public bonfire of it in the courtyard of the Royal Academy—as a protest, he said, against an insult to the noblest of animals."

"Maybe," said Ted Perkins heavily, "he's not so loony as you think. But what sort of a horse did he say he was looking forward to meeting?"

"A 'therapeutic' one."

Ted frowned. "There's fillies and there's colts," he said. "There's stallions, there's geldings, and there's mares. There's Rosie, as game a mare as ever stepped, God bless 'er." He blinked. "But this there . . . therapeutic-it-is, that's a sort of a horse I never heard of."

Cathleen laughed. "Good thing you've got a nurse for a daughter-in-law, Mr. Perkins. That's something I can tell you. It means something that's going to help a cure."

"But why should he send a wire to us?" Barry shook his head. "Must be a mistake. Read the next one, George."

George read the remaining telegrams. Then somebody sat down at the piano, and somebody else brought out an accordion. The strains of "The Blue Danube" surged through the applause, setting the young men and the girls dancing. The landlord brought in a tray heavy with pints of old and mild for the gentlemen and little glasses of port and gin and lime for the ladies.

It was just on closing time in The Three Pigeons at Copley, where Mr. Morgan the farmer had not only had an agreeable morning but had also done a nice bit of business. He'd sold Rose of Sharon at a profit.

At twelve fifteen, just as he was thinking of taking the mare home, who had come in but old Foxy Williams, the general dealer. They'd had a few whiskies together, for



TED PERKINS

Foxy wasn't one for beer. Always went for spirits.

"That's not a bad-looking mare you got in the yard, Mr. Morgan," he said easily. "How old would she be now?"

"Six," said Mr. Morgan promptly.

"Hm," said Foxy Williams. "I took the liberty of having a look at her teeth coming in. Whoever told you she was six was having you on, Mr. Morgan. She's rising eleven or twelve. But she's not bad-looking for her age," he said tolerantly. "Not bad at all. Thinking of selling her?"

"No," said Mr. Morgan. "I'm not. A hundred quid wouldn't buy that mare. Not a hundred quid. Drop of whisky, Mr. Williams?"

"I don't mind if I do. If ever you change your mind about the mare, let me know. I might go up to fifty."

"Fifty! For a Clydesdale the like of . . . of . . . what's her name now? Oh yes, Rose of Sharon, but they call her Rosie." Morgan laughed his genial laugh.

"No, Mr. Williams, I wouldn't take a penny under a hundred quid. But I'll tell you what I have got that might interest you. There's a field of roots of mine that only wants lifting. Going cheap they are, the roots . . ."

Foxy Williams didn't want the roots, but he did want the mare. In the end, he got her for £52/10/.

"Leave her where she is, Mr. Morgan," he said. "I'll pick her up on my way home this evening. I take it she's been fed?"

"Naturally she's been fed," said Mr. Morgan. He was well pleased with his morning and he added humorously: "Don't forget that she's very fussy. Used to a pound of onions and a bottle of port wine of a Sunday."

The two gentlemen stood each other one for the road, and by then it was closing time.

When the last customer had gone, the barman began to tidy up. When he had washed up the glasses, he collected the litter, cigarette butts and empty packets, into a pile. He opened the door to sweep the refuse into the yard, and saw the big dapple-grey tied to the wooden rail, standing in hopeless patience in the blazing sunshine.

Though he was a Londoner who knew little about horses, he sensed her discomfort. It couldn't be right to leave a horse all day in the sun like that.

He put down his broom and nervously untied the knot in the rope. He led her slowly into the shade and tied her to the wheel of a broken farm cart. There were chickens roosting on the cart and he shoosed them away.

Then he stood back and looked at the mare. She was sweating a little. Maybe she could do with a drink. He filled a bucket with cold water from the pump and gave it to her. She sniffed at the water and drank greedily. When the bucket was drained, he refilled it and again she drank.

He felt he'd like to give her a bite to eat, but he didn't know what horses ate. Perhaps she'd like an apple. An apple couldn't do her any harm. He went into the kitchen and took the biggest apple he could find and brought it out to her. She ate it avidly.

"Bimey," he said. "I'd rather keep you for a day than a month."

Later, down in the basin below the town, a canal barge hooted and Rosie swung her head round and pricked up her ears as if she were listening to a sweet, remembered sound. But the canal boat went on its way, and there was only the clucking of the chickens and the rhythmic rumble of the barman snoring in the parlor . . .

Now the time had come for Cathleen Perkins to change out of her shimmering white dress, for soon the nurses would be going back to the hospital and she would be going to her new home.

She slipped away when she thought no one was looking, but as she glanced back at the dancers she caught a glimpse of Barry, her husband. He was looking directly at her, and for no good reason that she could think of at the moment, she was overcome with embarrassment.

Now that was a silly thing to be, for here she was, an old married woman, married for nearly five hours—well call it four and three-quarters anyway—so what was she doing blushing at the sight of a man and he her own wedded husband?

She fled upstairs and began to change, stopping every now and then to gaze with a sense of incredulity at the plain gold ring on her finger.

When she was ready and her suitcase was packed, she came shyly downstairs in her new tweed skirt and linen blouse. The next few minutes passed in a sort of daze. There were smiling faces to be kissed—even the matron unbent to proffer a marble cheek. There was talk and laughter and singing.

"I hope you're able to swim, Cathleen . . ." "If you mess up his breakfast, he'll make you walk the plank . . ." "Don't forget to bring me back a parrot." . . . "Now, all together, boys—A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep" . . .

More confetti in her hair, more handshakes, more kisses—and then she and Barry were by themselves, walking side by side across the fields to the canal.

Someone had tied an old shoe to the stern of the barge and chalked the words "Just married" on the hull. Cathleen vanished into the cabin and began to unpack. She saw that Mabel Perkins—her mother-in-law—had put a big bunch of roses on the shelf and that everything was already prepared for supper. Her own life as a housewife

would begin tomorrow morning when she would cook breakfast.

"I'll go up and say good-night to Dad and Mum, Cath," Barry said.

"All right, darling."

He kissed her tenderly. "Did you get supper ready?"

"Your mother did that. But I'll do it tomorrow night, I promise. I've been reading books about cooking."

"And breakfast in the morning?"

"And breakfast, too. Go on up now and see your parents."

He jumped ashore and walked to the motor-boat. His parents were in the stern. He said awkwardly, "Thanks for doing the supper, Mum."

"I was glad to. All settled in?"

"Yes. All settled in."

Ted Perkins looked up. He said, "I've lengthened the tow-rope to a hundred feet, son, so it'll be like being on your own, you and Cathleen. And I thought we'd lie up tonight beyond the lock at Keatsfield . . . Then Mum and me's going to the pictures, so we won't see you till tomorrow morning."

"All right, Dad. Cathleen looked lovely at the wedding, didn't she?"

"You're a lucky man, son."

"Don't I know it. Well, good-night, Dad."

"Good-night, son."

"Good-night, Mum. Thanks again."

"Good-night, Barry." She hesitated. "And God bless both of you."

"He's blessed me already."

He turned and went back to the barge and climbed aboard. Cathleen had put a colored scarf over her hair, and she smiled at him. He said huskily, "You look very pretty . . . Mrs. Perkins." He grinned at her, sharing a private joke. "If I may make so bold."

"You're not bad-looking yourself . . . Mr. Perkins. If I . . . may make so bold."

He put his arm around her waist and his free hand on the rudder. She covered his hand with her own, snuggling into the crook of his arm. Already the diesel engine in the motor-boat was throbbing and it was moving slowly away from them. The long tow-rope uncoiled and splashed into the water, trailing, and then it was drawn out of the water, sprinkling the rippling surface of the canal with a million multi-colored drops.

It tightened and twisted and became taut, and the barge gave an almost imperceptible jerk and moved forward, gliding easily between the fields of ripening corn and the green pastures where the cattle looked up lazily to see them pass.

At the end of the six o'clock news that evening, the following announcement was made on the Home Service of the B.B.C.:

"An attempted hold-up took place at midday today at a bank at Swiss Cottage, London. Three men were involved, and a shot was fired at a mounted police officer who tried to intercept the men as they made off in a waiting car. Later, three men were detained. An intensive search is being made for the revolver with which the shot was fired."

Doug Montgomery, diminutive Regent's Park angler, turned off the wireless and looked with terror-stricken eyes at his sister, Glad.

A few minutes later, brother and sister slipped out by the back door and made for the telephone kiosk on the corner. Even with the added height given by all the telephone books placed one on top of the other on the floor, Doug still had difficulty in reaching the telephone. With a shaking finger he dialled 999 and asked for Police.

"Listen, Mister," he said breathlessly when he got through, "me and

Continued overleaf

SPECIAL HOLIDAY READING—COMPLETE NOVEL

me sister was fishing in the canal when the gangsters did the stick-up at Swiss Cottage. Threw the gun in the canal, they did, beyond the bridge where we was fishing, the one with a hole in the wire where you get into the Zoo for nothing. That's where they threw it and goodbye, and we're not talking any more, my sister and me. . . .

"Hold on a minute, sonny. What's your name and where are you—"

But Doug and Glad had gone. Within a matter of minutes, Scotland Yard was on the telephone to Thames Division, Metropolitan Police.

"Hullo, Superintendent, please."

"Superintendent speaking."

"About the Swiss Cottage job. We've had a tip-off that the revolver was thrown into the Zoo section of the Regent's Canal. Can you send a dragging team? All right, Super, all right. What are you complaining about? Bring your bikini with you. Lovely weather for a swim. . . ."

It was a few minutes after six o'clock when Foxy Williams, the general dealer, returned to The Three Pigeons at Copley to fetch his new purchase. As he came in, the barman turned off the wireless.

"Been another hold-up in London, Mr. Williams," he said. "Three blokes in it. One of them shot at a policeman." He sighed. "Wish I was back in London. There's always a bit of fun going on in London. By the way, I gave that horse of yours a bucket of water and something to eat."

"Oh, that was kind of you," said Mr. Williams in his lilting Welsh sing-song. "Here is a sixpence for yourself. Well, I'll be taking her away now. You say she's had something to eat?"

"Sure, Mr. Williams. She's had a mouthful—and I moved her into the shade."

"That was kind of you, too."

He went out into the cobbled yard. Rose of Sharon was still tied to the wheel of the farm cart and, as he approached her, he saw that her head was down a little and that she looked tired. The chickens were picking, unafraid, around her hoofs, sure that no kick remained in those patient muscles.

When she heard Mr. Williams' step she glanced at him out of the heel of her eye and she became aware of him, aware of a stranger.

This was not the human being who had smartly smacked her flank. It was not the human being from whom she had received the first smack in her tranquil life. But if one strange hand could smack, so could another.

She pulled hard at her rope, trying to get away. He untied the knot and pulled roughly at her mouth. She threw up her head, wrenching his arm.

His eyes narrowed. Deliberately he transferred the rope from his right hand to his left. He took his ash stick and hit her a resounding blow across the rump. The mare reared up, her forelegs thrashing, striking a shower of sparks as she came down on the cobbles.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said Mr. Williams thickly. "Come quietly now and no more tricks."

Nearly an hour later, Rosie was led into an outhouse where the door hung on one hinge. Mr. Williams tied her to an iron rail. Then he went to call his wife, Clynia.

She came out from the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron. She was a woman with a slack figure and hard eyes and she ran her critical glance over the mare.

"She's not bad, Dai. How much did you give for her?"

"Fifty-two pounds ten shillings." "It's a terrible lot of money. What's her name?"

"Rose of Sharon."

"Oh, Dai, that's a good name, a holy name. That's a name from the Bible, from the Song of Songs." She began to croon, her eyelids drooping like two bits of dirty sticking-plaster, her thin body swaying.

"I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys . . . the voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." The sticking-plaster eyelids flicked upwards, revealing eyes the color of slate. "Has she had anything to eat?"

"Yes. The barman at The Three Pigeons fed her."

"Good. We couldn't afford to feed her with oats the price they are. Tomorrow, if the gipsies are buying at the fair, we should make a profit. With a name like hers we shall surely be blessed. We are sure to make a nice profit."

At Keatsfield Station, a mile and more across the fields from the lock, a very irascible old gentleman climbed out of a first-class compartment of the London train. He had difficulty with his suitcases and painting equipment, and shouted angrily at the solitary uniformed man on the platform.

"Hi, you, porter. Come here and help me with my luggage, curse you."

"Who?"

"You, Porter."

"I'm the stationmaster."

"Well, where the devil's the porter?"

"There isn't any porter."

"Well, get me a taxi then."

"There isn't any taxi."

It took Miles Flood half an hour of argument, explanation, and threat before his luggage was locked in the stationmaster's office and he set off fuming in search of the Perkins' barge.

The church clock over the fields was chiming the quarter and Keatsfield lock was a good quarter of a mile astern when Ted Perkins steered the motor-boat into the reeds and cut off the diesel.

In the quiet that followed, Barry heard the rattle of the key in the lock of the cabin, and then the retreating sound of footsteps as his parents made their way to a cinema.

This was the first moment when Barry and Cathleen were really alone together, and now they were very shy of each other. Sounds hitherto unnoticed came to Cathleen's ears and it seemed that the twilight was full of movement.

She heard water rippling past, she heard a fish jump, she heard the wind in the reeds. She said in a whisper: "It's quite still, Barry, and yet I can hear the wind."

"So can I. Do you know what the wind says in the reeds?"

"No. Do you?"

"It says: 'Midas has ass's ears.'"

She shut her eyes. She was deeply content to wait, to listen with joy to her husband's quiet voice.

"How do you know it says that?"

"Everybody knows the story about King Midas."

"I don't. Tell me."

"Oh, once upon a time there was a greedy king called Midas, so they decided to punish him by giving him ass's ears."

"Who decided to punish him? Who's they?"

"Don't interrupt or I won't tell you the rest. He woke up one morning and there they were, long and grey and covered with hair. So that no one would know that he had ass's ears, he designed a hat to hide them, and made everybody in the kingdom wear the same sort of hat. So nobody knew—until he had to have his hair cut."

"He swore the barber to secrecy,

but the barber simply had to tell somebody or something, so he went into the fields, to the edge of a river, and he lay down on the bank and whispered into the reeds: 'Midas has ass's ears,' and the reeds have been saying it ever since, repeating it over and over again when the wind stirs them. That's all."

"Do you know a lot of stories like that, Barry?"

"Plenty. I used to read them when I was a prisoner of war and then tell them back to myself."

She gave a great sigh. Unaccountably, in the last moment, her mood had changed, for time was not standing still and this was her wedding night.

She said with what she hoped was the resigned air of an experienced housewife: "Supper's ready, Barry."

"It's an odd thing, but I'm not terribly hungry."

"Neither am I. And I've had next to nothing to eat all day. Queer, isn't it?"

"It's a cold supper. We could always eat it . . . later."

"Yes. That's true. Or even tomorrow."

"Or even tomorrow. Let's not bother about supper, Cath."

She put her hand in his. "All right, darling." She swallowed. "I'll clear it all away while you smoke a cigarette on the roof."

She disappeared into the cabin. As she had told him to do, he lit a cigarette, flipping the still burning match into the water, where it fell with a little hiss. From the cabin he heard sounds: the rattle of plates and the jingle of knives and forks, the opening and shutting of a drawer, the folding up of the table, the letting down of their bed, the straightening of bedclothes and the patting of pillows, the faint rustle of her own clothes as she tried to undress in silence.

Then there was silence, complete silence, and he knew with great tenderness that she must be saying her prayers. That took a long time. He heard her rise from her knees and get into bed, doing it as quietly as she could. With a sense of wonder, he knew that the time had come for him to join Cath, to join his wife.

He stood up, straightening his broad shoulders, and looked up at the summer sky bright with stars. He was just turning to open the door of the cabin when he heard the crunch of feet on the tow-path. He listened intently as the steps came nearer. He peered into the dusk and saw a dim figure, the figure of a man. The man stopped by the stern of the butty, breathing heavily. He barked in the silence, "Is there anybody there?"

"Yes. There is somebody here. What do you want?"

"Are you the bargee? Your name Perkins?"

"My name is Barry Perkins and I am in charge of this boat. Who are you and what do you want?"

"What do I want? I've walked two miles to find you and you have the confounded nerve to ask me what I want. My name's Miles Flood and I'm coming to London with you. Dammit, man, I took the trouble to send you a telegram."

"You're coming to London with us?"

"Yes. I am—coming—to London—with—you. Is that clear? Here, read this." He thrust a sheet of paper into Barry's hand.

It was too dark to read. Barry said sharply, "Wait. I'll get a torch."

He opened the cabin door. Cath was sitting up in bed, wide-eyed. She said in a frightened voice, "What is it, darling?"

And he said, "Some frightful mistake. Don't worry, dearest."

He stepped out of the cabin, clos-

ing the door behind him, and flashed the torch on the sheet of paper:

BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION

Arrangements have been made for Miles Flood, R.A., to be taken on board the pair of boats at Keatsfield and transported to London. Mr. Flood, who is undertaking this journey on medical



MILES FLOOD

advice, should be offered every courtesy and assistance.

Barry looked at the figure on the tow-path. He folded up the sheet of paper and handed it back in silence.

"Simple, the whole thing. Told you I was Miles Flood. Don't suppose you've ever heard of me. I paint. Horses mostly. My doctor, a fool, said I'd been overworking. Needed a rest, he said. Didn't believe a word of it till I found I'd lost the knack of painting horses, I mean. Couldn't even draw them any more. Went back to the vet. He fixed up this trip for me. Therapeutic, he said. So out of my way. I'm coming aboard."

Barry said quietly, "I'm sorry, sir. You can't come aboard."

"Can't come aboard! Can you read?"

Keeping his temper with difficulty, Barry said: "I can read perfectly well. And I can only regret that you've had this long walk for nothing. There is no available accommodation on this boat for you, and that is final. I am just going to turn in, so all I can do is to wish you good-night."

"You wish me good-night, do you? And where the hell do you expect me to spend it? Do you expect me to walk back to that squint-eyed dolt of a stationmaster and sleep among the milk churns?"

He jumped aboard, opened the cabin door and peered inside. He staggered back.

"Good God!" he said. "A woman! You've got a woman aboard. What goes on in this canal life nowadays? Young women in their night attire—"

Barry Perkins strode between Miles Flood and the cabin door.

He faced him and said in a low voice, "Get out."

"I will do no such thing. Debauchery on a—"

"I will give you till I count five to get off this boat. One."

"I have no intention of getting off this boat."

"Two."

"If you dare lay a finger—"

"Three."

"—on me, I'll have you prosecuted. It's a conspiracy, that's what it is. A conspiracy to—"

"Four."

"Here I am and here I stay. Furthermore—"

"Five."

Barry caught Miles Flood by the coat-collar with his right hand and

swung him round. Then he pushed with all his strength. Miles Flood fell headlong to the tow-path. He rolled over and tried to get to his feet. When he put his right foot to the ground, he gave a sharp animal squeal of pain and collapsed, groaning.

The cabin door flew open and Cathleen came out in her dressing-gown. She snatched the torch from Barry's hands and jumped ashore in her bare feet. She shone the lamp on the groaning man's face.

"Where does it hurt you?"

"My foot. My right foot. By heavens, I'll have the law on both of you for this. Conspiracy followed by assault and battery . . ."

"Ach, shut up, you cantankerous old billy-goat. You brought it all on yourself. Stop your wriggling a minute till I get your shoe off you. Now your sock. Lie still, will you? Barry, can you shine the torch on his foot?"

She looked at the ankle, frowning, and laid her fingers delicately on the skin. She said, keeping her voice steady, "Where's the nearest town, Barry?"

"Nearly two miles away. Is he badly hurt?"

"He's got a Pott's fracture of the ankle. There's a crepe bandage in the cabin, and that's the best I can do until we get him into hospital." She wailed. "We'll have to have him with us all night, and I don't know what sort of honeymoon this is going to be with him around. Oh, Barry, Barry, darling."

At Foxy Williams' it was a long and uncomprehending night for Rose of Sharon, tied to an iron rail in an outhouse. She was hollow from hunger and her throat ached with longing for draughts of cold water.

Before the Williams' went to bed they played hymns on a wheezy harmonium and lifted their voices shrilly in the songs of Zion. Then there was silence for a while until the myriad noises of night began to make themselves heard.

By dawn Rose of Sharon's great head had sunk low. She waited in submissive foreboding for what the sunrise would bring.

The pre-dawn chorus increased in volume. The pigeons began to stir and coo, the w-bblers burst into wideawake, heralding song, a lark took sleepily to the wing. And then, suddenly, the sun lifted a burning eyebrow over the land.

Before that sun was clear of the horizon, the farmers, the gipsies, the wide-boys, the mugs, the hucksters, the flea trainers, the dogdiggers, the spot-the-ladies, the swing-boaters, the fortune-tellers, the rifle-rangers, and the candy-floss merchants were all making their way to Hunthampton Horse Fair.

Led by the well-breakfasted Foxy Williams, Rose of Sharon put one foot after another and suffered herself to be taken towards whatever fate awaited her in the market-place.

If the night had been long for her, it was even longer and more joyless for Barry Perkins and his Irish bride, Cathleen. Miles Flood groaned and tossed and swore in the sultry darkness, separated from them by only a single panel of plywood. Every word and every movement of his was clearly heard by the two, and they were acutely and bitterly aware that the same unhappy audibility prevailed on his side of the sounding board.

Dawn couldn't come too soon for any one of the three. While swathes of mist were still on the fields and the dew still on the grass, Barry went up to the motor-boat to tell his parents of the night's frustrations and to ask them to get under way to the next lock, where he could telephone for an ambulance.

By the time he came back to the

"ROSE OF SHARON," by Jerrard Tickell

butty. Cathleen was brewing coffee and the smell of it, lacing the smell of the morning, was pleasant to his nostrils. After all, this terrible old man would be gone soon and Cath and he had a lifetime before them.

As they sat on the roof of the cabin, their legs dangling, he said with a sigh: "You make wonderful coffee, my darling. Do you think we ought to give the passenger a cup?"

"We! You can if you want to," Cathleen said with venom. "If I was to take him a cup, I'd pour the lot over him."

He said, smiling, "I never knew you had a temper before, Cath."

"Then you don't know what the girls are like in the Kingdom of Kerry. You're too kind-hearted a man, Barry. Give him my compliments and tell him that if I ever clap eyes on him again within ten miles of a canal, I'll break another ankle for him—with a hammer."

He put his arm around her shoulders and gave a squeeze. Then he went into the cabin, poured out a cup of coffee, and tapped on the ply-wood door. He was answered by a groan. He grinned and pushed the door open.

"Good morning, Mr. Flood. A cup of coffee?"

"Certainly not. Get out of here, your murderous bargee."

"I'll leave the coffee here and you can drink it or not, as you think fit. I don't give a hoot what you do. We're pushing off now and at the next lock I'm going to telephone for an ambulance to meet us at Broadwater. That's under an hour away. So if you can be ready to be carried ashore there, my—my wife and I will be delighted to see the back of you."

"Oh, you will, will you?" He sat up in bed. "We'll see about that. I suppose you think that if I drink this coffee it'll stop me going to the police. Well, it won't."

"Do what you please about the coffee—and the police."

Miles Flood gave him a long, oblique look. "The woman who put the bandage on, is she your wife?"

"Yes."

"I admit that she didn't do it badly. I suppose she's used to bandaging people after your filthy bargee brawls." He had taken a sip of coffee. He said, "Not bad coffee, this, either. Your wife's too good for you."

"That's the first thing you've said that I agree with," said Barry. "I want you ready in an hour."

The motor-boat, chuffing gently, nosed her way into mid-water, drawing the butty easily after her. They reached the first lock in under half an hour, and there Barry jumped ashore to telephone the hospital at Cloverbourne. He came back smiling.

"All fixed. They are going to meet us."

"And then we really will be by ourselves, won't we?"

"We certainly will. We'll have breakfast when he's gone."

The lock gates opened very slowly, making a quantity of little chuckling whirlpools, and the butty glided through. Cathleen found that she could keep the long craft almost in dead line behind the motor-boat, but then she was steering directly in its little wake. By edging the butty a very little towards the left bank so that the tow-ropes was at a wide angle the wake flowed past and the bows dipped less.

Barry watched her, smiling, pleased that the feel of the water had come to her fingers so soon. There was a clatter from the inside cabin, and Miles Flood leaned against the door, his bandaged right foot held off the floor.

"Where's the horse?" he demanded. "I don't see the horse."

"There isn't a horse."

"Why not? My doctor distinctly

told me there were horses. Do you think I'd ever have come near a stinking canal if I hadn't been told there were horses? I'll write to the Minister of Transport about this. If there isn't a horse, what is there?"

"There's a motor-boat with a diesel engine."

"A motor-boat! A diesel engine!" For a moment Flood was so choked with rage he could only splutter.

Barry Perkins said quietly, "If you can manage to keep quiet for one minute, I'll tell you two things that will interest you. The first is that my father had to sell Rose of Sharon yesterday, the mare that he's had since she was foaled, and it nearly broke his heart to do it. The second thing is that Cath—my wife and I—were only married yesterday and you, therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that you have caused the greatest embarrassment to us."

Miles Flood stared at Barry. "You mean you and this lady were—were on your honeymoon?"

"That's what I said."

"The first night of your honeymoon?"

"Yes."

"And I came barging in?"

"Exactly."

Miles Flood blinked. He looked suddenly like a small boy caught red-handed in the pantry. He said huskily, "Didn't know any of this. Couldn't know. Old fool me barging in where I wasn't wanted. Can only apologise to you and your lady. Like to offer you a wedding present. Write you a cheque."

Cathleen said in a voice that was only just within her control: "I'd scorn to take a penny from you, and so would my husband. All Barry and I want is to see the last of you."

"Quite understand your attitude, ma'am. Blasted old fool I am. Like to make amends. Trouble is—don't know how to do it. Cheque no good. Like to speak to your father, too. Selling a mare's like parting with your own flesh and blood. What was she? Clydesdale, I suppose. Bay—chestnut—black?"

"She was dapple-grey."

"A dapple! And your father had to part with her. Like to meet your father. Pretty woman, your wife, sir. Like to paint her. Paint her at the mare's head. Grey mare, red-gold hair. Beautiful. What did you say the mare's name was?"

"Rose of Sharon. But everybody on the tow-path calls her 'Rosie'."

"They would—damned Philistines," said Miles Flood grimly.

"What's this place ahead?"

"Broadwater. It's where you get out."

The white ambulance was waiting by the lock. The heavy wooden gates closed behind the butty and the water rose to the level of the quay. The ambulance driver and his mate made a chair of their hands and lifted Miles Flood ashore. With his arms unaffectedly round their necks, he addressed himself to Ted and Mabel Perkins.

"Good morning, ma'am. Good morning, sir. You son's just been telling me about your having to sell the mare. Painful, painful. Fullest sympathy."

"You keep your sympathy to yourself," said Ted Perkins gruffly. "Rosie's gone to a good home. Mr. Morgan at Copley's going to put her under the plough. And now I wish you good day." He turned away before the doors of the ambulance closed. "Good riddance," he said, "to bad rubbish. All set, son?"

"All set, Dad." Shortly afterwards the ambulance with Miles Flood inside drew up at the entrance to Cloverbourne Hospital. The doors were opened and he was carried out, swearing.

During the next hour or two he learned a number of surprising

things; that the words "Miles Flood" meant a great deal less than the words "Pott's fracture"; that his leg would be encased in plaster-of-paris from knee to toes, and that on no account could he leave the hospital for at least twenty-four hours.

"Lucky for you," the house surgeon said, "that you had an expert at hand when you did it. The alignment was perfect, perfect. How did you do it, by the way?"

"Stepping on board a canal barge, I—er—sort of slipped."

"Bad luck. Oddly enough, one of our best nurses married a chap who owns a barge only yesterday. Spending their honeymoon on the canal. Girl called Cathleen Conroy. Red-haired, Irish. Charming girl. Married a nice chap, too. Barry Perkins. Captain in the war. Water Transport."

For a moment Miles Flood said nothing. He seemed to be thinking hard. He said slowly: "Are you sure you've got to keep me here for twenty-four hours?"

"Certain. Got to wait for the plaster to set. But we'll fix you up with a walking stirrup tonight and, all being well, you can leave tomorrow."

From Broadwater towards the south-east, the canal wound its way between fields of corn and clover. Alone at last, Cathleen and Barry had time to spare to watch the changing pageant of meadow, woodland, and sky, and to rejoice in each other's company.

Bacon and eggs, bubbling and chuckling in the pan, and the smell of coffee and cigarette smoke in the clear morning air; a bucket of cold water drawn from the canal and the rattle of plates being washed up and put away, each in its proper place in their tiny home; a completely unexpected shower of confetti from the lock-keeper and his wife at Northcote, and Cathleen brushing the colorful flecks of paper from her hair.

At midday they tied up alongside a grove of trees and had a picnic lunch; and then, because time was their servant and not their master, Barry and Cathleen decided to explore the woods. They slipped between the trees, walking hand in hand like children. They both wanted to go into the cool, secret places of the woods, but they were too shy to say so out loud in words.

After a while they found a place that was deep in bracken. There they sat down. Cathleen plucked a skein of bracken and began to tear the fronds with her fingers, gazing at them intently. When a frond was done, she threw it away and began on another.

Once, greatly daring, Barry brushed a flake of confetti out of her red hair, and they both looked at the scrap of colored paper lying there on the green moss as if it were a strange, miraculous thing that had alighted from the sky.

"Got you!"

Barry scrambled to his feet and swung round. A man stood looking at them. He was in leather-patched tweeds, with a pair of field-glasses slung round his neck and a short, blackthorn stick in his hand. Cathleen got more slowly to her feet. The hand that she slid into Barry's hand was shaking.

"I saw you sneaking into the woods." The man touched his field-glasses. "Best pair of glasses in the county. Are you aware, sir, that these woods are preserved?"

Barry spoke with difficulty. "If that is so, I can only apologise. I didn't know," he said.

"Didn't you see the notice?" He quoted: "Strictly private, breeding pheasants. Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

"No. We—my wife and I didn't see it. We came up the path from the canal. I can only repeat that I'm sorry."

"Huh. You're certainly a bit more polite than most of the trippers. You haven't left any refuse or bits of paper about, I hope."

Cathleen bent down. She picked up the tiny scrap of confetti. She was close to tears. "We nearly left this. Neither my husband nor I knew we were doing wrong. We'll go at once."

The path back through the woods seemed full of eyes—peering eyes, angry eyes, mocking eyes. Cathleen walked with her head high. At the turn of the field Barry stopped, squeezed her arm, and pointed at the far pair of boots.

"There you are, my darling. At least we've got our home with a roof over our heads and a door we can lock. With nights and days and our lives before us."

"I can't believe it. First that dreadful artist with the beard and now this."

The tears came freely and Barry, his brow furrowed, comforted her clumsily as they made their way back to the boat.

Rose of Sharon stood in the horse-lines at Hunthampton Fair. Stuck to a smear of glue on her rump was a ticket that said 104.

At lunch-time, while the genial Foxy Williams was slaking his thirst in The Plough, a hawk-eyed R.S.P.C.A. inspector had noticed her dry tongue and had led her to the trough. He had then sought out Mr. Williams.

"That mare of yours, Mr. Williams, she needed a drink badly."

Foxy had no delusions about the wisdom of keeping on the right side of these observant gentlemen in uniform, the wicked, interfering so-and-so's. He put down his whisky with alacrity.

"Thank you for telling me. I'll go and see to her at once."

"You needn't," said the inspector.



MABEL PERKINS

"I've given her a drink myself. When did you last feed her?"

"Last night and again this morning. She's as full as a barrel with oats and clover and hay."

"Sold her yet, Mr. Williams?"

"No," said Foxy. "I've had several offers this morning, but I'm waiting till I can make sure she's going to a good home."

"I see," said the inspector dryly. "That does you credit, I'm sure." He looked at Foxy with eyes like gimlets. "I'll be around for the rest of the day and I'd like to see that mare with a nosebag on her before I leave. Understand?"

Within half an hour Rose of Sharon was being led through the back streets of Hunthampton. She had been bought by Pablo the Gipsy

for £60. Tomorrow she would take her place among the others of her kind at Southall. The journey from there to the horse slaughterer and the shops would be mercifully swift.

During the long afternoon while Barry and Cathleen were vainly seeking seclusion in the not-too-distant woods, Miles Flood slept fitfully. He was woken up by a timid nurse, who gave him a cup of watery tea, a wafer-like cucumber sandwich, and a misshapen green cake. Between tea and dinner, the walking stirrup was added to the plaster. Dinner itself was a sad affair—a steamed plaice, one sodden potato, and a tremulous pink blancmange.

"Eat your nice mould like a good boy," said the matron, wagging a playful finger.

"Very well, Matron," said Mr. Flood with new docility. "I'll eat it later if I may. I'm a little replete after my splendid dinner. Good-night—and thank you again for all you've done."

The night was sultry. On his final rounds, the house surgeon looked into the matron's room. "Well, how are you getting on with our distinguished patient, Matron?"

"Pott's fracture Flood? I simply can't think whatever made you think he was such a terror. Quiet as a little lamb with me, he was. I settled him down for the night half an hour ago."

"Really?" said the house surgeon wonderingly. "Well, I'll just stroll along and have a last look at him."

He went to the room and paused at the door. The pink mould was spattered on the wall, and Miles Flood's bed was empty. The window was wide open. Below it lay a bed of begonias of many colors. Clearly imprinted in the recently watered soil were the marks of one shoe and one walking stirrup.

Miles Flood sat in the back parlor of The Coldstream Guardsman at Cloverbourne. His plaster-encased right foot rested on a kitchen chair. He had already disposed of half a bottle of dry sherry, a whole bottle of claret, a fillet steak, several potatoes, a mixed salad, a bowl of raspberries, and now he was eyeing a partially excavated Stilton. He poured himself out a glass of port and held forth to the landlord.

"Blasted quack wanted to keep me there all night. Couldn't stay in a place like that. Intolerable. Nipped out of the window and hobbled over the fields. Stopped to look at the sky. Beautiful. Gorgeous. Saffron and flame and violet. Storm coming. Worth it for that sky."

"Suppose they come looking for you from the hospital?" said the landlord slowly.

"Tell 'em you haven't seen me. Want to stay here tonight and make an early start in the morning. Must hire a car. Anyone here got a car for hire?"

The landlord pondered. "Well, there's Alf Binns, the undertaker. He's got the Daimler hearse and he's got the Rolls-Royce for those following."

"The Rolls. Fix it for me, like a good fellow. Call for me here at six o'clock—ah, listen to that."

There was a low rumble on the rim of the sky like the sound of distant gunfire. Miles Flood listened intently.

"There you are. Storm coming. Told you so."

The landlord said: "Where shall I tell Alf Binns you'll be going to?" A crafty look came into Miles Flood's eye. "Going on a hunt, that's all."

Many miles away in London, in the Regent's Park section of the canal, a dragging team of the Thames Division, Metropolitan

Continued overleaf

SPECIAL HOLIDAY READING—COMPLETE NOVEL

Police, was at work seeking a revolver used in a bank raid near the Zoo. At 3.18 in the afternoon precisely they came upon a curious object in the canal's depths. It was neither revolver, bicycle, nor bedstead.

The perspiring crowd that was waiting was delighted to see a policeman running to a telephone box. Running policemen meant drama. Within a matter of minutes the news had mysteriously spread. The coppers had found an unexploded bomb in the canal.

"No, Super. It's the wrong shape for a safe. It's a UXB all right. About four feet long and eighteen inches in diameter. Right. I'll start getting the crowd out of the way."

After that, the shepherd, protesting crowd had only the distant glimpse of a diver's helmet submerging. His report made headlines in the later editions of the evening paper:

BOMB FOUND NEAR ZOO

An unexploded bomb was found in Regent's Canal near the Zoo today by police searching for the weapon used in yesterday's attempted bank robbery. The fuse will have to be neutralised before the bomb can be moved.

REGENT'S CANAL BOMB

Many dangerous animals to be evacuated from Zoo.

All through the sultry afternoon the storm had been mounting over London. Suddenly it broke. A blue-white devil's fork of lightning zig-zagged across the sky, followed by the deafening massed artillery of thunder. For hour after hour it continued, soaking and destroying while ambulance and fire bells jangled in the streaming streets.

When Pablo the Gipsy reached his encampment the evening was fair and the storm still far away. Tomorrow, at dawn, he would take Rose of Sharon to Southall, to the horse auction. For tonight he would peg her out in the field alongside the wood.

He would put her out after dark so that the man who owned the field would never know that she had fed off his grass. He prepared a short length of rope and a 28lb. weight that he had borrowed long ago from a corn-chandler. While he waited for the concealing dark he ate his supper.

Rose of Sharon stood among the piebald gipsy horses at the back of the caravan, her head low.

With the fading of the day, Pablo led her to the field and pegged her down. He did not see the herd of Ayrshire heifers standing in the far gloom, tensed for the breaking of the distant storm.

When the lightning twisted and the thunder rippled the sky, the heifers ran wild. Rose of Sharon smelled their strange and terrifying smell. She heard the scutter of their galloping hoofs and their breathing and lashed out in a frenzy of fear. But Pablo the Gipsy had done his work well. The short rope neither stretched nor gave, and the 28lb. weight was fast. It was her mouth that suffered.

Supper was over and Barry and Cathleen sat on the roof of the cabin, talking quietly in the ominously still night. There were long silences between them, for the air was unendurably hot and the sky dark and starless.

Suddenly, blindingly, the whole countryside was illuminated. In that fearsome flash, they both saw the fields, the woods, the black ribbon of the canal and the moored motor-boat ahead. So bright was the instantaneous glare that the image of what they had seen was engraved in their vision and burned in the ensu-

ing darkness, a darkness that was split and riven by the crash of thunder. Then the rain came.

Through the resounding, drenching hour of the night they bailed water out of the well of the boat and tried vainly to stem the flood that seeped through the roof and crawled under the door of their tiny home.

Punctually at six o'clock next morning, an ancient Rolls-Royce drew up at the door of The Coldstream Guardsman and Mr. Binns the undertaker assisted his limping, choleric passenger into the back seat. "Now, then," said Flood, when he had ceased cursing, "I want you to drive me to a place called Copley. I'm looking for a farmer named Morgan."

MR. MORGAN, the farmer, was collecting eggs from the hen-house when the Rolls-Royce drove into his yard. The window wound down and an imperious hand beckoned.

"Your name Morgan?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Morgan. What can I do for you?"

"My name's Flood—Miles Flood. You bought a mare from a . . . a friend of mine called Perkins a couple of days ago. Dapple-grey mare, Rose of Sharon."

"Well, what of it?"

"Want to buy the mare back. Won't quarrel about the price. Where is she?"

All his life this was the sort of moment that Mr. Morgan had dreamed about, that somebody would utter the magic words "won't quarrel about the price." At last it had happened—too late.

He shook his head dolefully.

"Sold her the day before yesterday," he said. "Sold her almost as soon as I'd bought her."

"Who did you sell her to?"

"Foxy Williams. Lives the other side of Copley."

"You'd no right to sell her. Perkins only let you have her because he thought she was going to a good home. You're a rotten scoundrel, that's what you are. Binns, drive back to Copley and we'll find this Williams fellow. Then we'll stop and have a bite of breakfast."

Foxy Williams and his wife Clynia were at the harmonium singing a hymn of praise for their preservation from the fury of the storm. At the sound of the Rolls' asthmatic horn, the music ceased abruptly. Five minutes later, with Miles Flood's maledictions still burning in his ears, Foxy returned to the parlor. Clynia looked at him with startled eyes.

"What is it, man?"

"The gentleman wished to buy Rose of Sharon. He said—" Foxy choked—"he said he would not quarrel about the price."

Clynia rose and went to the harmonium. "Together we will sing a song of lamentation."

In the sunny morning, as a dirge sounded from the parlor, Miles Flood bellowed at Binns: "Go to Hunthampton, and drive like blazes."

"But what about my breakfast?" asked Mr. Binns.

"Blow your breakfast!" said Miles Flood.

"How much extra will you give me if I do without my breakfast?"

"Ten bob."

"Make it fifteen," said Mr. Binns, "and I'll go hungry—until Hunthampton."

"You're a highwayman," said Miles Flood.

"That's right," said Mr. Binns, letting out the clutch.

At Hunthampton, Miles Flood drove straight to the police station. The sergeant there was friendly but unhelpful.

Oh, yes, he knew Foxy Williams all right and, come to think of it, he'd seen a grey mare in the horse

lines. Sold her to a gipsy, had he? The sergeant scratched his head. Trouble was, there were a lot of gipsies about. Why not try Mr. Cox, the R.S.P.C.A. inspector?

They found Mr. Cox. He was sympathetic. "If you'll take me with you in your car," he said, "we'll have a look round. There's one or two of those boys I'd like to get my hands on."

The field where Pablo the Gipsy and his swarthy family had camped was now deserted. But they had left traces behind them, including a 28lb. weight with a short length of rope still tied to it.

"They tether their horses to those," said Mr. Cox evenly. "I'd like to catch 'em doing it one day."

"So would I," said Miles Flood grimly. "Where do you think they've got to?"

"They move at dawn. Could be anywhere by now," he sighed. "I'm afraid it's no good, Mr. Flood. Pity. Good-looking mare that was, too. Only wanted a bit of affection and a square meal."

"What about me?" said Mr. Binns. "I'm ready to do without the affection if I could have a bite of breakfast."

"Oh, all right, your cormorant," said Miles Flood. "We'll drive back to Hunthampton and you can eat yourself stupid."

The car backed out of the field into the woods and it was at that moment that the incident occurred that was to save Rose of Sharon's life. The off back tyre of the Rolls-Royce exploded.

"Oh, my Gawd!" Mr. Binns said in disgust. "There goes my breakfast."

It took a good twenty minutes to get the wheel jacked up. The spare tyre was flat and had to be inflated by a hand-pump.

Just as Mr. Binns had lowered the jack and was about to wipe the sweat off his forehead, they heard the rattle of a motor-cycle and an A.A. scout drove up.

"Nice morning," he said genially. "Been having a bit of trouble?"

"No," said Mr. Binns with venom. "I'm just doing this to work up an appetite."

THE A.A. scout glanced at Mr. Cox and frowned. "Mr. Cox, isn't it, of the R.S.P.C.A.?"

"I was just thinking about you. Passed a gipsy about two hours ago on the London Road, riding a grey mare with a sack over her back. She looked pretty low, and there was blood on her mouth."

"What day is it?" said Mr. Cox swiftly.

"Wednesday."

"Then he'll be making for Southall Auction."

"Southall it is," shouted Miles Flood. "Binns, go to Southall."

"I'm going to Hunthampton," said Mr. Binns, "where I'm going to have my breakfast. And I'm not going an inch beyond Hunthampton until I've had it, fifteen bob or no fifteen bob."

Night-work on the unexploded bomb had been stopped by the storm. It was resumed at first light and the crowds regathered in greater numbers. The police threw a cordon along a three-hundred-yards radius of the dormant submarine monster. Within a radius of a further two hundred yards, all residents were advised to keep their doors and windows open until the bomb had been rendered harmless.

In the Zoo itself there was intense activity as lions, tigers, leopards, and polar bears were coaxed or prodded into cages for their journey to Whipnade. As the animals were taken into safety, the Bomb Disposal Squad went into danger.

In the cabin of the butty, after a night spent bailing water, Cathleen and Barry had breakfast in an abstracted silence. When it was over Cathleen began methodically to wash up. She had her back to her husband and he was distressed beyond measure to see that her shoulders were shaking. He got to his feet and touched her arm in inarticulate tenderness.

"Cath," he said in a low voice, "don't cry."

"I'm not really crying. Honestly, I'm not. I'm only thinking how different our marriage is from most people's." She blew her nose. "Last night, in that storm, I hated the boats, I hated the canal, I hated everything—except you. I wanted to live in a house, a proper house with foundations deep down in the earth. But now that the storm is over and done, I wouldn't change my home for a palace. When do we get under way?"

"Any moment now. I'll go up and see Dad."

He walked up the tow-path in the shining morning. Cathleen watched him go. It was queer to realise that this man was her wedded husband and he so handsome and strange, like an exciting man she'd only met yesterday and one she'd like to meet again.

She shook her red head. This was no way for an old married woman to be thinking. She re-entered the cabin and began to tidy up. Before Barry came back, she had found time to brush her hair and to powder her nose and to put on a touch of lipstick.

The motor-boat's engine began to throb and the slack, long tow-ropes tightened. The morning was filled with quiet content.

Early in the afternoon the boats negotiated the last lock before London, and gradually the fangs of the city reached out on both sides. The canal sneaked past factories. Once they passed under a clanging bridge where a train fled across in blown clouds of sooty steam, obscuring the sun. On one side a cemetery, on the other a high, dirty wall with the tops of buses passing.

Each new vista was of absorbing interest to Cathleen and she exclaimed with delight at the houses fringing London's "Little Venice."

The entrance to the tunnel under Maida Vale looked so tiny that it seemed utterly impossible for the monkey boat to penetrate that dark and echoing cavern. There were only inches to spare on either side of the butty as they were drawn through and out into the sunshine again.

It was then that a sort of madness seized Ted Perkins. He was suddenly possessed of an overwhelming desire to see how fast the diesel-engined barge would go.

In the old days speed had always been as fixed and as constant as Rosie's gait. Now, under his hand, he had something more lively, something more mettlesome. Why not have a go?

He glanced aft. The butty was in dead line astern, with Cathleen at the tiller. He looked quickly, guiltily at Mabel. Then he threw the governor handle of the diesel as far forward as it would go.

The throbbing of the engine quickened. The motor-boat's speed increased and the bow wave became apparent.

Mr. Perkins could feel a light breeze on his face and the banks seemed to scud past. Must be doing a good six or seven miles an hour. This was something more like, this was—

"Who do you think you are?" said Mabel. "Captain of the Queen Mary or something? Slow her down a bit, Ted."

"Right," said Ted with a grin.

"Only having a bit of a lark, trying her out, like."

He put his horny, sunburned hand on the governor to ease it back. It was immovable. He drew hard on it so that the muscles of his forearm were distended. The handle refused to shift by a millimetre. A feather of fear fluttered out of nowhere and touched his heart. Only two more turns and he'd be in the narrow Regent's Park bit of straight. Again he pulled at the lever, wiping the sudden sweat off his forehead.

"I said slow her down a bit, Ted."

"All right," he said hoarsely. "I'm doing my best. But the blamed thing's stuck . . ."

A rusty, moored barge on the right bank was rocked by the speed of their going. Ted Perkins wrenched at the handle, but it was jammed fast. He looked aft. Barry had taken the tiller out of Cathleen's hand and was shouting something. Ted couldn't hear what it was, because someone else was shouting as well.

The other person who was shouting was a policeman on the tow-path. The policeman began to run alongside the motor-boat, cupping his hands and shouting something about the canal being closed to all traffic.

NOW the motor-boat was surging down the narrow stretch between the leafy banks of Regent's Park, and, oh, heaven help us, there were soldiers on the tow-path in steel helmets, and police, and something going on in the water . . . An officer was shouting at him and waving like a lunatic and the engine was throbbing away with the handle stuck—

Ted Perkins did the only thing left for him to do. He swung round and grabbed the tiller and wrenched it hard over so that the motor-boat slewed across the canal and drove her bows into the muddy shore and came to a dead stop. For a moment the engine went on hammering. Then it, too, spluttered and stopped as the butty, expertly handled by Barry, surged alongside and bumped the motor-boat and settled with its bows a good four feet up the bank—exactly over the unexploded bomb.

Mr. Harrow, the licensed horse-slaughterer, arrived at Southall Auction at about half-past eleven. The animals were coming in now, spanking little ponies trotting over the cobbles, their harness jingling and shining; huge, lumbering farm horses ponderously descending the straw-covered ramps of their mobile boxes.

A minute of two after noon, Mr. Harrow saw a grey Clydesdale mare turn the cobbled corner into the market. She had a rope halter on and a sack over her back. A lithe, dark-skinned man slid lightly off her and tugged at her mouth. Mr. Harrow's blue eyes hardened. He took half a dozen quick steps forward.

"Pull on that mare's mouth again," he said evenly, "and I'll lay my stick across your shoulders." He beckoned to one of his men. "There's a nose-bag of oats in the box. Give the mare a feed."

"Right, Mr. Harrow."

For the first time since she had left the service of Ted Perkins, Rose of Sharon felt the touch of a friendly hand. She turned her handsome head and looked at the man whose fingers were as knowledgeable as they were soothing. A nose-bag was slung over her ears and she sniffed eagerly at the remembered smell and began avidly to eat. Mr. Harrow walked towards the line of waiting horses and she followed him.

Pablo sidled up. He said softly, "You buying, Mr. Harrow?"

"Might be."

Now the auctioneer was making his way to his box. Mr. Harrow stationed himself under it. Then the

"ROSE OF SHARON," by Jerrard Tickell

auctioneer cleared his throat. "Now, gentlemen, we'll make a start."

One by one, the horses and the ponies were led to the box . . .

"Number thirteen. Last on the list for today, gentlemen. Grey mare, Clydesdale. Beautiful animal. Run her down, Charlie."

The gipsy gave Charlie the rope. Charlie clicked his tongue. Rose of Sharon broke into a slow and ponderous trot. At the turn she backed into the crowd, throwing up her head. She half-cantered back to the box, her great muscles bulging and sweating.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall I put her in at? Worth every penny of seventy guineas. Lovely mare. Give me a start, please, gentlemen." A man in a panama hat sauntered to the box, looked at Rose of Sharon's teeth and rejoined the crowd. He inclined his head to the auctioneer.

"Fifty I'm bid. Fifty for this beautiful mare! Come on, gentlemen, look her over."

"And one," said Mr. Harrow, looking at the sky.

"Fifty-one guineas I'm bid."

"Two," said the panama hat.

"Three."

"And a half," said panama hat tersely.

"Fifty-five," said Mr. Harrow.

"And a half."

"Sixty," said Mr. Harrow without apparent interest.

PANAMA hat scowled. The auctioneer beamed. "Sixty guineas I'm bid for this magnificent mare. Any advance on sixty guineas? You all done, gentlemen? Right. Sold for sixty guineas!" He banged his hammer on the box and Mr. Harrow, horse-slaughterer, soothed Rose of Sharon with his voice and his hands.

It was just then that there was an imperious honk-honk on an old-fashioned motor-horn and an elderly Rolls-Royce swept grandly into the yard. The window was wound down and a voice demanded: "Is this the Southall horse auction?"

"That's right. But you're late. The sale's over."

"Binns, help me out."

Mr. Binns opened the car door and assisted Miles Flood to alight. He glanced round ferociously and his eye fixed on Mr. Harrow.

"You! You look a sensible sort of chap. My name's Flood, Miles Flood. I'm looking for a mare, dapple-grey mare, Clydesdale. Rose of Sharon. Seen a grey mare here this morning?"

"Yes. I've just bought one," said Mr. Harrow. "That's her at the end of the line."

Miles Flood put his hand on Mr. Harrow's shoulder and hopped across the cobbles. He came to an unsteady halt and gazed at last at Rose of Sharon. For a moment he did not speak. Then the words came out in a torrent.

"By God, sir, she's beautiful. Better than I thought. Want to buy her. Want to give her back to Perkins. Barged in on his son's honeymoon. Married a lovely girl, red-gold hair. Now, then, prepared to give you a good price."

"Suppose I sell you the mare," said Mr. Harrow slowly, "what will you do with her? And where will she be kept?"

"What the devil's that got to do with you?"

"It's got a lot to do with me. That mare's either going to a good home or she's going into my yard."

"And what's your yard?"

"I'm a licensed horse-slaughterer."

"Good God!" Miles Flood looked at Mr. Harrow with horror. He said at last, "Do you mean, sir, that it was your intention to slaughter this animal?"

"Certainly. I'd much rather do that than have her passed round from hand to hand. You've only got to look at her to see that she's going downhill. That mare was born to the tow-path and that's where she belongs—either there or in a field of buttercups and clover. So if you'll tell me what you intend to do with her,

I'll tell you whether I'll sell her or not."

"My intention," said Miles Flood humbly, "is to ride her along the canal tow-path to Regent's Park—for they tell me Perkins should be there by this afternoon. Then I'll give her back to him and paint his daughter-in-law at the mare's head for next year's Academy. And after that I'm prepared to turn her out into your field of buttercups and clover for the rest of her natural life. Now will you sell?"

"She's yours," said Mr. Harrow, "for seventy-five guineas . . ."

MABEL saw her first. But her confused mind refused to believe the evidence of her eyes. It had seemed to her that she had seen Rosie stepping out towards them on the tow-path with that artist man on her back, and it couldn't be true because Ted had sold Rosie to Mr. Morgan at Copley.

Mabel shut her eyes tightly and whispered, "Oh, God, please make it true, please make it true . . ." Then she opened her eyes again. Slowly she reached out a trembling hand and caught her husband's arm. She said: "It's all right now, Ted. It's all right. Rosie's back."

"What do you mean, Rosie's back?"

Mabel pointed, for she could no longer speak. Ted Perkins turned and looked. He drew a deep, quivering breath. Accepting the fact of this miracle without wonder or question, he said, "Thank God we didn't sell the harness."

Willing hands lifted Miles Flood down and bore him to a place of safety at the top of the bank. Rose of Sharon stood patiently swishing her tail, nuzzling Ted Perkins' face with her velvet nose as he lifted on her heavy collar and buckled it. A policeman uncoiled the bone-dry tow-rope on the motor-boat bows and it was passed across to Ted. He hooked it firmly on to the tow-bar.

Then he said gruffly: "Now if you gentlemen will kindly get out of the way, we'll start moving."

"Take it easy," The officer looked at him grimly. "The slightest vibration and the thing could go off."

Ted Perkins grunted. He put one hand on Rosie's bridle and twined the fingers of the other hand in her mane. Rose of Sharon lowered her head and braced her great chest. Her fore hoofs dug deep into the tow-path as she leaned forward to take the strain.

Ted said softly in her ear: "Now pull, old girl, as you've never pulled before. Off we go."

Now the tow-rope stretched and became taut as a fiddle-string. The bows of the motor-boat were stuck fast. Rose of Sharon leaned over with a long, enduring heave . . . and, inch by inch, the bows began to move from the mud that gripped them.

Somebody in the crowd on the banks began to clap. The clapping was taken up and drowned by a burst of cheering that swelled to a crescendo as Rose of Sharon, her mighty work done, strode strongly along the tow-path, her master at her head and the pair of boats rippling behind her . . .

IT was the B.B.C.'s famous programme: "In Town Tonight." The interviewer was saying: ". . . Tonight we bring to the television screen and to the microphone a group of six whose names have been the talk of London during the last three days. First of all, Miles Flood, R.A. Perhaps you'd like to tell us, Mr. Flood, how you came to damage your ankle in the first place?"

Mr. Flood signified that he wouldn't.

"Then perhaps something of how you came by Rose of Sharon?"

"It has always been my view," trumpeted Miles Flood, R.A., "that the internal combustion engine is the creation of the devil. That and the telephone. Of all the filthy, disgusting, malodorous inventions—"

"Ah, thank you, Mr. Flood. Next Mr. and Mrs. Barry Perkins. If only there were color television, you would see Mrs. Perkins' red hair, but at next year's Academy you will have a chance to admire it, as Mr. Flood is about to paint Mrs. Barry Perkins in the society of—er—another of our guests. Would you care to say something, Cathleen?"

"All I want to say," said Cathleen, "is that Mr. Flood is welcome at any time and that we promise never to break his ankle again. . ."

"Thank you, Mrs. Barry Perkins. Now for Mr. Ted and Mrs. Mabel Perkins. Mr. Perkins, what have you got to say about the adventure that had so happy and dramatic an ending?"

"I haven't got much to say, not really. But the minute I saw old Rosie stepping out on the tow-path I knew that we were going to be all right, that's all."

"And how very right you were, Mr. Perkins! Now, Mrs. Perkins, what are your comments?"

"Well, Ted and me never wanted to part with Rosie in the first place. But it was keeping up with the times, and now I don't think that those sort of times is worth keeping up with. And I'm sure I'd like to thank all the kind people who have sent apples for Rosie. She's always been used to a pound of apples of a Sunday, has Rosie, and now she's got enough for week days as well. And that's all I have to say. Thank you very much."

"Thank you, Mrs. Perkins. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the personality of the week—Rose of Sharon . . ."

Her huge head filled the screen. Unseeing, her eyes looked into the eyes of millions of men and women. A hand—Mabel's hand—gave her an apple, and millions of pairs of ears heard her scrunching it. She tossed her head. The screen faded. Rose of Sharon was on her way to the field of buttercups and clover.

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HEADACHE & PAIN

New light thrown on today's tension . . .

Significant medical research points to the fact that the build-up of today's tension is part of a health pattern leading to the breakdown of the natural defences which protect you against serious ill health. Stress is the danger!

This tension pattern starts with worry and strain, leads to nervous reaction, develops into headache, nerve pain and traces its effect all too clearly on your face. Combat today's tension symptoms sanely, safely, before your health is wrecked. Take 'ASPRO', the recognised medicine for the relief of headache and pains attendant on minor ills that affect so many of us today. 'ASPRO' acts quickly without harming vital bodily functions.

'ASPRO' RELIEF IS TRUE RELIEF

'ASPRO' is the ideal form of relief for these modern tension troubles because it acts in such a soothing manner. 'ASPRO' is entirely effective without the need to include harsh, harmful drugs which produce unpleasant, unsteady after effects. 'ASPRO' relief is true relief!

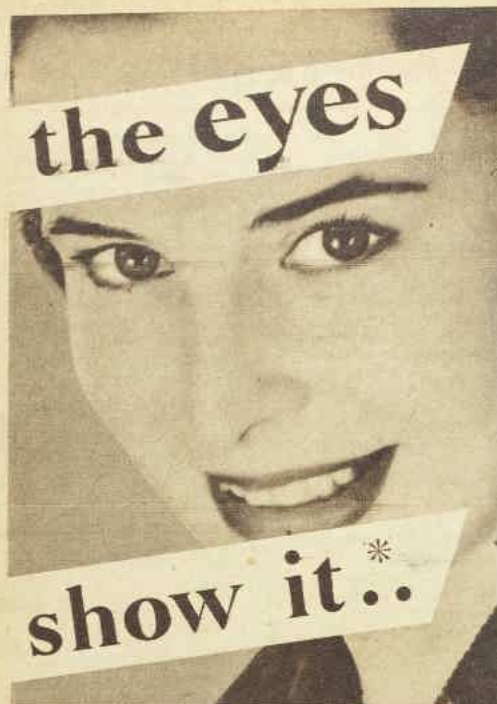
'ASPRO'

FOR TODAY'S TENSION TROUBLES

Nicholas Product



A33/55



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

***.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS**

In Boxes, 40—2/-, 100—4/6



stylecraft

CONTEMPORARY TABLEWARE

by **midwinter**

Staffordshire, England.

Write for colour brochure and name of nearest stockist to:

Midwinter Publicity Dept., Pottery Agencies (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 187 Queen Street, Melbourne C.I.

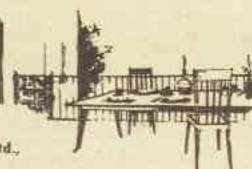
Soon the discriminating Australian home will feature Stylecraft tableware.

Soon the discriminating Australian home will feature Stylecraft tableware

... introducing **stylecraft**

In Britain, in Canada and other world-wide markets, Stylecraft Contemporary Tableware is already the choice of those who appreciate the importance of beautiful modern tableware to tone with modern interior decor. Stylecraft may also be used in a more formal setting to add a fashion highlight to your table. The famous Staffordshire Pottery Firm of W. R. Midwinter is launching a series of exciting modern designs in the Stylecraft range in Australia this year.

Replacements will be available for many years to come.



Architect's diary

A room for Mother

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

● Lawrence and Janet Ritchie (the names are mine) wanted to replan a spare room for Mrs. Ritchie's aged mother, who had come to live with them.

THE Ritchies' problem was to give her some peace and quiet without restricting too much the high-spirited play of their two boisterous youngsters.

"Old age is rather sad," Mrs. Ritchie said. "Mum is too old to be on her own, but she's terribly independent and would hate to feel that she is putting us to any trouble."

"Although she adores the children, I know that they worry her with their continual clatter."

"I'd like to be able to fit up her room so that she could prepare light meals there or have a friend in for a cup of tea occasionally without her feeling that she was upsetting our routine."

"How big is her room?" I asked.

"It's about 14ft. by 11ft. 6in., which is quite spacious for one person," said Mrs. Ritchie, "but she has enormous old furniture of her own and at present there is room for nothing but her bedroom suite."

Mrs. Ritchie sketched the room, showing the arrangement of doors and windows.

"If you can persuade your mother to dispense with the present furniture I'm sure that with built-ins we could make a very attractive bed-sitting-room which would provide her with the privacy and independence that she needs," I said.

"The corner of the room to the left of the door could be fitted as a dinette for two people, with a bench, gas-ring, and a small sink for the preparation of light meals or afternoon teas for herself and a friend."

"All this could be closed off from the remainder of the room with a curtain in order not to spoil the sitting-room effect."

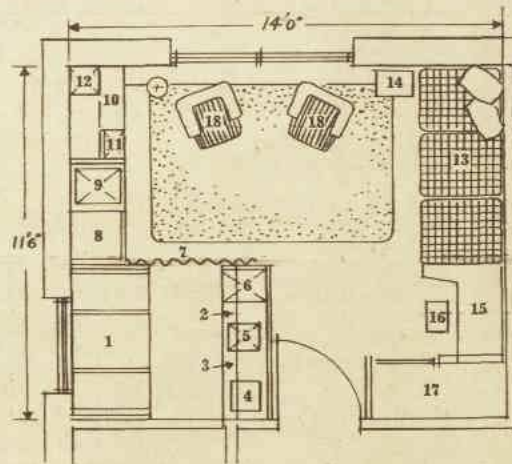
Miss Precious Minutes says:

DRINKING tea or coffee on a moving train is a race against spillage. A spoon placed in the cup breaks the "waves" created by the train's motion.

IF ice-chest or refrigerator space is too limited to fit lettuce in, try this method: Wash leaves well, shake to re-

move excess water, and pack into an aluminium saucepan with a tight-fitting lid. Stand in a cool place.

TO prevent heat marks on polished tables or trays, use tile stands. Just back ordinary wall tiles with felt, fixing the material to the tiles with glue.



KEY TO ROOM PLAN ABOVE

1. Dinette.
2. Bench fitment.
3. Cupboard over.
4. Small sink.
5. Small gas cooker.
6. Small refrigerator under bench.
7. Curtain.
8. Broom cupboard.
9. Sewing and clothing store.
10. Three feet high cupboard.
11. Built-in radiator.
12. Built-in radio and bookshelves.
13. Day bed with drawers underneath for linen.
14. Bedside and occasional table.
15. Dressing-table and mirror.
16. Stool.
17. Wardrobe.
18. Armchairs.

"Beside the dinette, running along the left wall, would be two cupboards, one for brooms and another with shelves for sewing materials and drawers for clothing."

"The rest of this wall could have a 3ft. high fitment with built-in radio, electric heater, and space for storing the knick-knacks which most people treasure as they get older."

"Mum has some old books that she cherishes, too," said Mrs. Ritchie.

"The space over this 3ft. fitment could be fitted out with some bookshelves," I replied.

"On the opposite side of the room a day bed with drawers

underneath would provide some additional storage space for linen, and otherwise serve as dual-purpose bed and settee. A light bedside table could be moved out for use as an occasional table for afternoon tea."

"What about wardrobe space?" asked Mrs. Ritchie.

"The rest of the wall beside the bed-settee would allow enough space for a small dressing-table and a roomy wardrobe with a space-saving sliding door. The wall behind the dressing-table could be fitted with a fixed mirror and a wall-bracket light."

"There would be enough room left next to the window for a couple of nice easy chairs and a standard lamp."

"I'm sure I won't have any trouble persuading Mum to sell that old suite when I tell her about this idea," said Mrs. Ritchie. "It will be almost a self-contained little flat."

"Some old-world touches in wallpaper and fabric will make her feel very much at home in this room."

Bill McMurray

BILL OF RIGHTS FOR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

EVERY baby has certain inalienable rights, and if these are denied him the child may grow into a social misfit.

Most important of these rights are:

1. He should be wanted, planned for, and loved.
2. The expectant mother should safeguard her own health and that of her coming baby by putting herself under skilled medical supervision from the beginning of pregnancy.
3. She should also attend

a pre-natal clinic and learn as much as possible before the baby is born about the care of herself and her child.

4. The baby should be breast-fed during the early months and should be prepared for weaning. Abrupt weaning causes shock.

5. As the child grows from baby to toddler he should have the love and training which are the result of the

good teamwork of both parents. Delinquency has been proved, in the majority of cases, to be the product of unhappy or broken homes.

6. The growing child should not be always only with adults and expected to live up to adult standards. His right is to have playmates of his own age-group so that he can learn the give-and-take of life.

In many places nursery schools and kindergartens provide facilities for play for lonely or only children.



15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET C.N.5

£10 a week for medicine!

Many of the so-called new wonder drugs are too costly for most sufferers. A Sydney man, Mr. Stanley East, of Victoria Road, Rozelle, a martyr to rheumatism, tells how it cost him £10 a week for one of these. It was very good—but each time he left it off the rheumatic pains returned as bad as ever. "I could not afford to keep it up," he said. "Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I was amazed at the relief. Menthoids gave me. They cost me only the price of a packet of cigarettes each week and now I never have a twinge of pain." If you or yours suffer rheumatic aches and pains, backache, tender, aching joints and muscles, kidney troubles or weaknesses, constant headaches, dizziness, hot flushes, certain types of blood trouble, etc., try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment TO-DAY and start to feel years younger in mind and body. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, with helpful diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.



Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are wild
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

BABY MAGAZINE, published monthly, gives advice on problems of motherhood. Price 2/- per copy at all newsagents, or send 23/- for 12 months' issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Can You BAKE a Cherry Pie?

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**
Our Food and Cookery Expert

• **A crisp pastry case filled with soft, juicy cherries and a hint of lemon is delicious.**

THIS is the way to make a cherry pie to serve hot or cold, with cream, ice-cream, or custard.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level.

CHERRY PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cups stoned cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sago, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Remove stones from washed cherries—cherry-pitters are available in the stores quite cheaply. Boil sugar and water, add prepared cherries, simmer until just soft. Remove cherries. To the syrup add washed sago, lemon juice, and butter, and continue simmering until sago is clear and syrup thickened slightly. Return cherries, allow to cool. Roll pastry thinly, line 8 in. tart-plate. Decorate edges as desired, glaze with water or milk. Cut a round of paper to fit centre, place it over the pastry with split peas on top to prevent rising.

Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, remove paper and peas, return pastry to oven for 5 to 10 minutes longer until golden brown. When cool, fill with prepared cherries. Serve cold or, if preferred hot, reheat in moderate oven. Serve cream or custard separately.

CHERRIES are at their best just now, and can be used freely in summer sweets, preserved in syrup, or pickled for salads or winter curries.

If preserving cherries for out-of-season use, choose the large, dark, juicy type—they are the best for bottling.

PRESERVED CHERRIES

Cherries, sugar, water, preserving jars, rubber rings, lids, and clips.

Remove stones from washed cherries. Scald jars, rubber rings, and lids; dry thoroughly. While hot, pack as tightly as possible with prepared fruit. Stand jars on a board and fill to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of top with boiling syrup (1 cup sugar to 3 cups water, boiled until sugar is dissolved, then strained). Adjust rubber rings, lids, and clips. If screw-top type preserving jars are used, tighten the screw top. Place jars on asbestos mats in lower half of slow oven, allowing a little space between jars. Process 30 minutes, then lift

jars out on to a board. If screw-top type jars are used, tighten the tops. Other type jars are left until cold, clamps removed, and jars turned upside down to test the seal. If not airtight, sterilise in oven a second time. Store in cool, dry place.

CHERRY COBBLER

Two cups stewed cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cherry syrup, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Thicken cherry syrup slightly with blended cornflour, add cherries. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg mixed with milk and vanilla. Spread over fruit with a knife, then cut 3 or 4 slits in the dough. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, brush with a little unthickened cherry juice, and sprinkle with extra sugar. Serve hot with custard.

CHERRY WHIP

Three-quarters cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1lb. stoned cherries, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar in a saucepan with the water. Bring to the boil, add the cherries, and simmer until soft. Drain and reserve the juice. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve

CHERRY PIE is an old favorite. The recipe is given on this page. The secret of success lies in cooking the cherries, then making the pastry case, and putting the two together just before serving. Below are other interesting ways of using fresh cherries.

in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup juice (if less than $\frac{1}{2}$ cup juice, make up with cold water). When cold and beginning to thicken, whip until fluffy, then fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Add lemon juice and cold cherries. Turn into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with cream or custard.

CHERRY AND COTTAGE CHEESE APPETISER

Large ripe juicy cherries, about 5 or 6 for each serving, softened cottage cheese, baby lettuce leaves, mayonnaise or French dressing.

Stone the cherries and fill each one with a small teaspoonful of softened cottage cheese. Chill thoroughly. For each serving arrange 5 or 6 cherries on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

CHERRY SPREAD

(A good filling for cakes and small pastry tartlets)

Wash unstoned cherries and simmer until soft in a small quantity of water. Rub through a fine strainer. Measure the pulp and add an equal quantity of sugar and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice to each cup of pulp. Cook until thick, stirring often. Turn into hot, dry jars, seal when cold.

CHERRY-APPLE CHARLOTTE

Five or 6 slices stale bread, melted butter, 1 cup stewed cherries drained free of syrup, 2 cups sweetened stewed apple pulp, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon cinnamon mixed with 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cut bread into finger lengths, dip in melted butter. Arrange bread fingers around the sides of an ovenware dish. Fill centre with cherries mixed with apple pulp and flavored with sherry. Top with fingers of bread dipped in butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot.

PICKLED CHERRIES

One quart large, dark, juicy cherries, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 scant tablespoons salt, a few cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar, cold boiled water.

Place sugar, salt, cloves, and vinegar into a saucepan and bring to the boil. Pack washed cherries into a clean quart-size jar, or divide between two 1-pint jars. Pour vinegar over, then fill jar with cold boiled water and seal down immediately. Shake gently to mix vinegar and water well together. Store in a cool, dark place four months before opening. Delicious in salads or with cold meats or hot curries.



No time out for Ginger

—vivacious teenage stage-star



Meet Joy ("Ginger") Mitchell . . . the tiny, 15-year-old tomboy who captivated Australian theatre audiences in the popular play, "Time Out For Ginger".

Blue-eyed and brunette, Joy Mitchell, of Nepean Highway, Cheltenham, Victoria, was born in Blackpool, England, and spent a year in New Zealand before coming to Australia in 1952.

Although Joy had only one month's experience on the amateur stage, her natural talent, charm and vitality won her a starring role in "Time Out for Ginger". She was chosen from among 350 other girls who had applied for the job.

Charm, Vitality

These days there's never a dull moment for "Ginger". She has regular drama lessons, handles all the secretarial work in her father's real estate business—and still manages to enjoy lots of horse-riding.

"My busy days always start with Vegemite on toast for breakfast", says Joy. "I learnt at school that teenagers need certain vitamins every day and I know delicious Vegemite gives them to me".

Vegemite for Vitality

Vegemite on toast is a delicious way to enjoy the vitamins you need every day because your body can't store them up. These are Vitamin B₁ for healthy nerves, Vitamin B₂ for firm body tissues and Nicotin for clear skin and good digestion. Vegemite is a rich source of these valuable vitamins because it is a pure, concentrated yeast extract—and yeast is the richest known natural source of this precious Vitamin B group.

So, for energy and vitality, enjoy Vegemite every day. Made by Kraft, Vegemite is available everywhere in 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable glasses and the economical 8 and 16-oz. family jars.



VEGEMITE

FOR Vitality

MADE BY KRAFT



Lucky Mr. Mitchell has a wonderful secretary—his daughter Joy.



After a "shot in the dark" audition Joy won the female lead in the successful Australian version of the Broadway hit, "Time Out For Ginger". Here she is on stage.



MERINGUE TORTE is a luscious hot-weather sweet. Prepare two trays of packaged ice-cream mix as directed. Line a greased 9in. tart plate with 2 egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and pinch cream of tartar. Bake 1 hour in slow oven or until lightly browned. When cold fill with ice-cream and fruit.

Prize steak recipe

● A novel recipe for pan-cooked porterhouse steak wins this week's contest prize of £5.

THICK sirloin or porterhouse steak is placed in a hot greased frying-pan and cooked without fat, then served spread with chutney or chopped pickled walnuts.

The unusual feature of the dish is the sauce. Strong black coffee is added to the pan juices, boiled for 2 minutes and poured over the steak.

The coffee flavor is not noticeable, but it mingles with the walnuts or chutney to give a piquant and appetising tang to the dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

BLACK PETER STEAK

Porterhouse or sirloin steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, butter, pickled walnuts or chutney, mixed mustard, salt, one cup strong black coffee.

Trim steak. Grease a heavy pan thickly with butter, add steak, and sear on both sides. When almost cooked, sprinkle with salt, spread lightly with butter and mixed mustard. Turn over and treat other side the same way. When steak is cooked (rare, medium, or well

done, as liked), place a large nut of butter on serving-dish and lift steak on to it. Top with chopped pickled walnuts or chutney. Add coffee to pan juices, cook quickly 2 minutes, pour over steak, and serve at once.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Webster, 13 Dalley Ave., Morphetville Park, S.A.

FAMILY DISH

SHEEP'S tongues, home-cooked or tinned, feature in this week's family dish which serves five or six and costs 6/9.

TONGUE AND TOMATO PIE

Four cooked sheep's tongues or 1 tin sheep's tongues, 1 large tomato, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped chives or shallots, 6oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Remove skin from tongues, slice lengthwise. Arrange in base of greased 8in. tart-plate. Cover tongues with a layer of sliced skinned tomato. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chives or shallots. Repeat tongue and tomato layers. Beat eggs, add milk, pinch pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Spoon into tart-case. Sift flour and pinch of salt. Cut butter or substitute into nut-sized pieces, add to flour. Mix to stiff dough with milk, roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness on floured board. Cover top of tart, cut a slit in top. Glaze with milk, decorate with pastry leaves. Bake in hot oven 7 to 8 minutes; reduce heat and cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

"You and Your Baby"

THIS excellent and informative book by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., gives invaluable advice to mothers and mothers-to-be on the care of their babies from earliest days.

You can obtain your copy from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, price 12/6, plus 6d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

Tony's luxury dish

Meringue a la creme

OF this unusual sweet, Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, says: "It is so delicious you will be pleased to make it your party special."

To serve 5 or 6 you will need:—

For the Meringue: Six egg-whites, 3 tablespoons sugar (about 3oz.), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract, or more according to taste.

A dry meringue is best. Therefore it is important to add the sugar gradually as you beat the egg-whites. Have the whites at room temperature. Select a shallow mixing-bowl and a wire whisk. Butter a baking-sheet generously and dust with flour. Make an outline on the sheet for the meringues. Make a large paper cone, using greaseproof paper, fasten it with a pin. Trim the point to a circle $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter; notch it like the teeth of a saw. Then beat the egg-whites to a froth, add a little salt, and continue beating briskly while adding the sugar a little at a time. Keep on beating for 12 to 15 minutes or until mixture holds its shape firmly. Add lemon extract. Spread some of the meringue over the circular shapes marked on the greased and floured oven-sheet. Pour the remaining mixture into the cone, fold flap over, and squeeze mixture through the point, curling it in rings as you follow the outlines of the circles of meringue on the baking-sheet. Or shape big roses, placing them close together around the edges. Dry in very slow oven until lightly baked, 60 to 70 minutes or longer, depending upon the size. When crisp and dry, open the oven door and leave to cool in oven. Remove to serving-dish.

For the Cream: Four egg-yolks, 1 cup burgundy, 3 tablespoons red currant jelly, 1oz. sugar, grated peel 1 lemon.

Grate the lemon peel into the top of a double boiler. Add the burgundy, sugar, jelly, and egg-yolks. Blend well before placing over simmering water $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep in bottom of double boiler. (This mixture will increase in volume during cooking.) Beat vigorously while the cream thickens to the consistency of whipped cream. Remove from fire and keep on beating while it cools. Leave in refrigerator from 3 to 4 hours. Before serving pour the cream into the centre of the meringue.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4011.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's play-suit. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.



* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645, Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F4016.—Small girl's lace-trimmed, summer dressing-gown. Sizes: Lengths 33, 37, 42, and 48in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 1-3rd to 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 1in. lace. Price 3/9.

F4013.—Smartly styled one-piece with pin-tucked yoke in contrast material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4014.—Small girl's one-piece dress and matching bolero. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. material and 1 to 1½ yds. 36in. contrast, plus 1-3rd yd. edging. Price 3/-.



F4012.—Full-skirted torso-dress finished with a scooped neckline and tiny sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4015.—One-piece dress designed with a moulded bodice top and softly gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 155.—SCHOOL TUNIC

Girl's regulation school tunic obtainable cut out ready to make in navy haircord. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years 23/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 22in. for 6 years 23/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 24in. for 8 years 24/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 26in. for 10 years 25/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 28in. for 12 years 25/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 30in. for 14 years 26/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 156.—SCHOOL BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable, with long or short sleeves, cut out ready to make in white haircord or beige dacol spun. Sizes: Blouse in haircord finished with long sleeves 4, 6, and 8 years 21/6; 10, 12, and 14 years 22/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Finished with short sleeves 4, 6, and 8 years 20/6; 10, 12, and 14 years 21/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Blouse in dacol spun finished with long sleeves 4, 6, and 8 years 23/9; 10, 12, and 14 years 26/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Finished with short sleeves 4, 6, and 8 years 24/9; 10, 12, and 14 years 25/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 157.—SET OF THREE TEA-TOWELS

The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in good quality cotton towelling. Each towel is finished with a multi-colored striped border. Sizes 29 x 32in. Price: Towels 6/11 each, postage 5d. extra; set of three 19/11, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 158.—SET OF THREE DOYLEYS

The doyleys are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Each doyley features a different motif. The material is Irish linen in cream and white. Size 8 x 8in. Price: Doyley 1/6 each. Postage 3d. each. Set of three 4/3, postage 5d. extra.



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"Doesn't he look wonderful
in his *Faultless* shirt?"



You'll notice the man in the FAULTLESS shirt!

Faultless
SHIRTS

for Business
or Leisure

TAILORED FROM WONDER



FABRICS

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on a world cruise in the Ocean Wind, owned by Sir Harry. Sailing in uncharted waters, they hear strange music, and the lookout suddenly sights two beautiful mermaids. Ocean Wind heads towards them and runs aground. Two boatloads of wreckers take over. Mandrake, Sir Harry, and Narda are taken to the mermaids' rock. NOW READ ON;



TO BE CONTINUED



It's tops . . .
this new
sleek tapered
Handle!

Tek

THE BEST
TOOTHBRUSH
MONEY CAN BUY

STILL ONLY

Ku

- ★ New sleek tapered handle
- ★ Non-slip grip
- ★ Teklon super nylon

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

CARRY THEM
EVERYWHERE



BAND-AID

Adhesive Bandages
FOR ALL MINOR
INJURIES



FLESH COLOURED
AND WATERPROOF



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
or cut out ready
to make.

"EDITH."—Sleeveless one-piece summer dress designed with a moulded bodice and prettily tiered skirt. The material is printed cotton. The color choice includes aqua, lemon, and white; lime, mauve, and white; blue, lemon, and white; all printed on a pale grey ground.



Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/11, 36 and 38in. bust 56/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 34/11, 36 and 38in. bust 36/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"ANNETTE."—Smart torso-line dress with an all-round gathered skirt. The material is check cotton. The bodice features a white trim. The color choice includes green and white, lemon and white, red and white, and blue and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 62/6, 36 and 38in. bust 63/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 42/6, 36 and 38in. bust 43/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 642 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



Now stops odour 24 hours a day
American scientists have shown that
new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene
—positively stops odour all the day
through. Modern women demand this
assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—
Safer for Skin—
Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MUM44A

How to treat

There is nothing like heat to relieve the agony of joint and muscle pain. If you get a painful arm or shoulder or knee, lie or sit with an infra-red lamp as explained above. This is a warming the painful area long enough to let you move the muscle or joint more easily.

Joint and Muscle

Each time you do this, movement becomes easier and less painful. If you like, you can make a useful lamp at home yourself, simply by mounting a lamp holder in the bottom of a lightweight box of handy size so that you can put an ordinary large electric globe inside the box. The warming rays can then be directed right at the point of pain. To accelerate the treatment, get a tube of Menthoid Creme from your chemist—it costs only 9/6

—containing the powerful, deep-penetrating hormone, adrenalin. Rub Menthoid Creme into the painful areas, then use the lamp as explained above. This is a wonderful treatment for rheumatic pains, strains and sprains and fibrositis as well as for long-standing muscle and joint pains. Keep yourself warm all the time and repeat this treatment as often as you can. If these directions are not quite clear to you, write to Menthoid Adrenalin Creme, Box 4263, G.P.O., Sydney, and British Medicinals Pty. Ltd. will reply at once.

Pains

PETAL Soft..

WITH
DOUBLE-PLY
STRENGTH

that's why CARNATION toilet tissue is best for babies, children, mothers, those with delicate skin . . . best for EVERYONE.

AT YOUR CHEMIST
Completely wrapped for
your protection . . .

CARNATION Tissue

Proprietors: Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne
BRISBANE DEPOT: 329 ADELAIDE STREET



Easy picnic lunches



Arnott's famous Sao Biscuits with ham, cheese, fish and other pastes, make an easy to prepare and enjoyable picnic lunch. They are delicious too with jam, honey or fruit salad.



EVERY DAY IN 1956 YOU WILL ENJOY Arnott's famous Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality.

1956	JANUARY							1956	1956	FEBRUARY							1956	1956	MARCH							1956
Sun.	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	..	..	Sun.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	Sun.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..
Mon.	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	..	..	Mon.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	Mon.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..
Tues.	3	10	17	24	31	..	..	..	..	Tues.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	Tues.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..
Wed.	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	..	..	Wed.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	Wed.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..
Thur.	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	..	..	Thur.	..	2	9	16	23	..	..	..	Thur.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..
Fri.	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	..	..	Fri.	..	3	10	17	24	..	..	..	Fri.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..
Sat.	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	..	..	Sat.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	Sat.	..	3	10	17	24	31	..
1956	APRIL							1956	1956	MAY							1956	1956	JUNE							1956
Sun.	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	..	..	Sun.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	Sun.	..	3	10	17	24	..	..
Mon.	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	..	..	Mon.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	Mon.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..
Tues.	3	10	17	24	..	..	..	..	..	Tues.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	Tues.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..
Wed.	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	..	..	Wed.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	Wed.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..
Thur.	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	..	..	Thur.	..	3	10	17	24	31	..	..	Thur.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..
Fri.	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	..	..	Fri.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	Fri.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..
Sat.	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	..	..	Sat.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	Sat.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..
1956	JULY							1956	1956	AUGUST							1956	1956	SEPTEMBER							1956
Sun.	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	..	..	Sun.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	Sun.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..
Mon.	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	..	..	Mon.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	Mon.	..	3	10	17	24	..	..
Tues.	3	10	17	24	31	..	..	..	..	Tues.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	Tues.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..
Wed.	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	..	..	Wed.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	Wed.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..
Thur.	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	..	..	Thur.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	Thur.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..
Fri.	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	..	..	Fri.	..	3	10	17	24	31	..	..	Fri.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..
Sat.	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	..	..	Sat.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	Sat.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..
1956	OCTOBER							1956	1956	NOVEMBER							1956	1956	DECEMBER							1956
Sun.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	..	Sun.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	Sun.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..
Mon.	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	..	..	Mon.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	Mon.	..	3	10	17	24	31	..
Tues.	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	..	..	Tues.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	Tues.	..	4	11	18	25	..	..
Wed.	3	10	17	24	31	..	..	..	..	Wed.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..	..	Wed.	..	5	12	19	26	..	..
Thur.	4	11	18	25	..	..	..	..	..	Thur.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..	..	Thur.	..	6	13	20	27	..	..
Fri.	5	12	19	26	..	..	..	..	..	Fri.	..	2	9	16	23	30	..	..	Fri.	..	7	14	21	28	..	..
Sat.	6	13	20	27	..	..	..	..	..	Sat.	..	3	10	17	24	..	..	..	Sat.	..	1	8	15	22	29	..

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS — 1956

New Year's Day 2nd January.
Australia Day 30th January.
Labor Day (W.A., Tas.) 5th Mar.
Labor Day (Vic.) 12th March.
Good Friday 30th March.
Easter Saturday 31st March.
Easter Monday 2nd April.

Anzac Day 25th April.
Labor Day (Qld.) 7th May.
Foundation Day (W.A.) 4th June.
Queen's Birthday (N.S.W., Vic., Qld., S.A., & Tas.) Date to be proclaimed.
6 Hour Day (N.E.W.) 1st Oct.

Labor Day (S.A.) 8th October.
Queen's Birthday (W.A.) Date to be proclaimed.
Christmas Day 25th December.
Boxing Day 26th December.
Proclamation Day (S.A.) 28th December.



When the billy boils put a tin plate on the ashes. Fill with Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits and cover with a plate. When nice and warm, serve with milk. A nourishing finish for the children's lunch.